AUG 1 0 1995

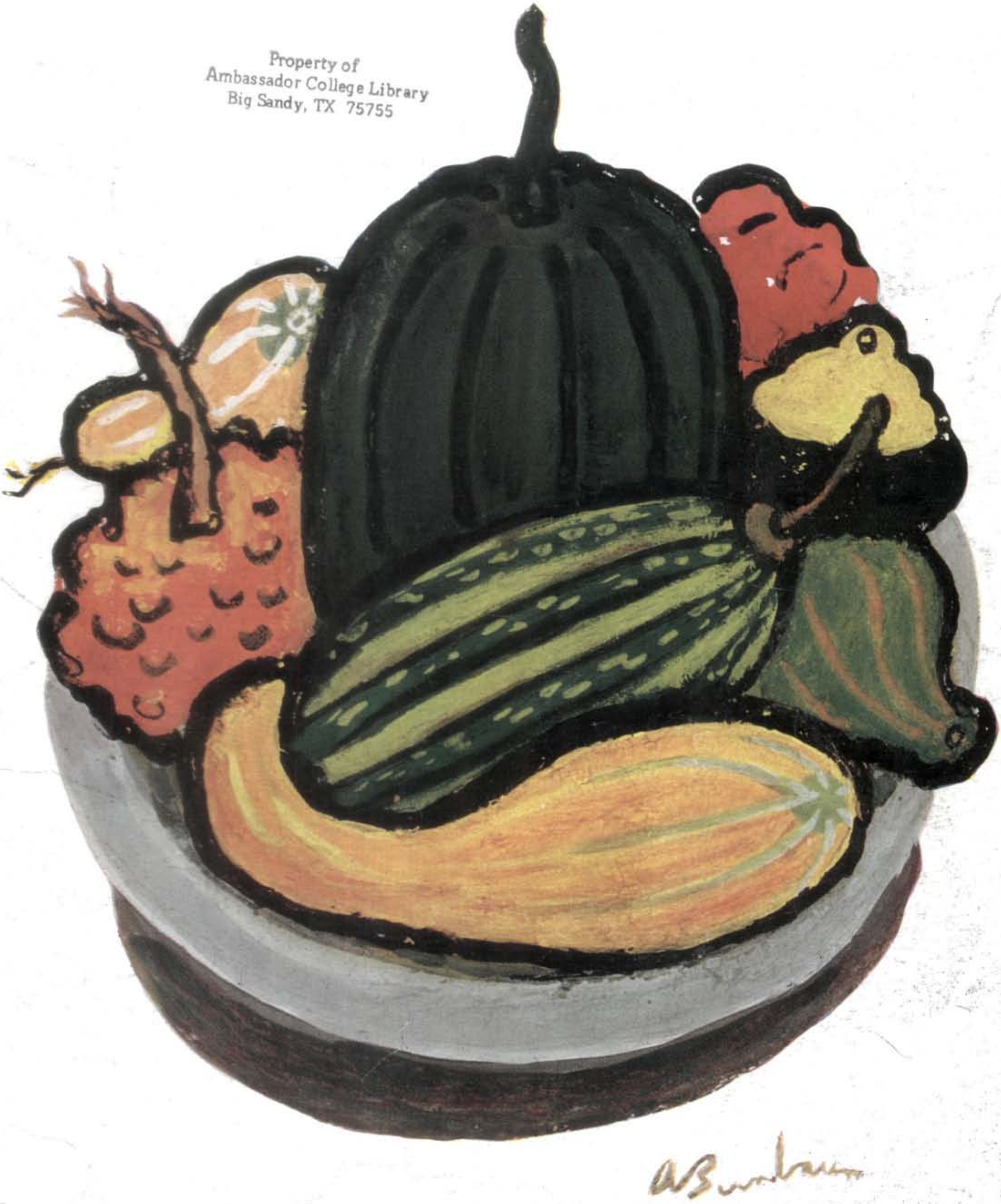
BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Nov. 29, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755



Spread the Golden Light

The Golden Light Scotch
with the Golden Light taste.
Vat 69 Gold.

IMPORTED FROM SCOTLAND
VAT 69
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GOLD
GOLDEN LIGHT
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCED IN SCOTLAND • FOUR-FIFTHS QUART
A BLEND OF 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES • 86 PROOF
BLENDED BY

The Sleek Slim
Globetrotter Fifth–
Great gift, too!

THE QUEEN'S
AWARD TO INDUSTRY

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES 86 PROOF
SOLE DISTR. U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO., N.Y., N.Y.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robert Randall

Dream gift

for someone very special—
our gleaming Satin de Lys®
night-coat of white or coral
nylon-polyester-silk.
Ours alone, by Eyeful
in S, M, 24.00
Fourth Floor, Lord & Taylor—
Fifth Avenue at 39th Street
And at all Lord & Taylor stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

And Puppy Dog Tails—An obsolete little comedy—all trilling laughter and hurt feelings—with the difference that everybody is a boy and naked much of the time. Idiotic. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butterflies Are Free—A slick and heartless little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. The best things about it are Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A rambunctious melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, full of wisecracks that can still make us laugh after forty years. The fine cast includes Robert Ryan, Bert Convy, and Harold J. Kennedy, who directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Indians—Arthur Kopit is in dead earnest in espousing the cause of the wronged red man in America; the form of his pleading is a rip-roaring, funny-tragic Wild West Show, in which Stacy Keach plays superbly the role of Buffalo Bill. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, Dec. 7.)

Our Town—A five-week engagement of the Plumstead Playhouse production of Thornton Wilder's play, with Henry Fonda, Elizabeth Hartman, Ed Begley, and Mildred Natwick. Directed by Donald Driver. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30, and Thursday, Nov. 27, at 2:30. Opens officially on Thursday evening, Nov. 27, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 27. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

Polish Laboratory Theatre—Final performance of **Apocalypsis cum Figuris**, a dramatization of quotes from T. S. Eliot, Dostoevski, and other sources, directed by Jerzy Grotowski. (Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 9. This notice is primarily for the record; tickets are virtually nonexistent.)

Private Lives—Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford in the APA Repertory Company's production of Noël Coward's comedy. Directed by Stephen Porter. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 2-3, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 4. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Scent of Flowers—A fantasy in which the heroine is a girl recently dead by her own hand. Katharine Houghton is delightful in the part, and she gets strong support from John Glover and Roderick Cook. James Saunders wrote the play, and Brian Murray directed it. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Slave Ship—A play by LeRoi Jones. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-5111. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 29.)

Three Men on a Horse—Jack Gilford, Sam Levene, and Paul Ford in a pleasant revival of the nineteen-thirties comedy written by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott and directed (again) by Mr. Abbott. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

The Time of Your Life—William Saroyan's romantic comedy about low life in San Francisco is thirty years old and, alas, seems

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 43
"OUT OF THIS NETTLE, DANGER . . ." . . . . *S. J. Perelman* 49
"LIKE A WAVE AT THE CURL" (POEM) . . . . *Marianne Moore* 50
"THE REMEMBERING MACHINES OF TOMORROW" . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 52
"CALL IT LOVE" . . . . *Ivy Litvinov* 54
"DRUMS WHERE I LIVE" (POEM) . . . . *James Dickey* 56
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . *Edith Oliver* 85
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (CHRISTMAS GIFTS) 90
LETTER FROM ISRAEL . . . . *Burton Bernstein* 133
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 158
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 165
U. S. JOURNAL: PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS. . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 175
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 187
FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 190
"THE CONFESSION" (POEM) . . . . *Donald Justice* 193
LETTER FROM PARIS . . . . *Genêt* 196
BOOKS . . . . *W. H. Auden* 205
BRIEFLY NOTED 210

COVER: *Abe Birnbaum*

DRAWINGS: *Alan Dunn, James Stevenson, Charles E. Martin, J. B. Handelsman, Dana Fradon, Edward Koren, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Barney Tobey, George Price, Lee Lorenz, Claude Smith, Warren Miller, John Norment, Chon Day, Ed Fisher, William Steig, Joseph Farris*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. *Vol. XLV, No. 41, November 29, 1969.* Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1969 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

E
F
M
G
D
For
Someone
Special...
Tiffany
Christmas
Pins
H
C
L
J
K
B
A

Tiffany jeweled pins of eighteen karat gold. A. *With turquoise,* $275. B. *With coral,* $260. *With rubies or sapphires:* C. $450. D. $270. E. $220. F. $110. G. $260. H. $425. J. $290. K. $475. *Plus diamond,* L. $440. M. $295.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST.

ATLANTA PHIPPS PLAZA · **CHICAGO** 715 N. MICHIGAN AVE. · **HOUSTON** FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG. · **SAN FRANCISCO** 252 GRANT AVE. · **BEVERLY HILLS** 9502 WILSHIRE BLVD.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

older. Nevertheless, the cast is able and the set a miracle of dusty aptness, so the evening is far from being a waste. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 20.)

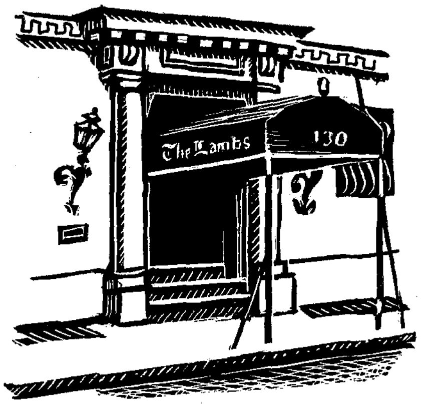
The Trees Die Standing—This comedy is the first entry in Ida Kaminska's proposed Yiddish repertory season. The play is rather foolish, and the simultaneous translation available over transistor radio is rather deadening, but Miss Kaminska, as a kind of foxy grandma, is a total delight. (Roosevelt, 100 E. 17th St. 533-8820. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14.)

A Whistle in the Dark—A play by Thomas Murphy that, with all its ups and downs, is consistently interesting. It deals with an Irish father and the effects of his blustering tyranny on his five grown sons. The performances, under Arvin Brown's direction, are exceptionally good. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2052. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Who's Happy Now?—A slapdash but often funny play about the peculiar domestic life of a family in Texas. The setting is a bar. With Teresa Wright and Rue McClanahan. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Zurich Schauspieltruppe—Final performances of a two-week repertory of four plays, in German. The second bill, **THE FIREBUGS** and **PHILIPP HOTZ** by Max Frisch, opens Wednesday, Nov. 26, and will run through Sunday matinée, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Goethe's **IPHIGENIA OF TAURIS** will close out the engagement with a single performance on Sunday evening, Nov. 30. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8; Thanksgiving Day at 2:30; Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 29-30, at 2:30 and 8:30. For tickets, call 245-9060.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.). . . **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FORTY CARATS:** A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, and Murray Hamilton. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** An account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, portrayed by Yaphet Kotto. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **LITTLE MURDERS:** A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesday through Friday, and Sunday, at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.). . . **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM:** Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star in, surrounded by pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.). . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.). . . **TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK:** A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

MUSICALS

Buck White—A musical version by Oscar Brown, Jr., of Joseph Dolan Tuotti's play, with Cassius Clay in the title role. Staged by Mr. Brown and Jean Pace. Previews through Sunday, Nov. 30. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 7. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 26, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Jimmy—A musical comedy about Mayor Jimmy Walker and his unsavory political pals. No songs worthy of the period and no dialogue worthy of Jimmy, who was very smart. With Frank Gorshin, Anita Gillette, and Julie Wilson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Music Hall of Israel—Vaudeville turns out of the nineteen-twenties, by gifted young Israelis who, bless their souls, seem to have no idea that they didn't invent them. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thanksgiving Day and Saturday at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 29.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promenade—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Salvation—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney, who also appear in it. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

1776—Is it possible to write a successful musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress? On the evidence of this attempt, no. William Daniels does splendidly as John Adams, but there are few songs, few dances, and few signs of intelligence in the lumpish dialogue. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stomp—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.). . . **DAMES AT SEA:** Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; Sundays at 7:30 and Thanksgiving at 9. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** But a lovely mummer, he murmured to himself. Kinch, the loveliest mummer of them all. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays, Saturdays, and Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.). . . **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** Ann Miller is Auntie. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Claudio Brook plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2,

Do you speak Réplique?
(The perfume with a language all its own.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 27, at 8:15: "Haydn Concerto," "Dances at a Gathering," and "La Valse."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:15: "La Source," "Ivesiana," "Pas de Deux," and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 30, at 1:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Tarantella," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 30, at 7:15: "Dim Lustre," "Allegro Brillante," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Haydn Concerto," "The Cage," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8:15: "La Source," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Firebird."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs," the new unnamed ballet, and "Episodes."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2:15: "Ivesiana," "Allegro Brillante," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Ivesiana," and "Dances at a Gathering." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Final performances—Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30: "Toccata," "Journey," "Icarus," "Threnody" (New York première), and "The Road of the Phoebe Snow."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 27, at 8:30: "Blues Suite," "Threnody," and "The Road of the Phoebe Snow."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:30: "Toccata," "Journey," "Icarus," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2:30: "Congo Tango Palace," "Reflections in D," "Toccata," "Poème," "Metallics," and "Blues Suite."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8:30: "Congo Tango Palace," "Icarus," "Quintet," "Panambi," "Poème," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2: "Dance for Six," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

African Dance Company of Ghana—A company of thirty-one dancers, musicians, and singers in a brief engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 26-28, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 29, at 7 and 10; and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 7:30. Matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 14—Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Divertissement d'Auber," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30: "Les Noces," "Gala Performance," "Corsair Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." ... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8:30: "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "The Eternal Idol" (première), "Dark Elegies," and "Etudes."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30: "Les Noces," "Corsair Pas de Deux," "Fancy Free," and "Gala Performance."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Swan Lake." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Alwin Nikolais Dance Company—Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 7:30; Friday, Dec. 5, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2:30; and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 7:30: "Divertissement," "Tower," and "Tent."... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 3-4, and Saturday, Dec. 6, all at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2:30: "Somniloquy," "Divertissement," and "Echo" (première). (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MISCELLANY

Dick Gregory—With Townes Van Zandt and the Mandrake Memorial. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Neither bitter nor the end, but sometimes a beginning for young talent. Its present occupants are singer Tom Paxton and a folk-rock group called One. On Wednesday, Dec. 3, Bill Haley and the Comets, a rock outfit of yesteryear, will succeed them. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers. Closed Monday, Dec. 1.

La Bohème, 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—Singer Anita O'Day, the Lee Konitz quartet, and the Dave Frishberg trio occupy the bandstand from eight-thirty to four. Dancing. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—A quartet led by Zoot Sims and Ross Tompkins provides the music. Fridays and Saturdays, singer Chris Connor is around, too. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, George Reed, Joe Muranyi, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at nine, music by a trio known as the Tony Williams Lifetime. On Tuesday, Dec. 2, things will be handed over to the McCoy Tyner quintet. Closed Mondays.

Tony Parenti's Club, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—Hands across the Mason-Dixon Line are extended by Tony Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Freddie Moore, Dill Jones, and Graham Stewart. The room is tiny, the bar is adequate, the sound is large. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, the Junior Mance trio alternates with the solo piano of Toshiko. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. Esther Marrow, who has soul and then some, is one of those rare, totally real performers who come along all too seldom. She sings nightly (accompanied by the Kenny Barron trio), trading sets with the Pete La Roca quartet. Beginning Friday, Nov. 28, the Roland Kirk sextet will perform. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Beverly Sills singing "Revolution"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds will come from Dreams through Sunday, Nov. 30. Beginning Tuesday, Dec. 2, it will be Tractor's turn. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The Zaras, a Spanish group of singers, dancers, and instrumentalists, appear every so often. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are phony, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of Max. On Monday, Dec. 1, Flow will relieve M. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): This fortress city, so long under two flags, is today under a third—a banner of not very strange devices, being the house flag of Billy Reed, once *commendatore* of the Little Club. The best band Horace Diaz ever put together makes it sound like the pristine Moroc-

lark sacmobile the traveling closet

no time wasted unpacking and repacking. Sacmobile for her or him opens out, hangs up, organizes everything. 20 inches of extending hanger bar. Covered shoe compartment. Waterproof toilet kit. Roomy pockets. The only way to pack. From 152.50 in the luggage shop

I. MAGNIN

CALIFORNIA · SEATTLE · PORTLAND · PHOENIX co. Music from eight-thirty until three. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Calm views of everything are taken in the restaurant, even when Ernie Warren's light cavalry is on the bandstand, which it usually is until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—rock and roll. Eight until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty, Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Damon Runyon may have slept here. Music, some of it live, but the mainstay is Rodney Dangerfield, who, twice every night and three times on Saturday, sheds his television skin to reveal in pungent words his true self. That is, he is as true as can be about the battered way of metropolitan life, and often as funny as can be about it.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—What Felicia Sanders sings could be soul music, but it's celestial, or Dover-soul, music, and often laced with outright humor. She appears once on Mondays, twice through the week, thrice on Saturdays, and Irving Joseph's threesome sketches in a non-overshadowing background for her. Closed Sundays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Israelis, Greeks, Yemenites, and Armenians in their own United Nations, blending voices and instruments. The joker is the namesake, Avram Grobard; among the principal participants are oudist George Mgrdichian and the Grecian goddess named Rea (a solemn damsel who offers up a bellyful of *danse du ventre*). The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing, both domestic and imported. Closed Mondays.

THE TWELVE STEPS, 44 W. 54th St. (JU 2-2348)—Reminders of "Spoon River" and of "Our Town" are inventively woven into a remarkably soft-spoken rock musical by the musicians known as A More Perfect Union and by a few friends. At nine and eleven, from Wednesday through Saturday each week, in a minute crack in the walls of this big city. An adequate table is set.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the incumbent boy-and-girl miniature revue, which has a lot to say about a lot of matters, has a lot to be said for it, even though some of the skits get in their own weighing-in. The cast is industrious indeed, but moderate, except for a certain Pam Myers. Twice every night but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box reopens on Friday, Nov. 28, to accommodate, during the dinner and supper hours, the Continental (in the best sense) Tony Sandler, whose persiflage is fair enough and whose singing is all right. His format requires the employment of a straight man, though possibly one not quite *that* straight. Nothing is ever wrong with the Lee Evans orchestra, which is in charge of the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The good life led onstage by Los Chavales de España (no alarums but plenty of excursions into song and dance) should set an example for all who do not know what to do with their own lives. The example may be studied during dinner and supper every single night. . . . ¶ Domingo Alvarado (voice) and Leo Rivera (guitar), the permanent party of the minute Flamenco Room, are men of affairs—of the heart, though, for which they are a perfect form of musicianship. Their lament begins at ten, likewise every single night.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The threesome of Marian McPartland, who finds health and happiness through piano work, and the Seven Shades of Jazz depart on Thanksgiving Day, and on Friday, Nov. 28, Bobby Hackett's silver-threaded horn and his band (Vic Dickenson in the front rank), along with the trio of the blessedly everlasting Teddy Wilson, take their places. Six-thirty until two (but one to nine on Thanksgiving Day), and nothing at all on Sundays. No dancing.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—On Wednesday, Nov. 26, Barbara McNair makes an entrance into the Persian Room at ten-fifteen, and song, vigorous indeed, will ensue. From then on, she'll show up during both dinner and supper. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will keep on humming contentedly the evening through. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The music for cerebration in **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ**, comes (you'd never guess) from Lionel Hampton's band; the music for featly footing it comes from Marty Napoleon's persuasive triad. *Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays* on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla also operates in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays, from seven until ten-thirty in general, but only until nine on Thanksgiving Day.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The Sandpipers, limicoline birds distinguishable from the plovers chiefly by the bill, chiefly frequent sandy shores, but by special dispensation they are now singing, in the middle of dinner and supper, on this crest of Manhattan every evening but Sunday. Dance music begins at seven.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Who are Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber, Carl Fontana, and Gus Johnson, Jr., but (as they freely admit) the World's Greatest Jazz Band, which is willing to play not only for dinner, beginning at seven, but for dancing, until early morn, except on Sundays and Mondays. To keep the motion perpetual, Joe Venuti, Cliff Leeman, Lou Stein, and Jack Lesberg will spell the juggernaut.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The lovable old Maisonette really does become a concert hall when, in the center of dinner and supper, Leon Bibb has a sing-out of songs that need precisely his sort of attention. His pedestal is the new and resourceful band run by Hal Turner, which takes turns, too, as dancing master with Quintero's Latinos. Mr. B. retires on Saturday, Nov. 29; on Monday, Dec. 1, he will be succeeded by Marguerite Piazza, likewise of concert-hall stature. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way retreat for those who like to think things out in peace and quiet, is under the mild jurisdiction of Ernest Schoen's unobtrusive violin and Jules Kuti's unobtrusive piano. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Petula Clark, a Tuesday's child if there ever was one, decants songs with a steady hand, allowing the bubbles to surface at exactly the proper speed. Nine and midnight is her usual, but on Saturday, Nov. 29, her final evening, it will be eight-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. The dance music, amiable and equitable, is mainly in the hands of Charles Turecamo. No activity on Sunday, Nov. 30. Next evening, Julie London begins singing, at ten; thenceforward, dinner and supper will be her regimen.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

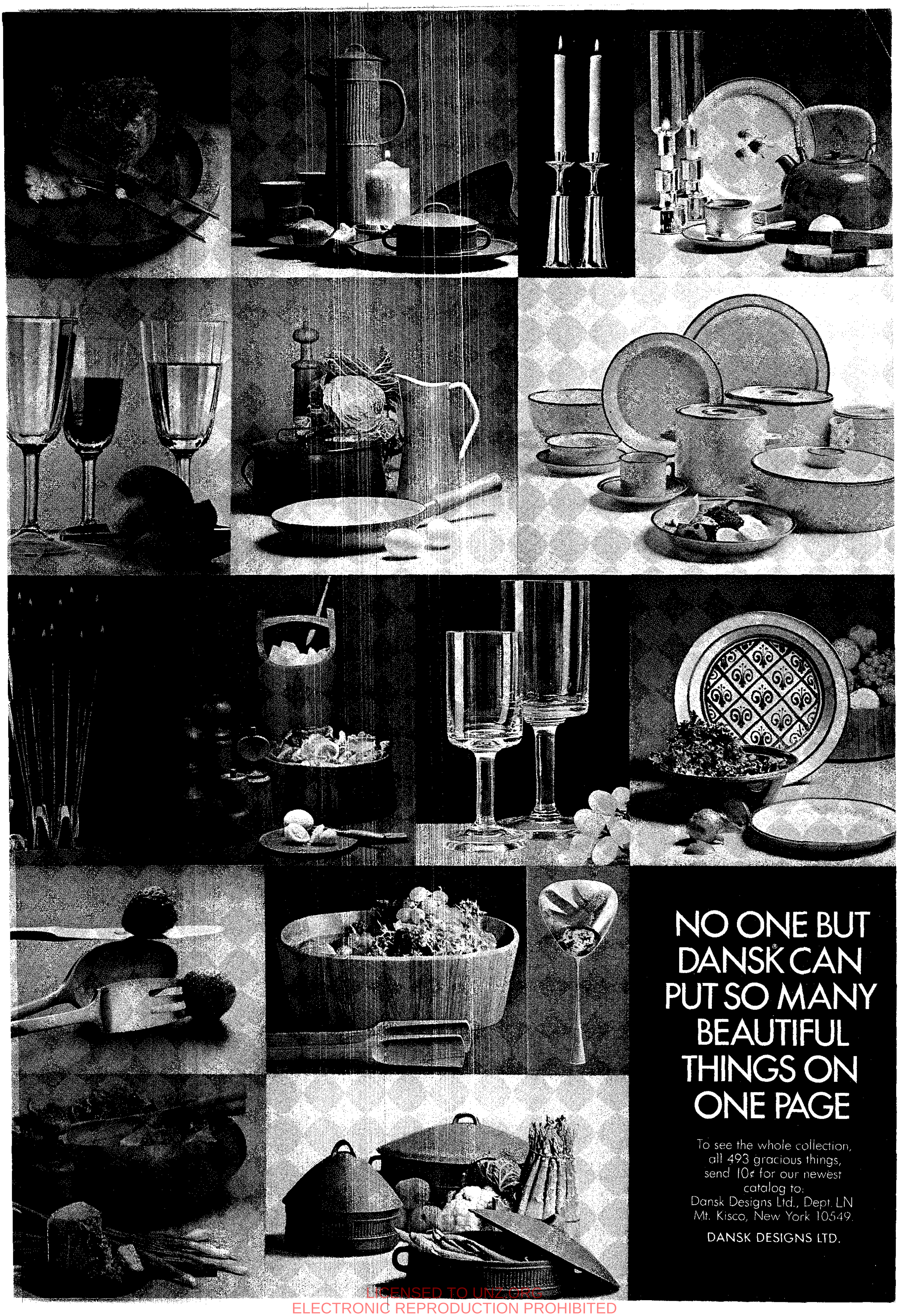
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The Landmarks Commission didn't get around to preserving this institution, and soon it, too, is to disappear. Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, determined to go down with the ship, man the piano alongside the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, the candidate for night mayor most likely to succeed, breaks out his voice, his piano, and his guardsmen (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) at half past nine. It's nice work, and you can get it until two in the morning. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Coeducation can be beautiful *on a campus as unperturbed as this one.* The occasional music comes from the new Ralph Towner-Glenn Moore group, which stays home Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Aged-in-the-wood Jamaican domestic architecture, aged-in-the-wood Jamaican rum, and a Jack-in-the-pulpit kind of itinerant calypso singer, who does his roundelays from dinner through supper every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Housewarmings by the lady of the manor, Rita Dimitri, happen five nights a week (no Sunday, no Monday). A docile dance crew makes music during the evening, and at nine-thirty weekdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays Mlle. D. climbs to the roof of a piano and sings, Toulouse-Lautrec style, for friends and their guests. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest Mon Amour. The tributes are issued by Tibor Rakossy (tenor and host), Béla Babai's gypsy encampment, and whatever singer happens to be in the house. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): *Schola cantorum*, in which the waiters double in brass tones and the diners frequently serve as spear- and tune-carriers. The amiable rumble takes place every night but Monday and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): In the bar of what does seem like a bit of a well-known sceptred isle sits Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Monday through Saturday in the manner of whoop-de-do New York. Nine until two is her plan of attack. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. The music in this bar-and-grill comes from Muriel Roberts (her restrained jazz piano serves from five-thirty until nine-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays, from seven to nine-thirty Saturdays) and Scott Reed (his romance piano serves from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays). Both players are also given to bursts of song.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is profferred every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (two hearts that beat as one) is done by Norbert Faconi, the in-perpetuity gallant. His work week runs from Tuesday through Saturday. After Saturday, Nov. 29, he goes on sabbatical; his lieutenant, George Cardini, will, though, carry on during the absence, and on the same schedule. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every



NO ONE BUT DANSK® CAN PUT SO MANY BEAUTIFUL THINGS ON ONE PAGE

To see the whole collection, all 493 gracious things, send 10¢ for our newest catalog to:
Dansk Designs Ltd., Dept. LN
Mt. Kisco, New York 10549.

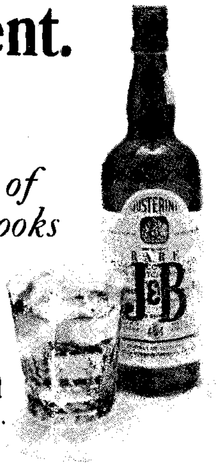
DANSK DESIGNS LTD.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky • The Paddington Corporation, N.Y.

The Gift Scotch
RARE
The Gift Scotch
RARE

Christmas past is also Christmas present.

From the house of
Justerini & Brooks
Founded 1749


JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B

J&B Rare Scotch
It only costs a few cents more.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Angels, theatrical and otherwise, fear not to tread. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, is doing his Viennese piano, and sometimes serving as lyrical town crier, in this elaborate conservatory. Eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley's piano, on tap from the cocktail hour until midnight, offers proof through the night that good songs are still being written. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): In his usual corner, Joe Miles conducts a whispered colloquy with his piano from nine until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Cabbages (the national Hungarian flora) and kings (of the gypsies, naturally) are what the dutiful musicians, led by Elemer Horvath, in this calm Mitteleuropa restaurant talk about from seven-thirty until three every single night. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The Gotham's annual gift to thousands of Bermudian expatriates—the Talbot Brothers, singing and chatting with their constituency from six to ten. Their final sets occur on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

ANNE ARNOLD—Over life-size cats, made of canvas stretched on wooden frames; starting Saturday, Nov. 29. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID ARONSON—Figurative sculptures and reliefs in bronze; starting Tuesday, Dec. 2. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

PEGGY BACON—Realistic works, often satirical, of people and cats in Maine; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JOHN BATTENBERG—Life-size plastic sculptures based on the Hell's Angels; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Paintings done in the United States from 1947 to 1950 by an important German Symbolist; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR BIEHL—Realistic landscapes and interiors; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays and Friday, Nov. 28.)

ARNOLD BLANCH (1896-1968)—Drawings of landscapes and nudes; starting Tuesday, Dec. 2. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

MARCELO BONEVARDI—Painting-constructions; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ERNEST BRIGGS—Expressionist paintings; starting Tuesday, Dec. 2. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

RUDY BURCKHARDT—Paintings by a well-known art photographer; through Dec. 13. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 5:30; open Friday and Saturday evenings, 7:30 to 9:30.)

MARC CHAGALL—Watercolors, drawings, and gouaches; through Dec. 20. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

COROT—A benefit show of eighty paintings selected from all periods of the master's career; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SONIA DELAUNAY—Forty small Orphic compositions; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Abstract paintings suggestive of landscapes; through Dec. 13. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Landscapes, tables, trees, and figures assembled from multiple sculptural units in black and white; through Dec. 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ A small retrospective of his paintings and sculptures, together with works by artists—Oldenburg, Christo, Tinguely, Yves Klein, and George Cohen—related to or influenced by the French "anti-culturist;" through Jan. 3. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

MARK FELDSTEIN—Five large color-area paintings; through Dec. 11. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN FERREN—Emblematic paintings by a veteran colorist; through Thursday, Dec. 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—New color-area paintings; through Wednesday, Dec. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD GIOBBI—Oils and collages; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

ARSHILE GORKY (1904-48)—A hundred and fifty drawings related to important themes in the artist's work; through Dec. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

HARRY GOTTLIEB—Contemporary New York scenes by an artist familiar in the thirties; through Dec. 7. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 6.)

HANS HAACKE—This artist devotes himself to systems—hydraulic, formicarian, political, and so on—and celebrates them with his own devices; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

TONY HARRISON—Large color abstractions; starting Saturday, Nov. 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

WILL INSLEY—Scale models, drawings, and photographs of terrestrial projects; starting Saturday, Nov. 29. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

HORST EGON KALINOWSKI—Leather wall sculptures of physiological motifs; through Dec. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY KALLEM—Triptychs and standup paintings with panels that can be turned; through Dec. 11. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

BEN KAMIHIRA—Landscapes of Spain and figure compositions; through Dec. 13. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HOWARD KANOVITZ—Sculptured canvases of basketball players based on photographs; starting Tuesday, Dec. 2. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Fifty-six oils, drawings, and works on paper in gouache and watercolor, dated from 1913 to 1940; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

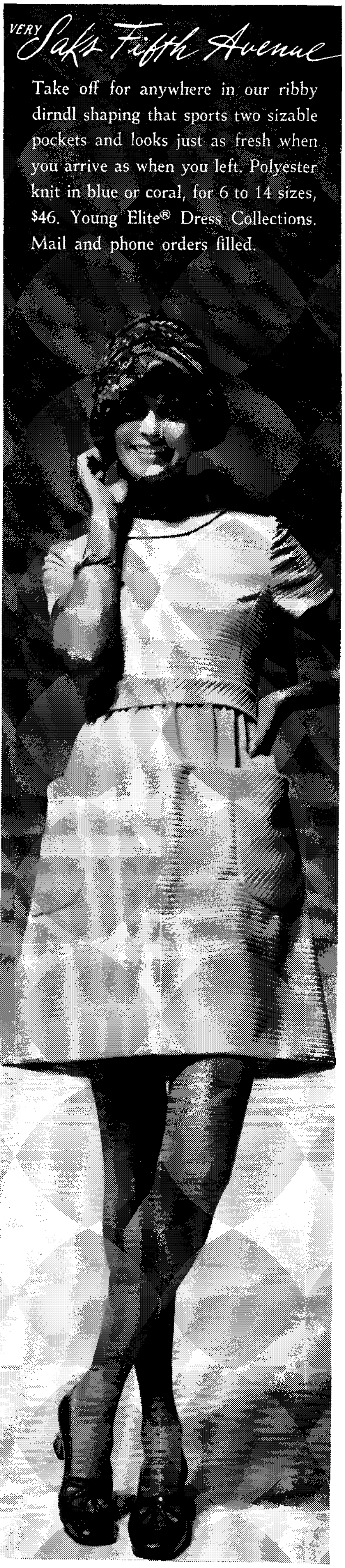
KARL KNATHS—Paintings done between 1950 and 1960; through Dec. 20. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

LEONID—Neo-Romantic seascapes, figures, landscapes, and horses; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MON LEVINSON—Abstract Plexiglas constructions; through Thursday, Dec. 4. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ISADORE LEVY—Abstract paintings; through Dec. 13. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE—Eight sculptures by the Belgian


VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Take off for anywhere in our ribby dirndl shaping that sports two sizable pockets and looks just as fresh when you arrive as when you left. Polyester knit in blue or coral, for 6 to 14 sizes, $46. Young Elite® Dress Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

cause
a
flutter

L'AIR DU TEMPS
the romantic perfume
by Nina Ricci, Paris

The collector's bottle: A Lalique Crystal Original

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Surrealist; through Dec. 27. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louisa Matthiasdottir—Realistic still-lifes, landscapes, figures, and portraits; through Thursday, Dec. 4. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Richard Mayhew—Quiet low-keyed landscapes by an artist frequently seen in Afro-American exhibitions; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Legh Myers—Abstract marble sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Chapman, 922 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

Louise Nevelson—Black wall sculptures and columns; starting Tuesday, Dec. 2. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Jules Olitski—Spray paintings; through Tuesday, Dec. 2. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfonso Ossorio—More of this artist's panels and sculptures of assembled exotic materials; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

William Palmer—Landscapes of upper New York State; starting Tuesday, Dec. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Enzo Plazzotta—Romantic portraits and figure sculptures; through Dec. 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Ogden Pleissner—Recent oils and watercolors of Europe and Vermont; through Dec. 13. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Rose—Paintings and drawings by an artist who has long specialized in Bronx rooftops; through Dec. 13. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Gerald Samuels—Paintings and sculptures by a former student of Hans Hofmann; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Molesworth, 692 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Saul—Pop-related paintings that fiercely attack current political situations; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Works in several mediums by America's leading social realist; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—"Constellations" of shapes by one of the first American hard-edge painters; through Dec. 27. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chaim Soutine (1893-1943)—Twenty-eight paintings by this artist, who is infrequently shown in New York; through Dec. 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Saul Steinberg—Two exhibitions of new drawings, some made with rubber stamps and some reflecting his recent tour of duty in Washington as artist-in-residence at the Smithsonian; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Frank Stella—More shaped canvases; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clyfford Still—The first show in twenty years of paintings (done between 1947 and 1966) by a leading Abstract Expressionist; through Dec. 13. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Tonal compositions in acrylic, making use of the oval form; through Dec. 20. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Van Buren—Multi-sectional wall pieces in poured fibre glass; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

John Wesley—Paintings of everyday subjects with a comic-book slant; starting Saturday, Nov. 29. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wilson—Still-life paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Sanford Wurmfeld—Three large geometric constructions in transparent colored plastic; through Dec. 20. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: A hundred twentieth-century American paintings, by Avery, Eilshemius, Homer, Hopper, O'Keeffe, Prendergast, and others; through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A holiday show of works in various mediums by about twenty-five artists, among them Ernest Briggs, Charles E. Martin, and Sybil Wilson; through Jan. 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK**, 41 E. 65th St.: An exhibition, organized by Les Levine, lampooning art-establishment taste by exhibiting the participants' "worst work;" through Friday, Dec. 5. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **BYRON**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: More than fifty paintings, drawings, and sculptures by leading Surrealists; through Dec. 20. (Closed Mondays.). . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Four Latin-American artists working in advanced modes; through Jan. 18. (Daily, noon to 6.). . . **CISNEROS**, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St.: Drawings and engravings by such major Latin-American artists as Matta, Lam, Merida, Tamayo, and Siqueiros; through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Dada and Surrealist drawings; starting Monday, Dec. 1. . . . **GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART**, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings by ten Israeli modernists; through Dec. 9. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Works on paper by Balthus, Brauner, de Kooning, Klee, and others; through Dec. 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: French paintings from Corot to Picasso; through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and graphics by artists of the first three decades of the century, featuring John Sloan, and with Glackens, Bacon, and Biehl, among others; starting Tuesday, Dec. 2. . . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Americans, including Bierstadt, Kensett, Hart, and Eilshemius; through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Selections from the New York University Art Collection and the Longview Foundation by (to mention a few) Newman, Brooks, Steinberg, and Vicente; through Dec. 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M. Closes Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8, and closed Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 27-29.). . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred and forty-five drawings from the sixties by a hundred prominent Americans; through Jan. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.). . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Posters done between 1900 and 1920 by seventeen German artists, among them Kirchner, Pechstein, Otto Mueller, and Schiele; through Dec. 13. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent drawings by Picasso, together with drawings by González, Gris, Klee, and Léger; starting Tuesday, Dec. 2. . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century American and European paintings and sculptures by Arp, Beckmann, Burchfield, Hopper, Hofmann, Marin, and others; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—At the **SCULPTORS GUILD**, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Works by new members; starting Friday, Nov. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.). . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Examples in a variety of modes by Bauermeister, Bertoia, Bill, Chryssa, and Etrog (to name a few); through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Closed Mondays.)

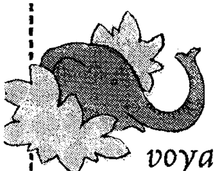
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

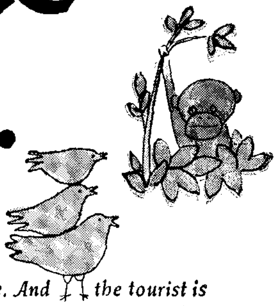
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; through Feb. 1. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.). . . ¶ American oils, drawings, and watercolors from the Museum's collections; through Dec. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Recent prints by thirty Yugoslav artists; through Sunday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Preliminary studies and photographs of some rather mystifying works by Peter Hutchinson and Dennis Oppenheim "somewhere in the Caribbean;" through Sunday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Photographs by Eugène Atget (1856-1927); starting Monday, Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6,

One in a Series

The Parisian's guide to African safaris.





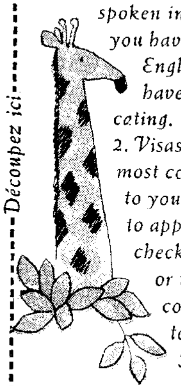
Votre voyage à la Parisienne

We give you Africa. Its ancient history. Its modern civilization. The most diverse forms of art, culture, religion and people found anywhere. See it all on the most comprehensive luxury safari ever. A 69-day escorted tour that takes you in air-conditioned comfort from Dakar to Timbuctoo, down through the Ivory Coast, across the Victoria Falls, and on to Pretoria. Then over the tip of Africa from Capetown to Port Elizabeth. You'll visit the mystic cities of Zanzibar, Mombasa, Dar es Salaam, Khartoum, Addis Ababa, and last but not least, a final stop in Athens.

Sixty-nine days filled with excitement, adventure and Africa for as little as $2595. Air France will help you experience it all,* à la Parisienne, *with nothing but French-style luxury and comfort. We'll give you nothing but the very best. In other words, we'll give you* le bon voyage.

Renseignements

A few things to know before going to Africa:



1. Language. There are over 200 different languages and dialects spoken in Africa. But, if you have a smattering of English or French, you'll have no trouble communicating.

2. Visas. You'll need them in most countries, in addition to your passport. In order to apply for a tourist visa check your travel agent or the consulates of the countries you'll want to visit.

3. Inoculations. Get smallpox, typhoid, para-typhoid, typhus, cholera and tetanus. It doesn't hurt to have them all.

4. Weather. It's mild and pleasant in almost every region you'll visit, all year round.

5. Photography. Bring a bag of Silicagel for protection against moisture. And pack as much film as you have room for. Color film can be scarce.

le Wildlife

Africa. The last great animal hangout. Visit Royal Nairobi National Park, where you can see lions, giraffes, hippos and hyenas living as they do in the bush. Shooting is done only with cameras, from inside your car.

Visit Amboseli National Reserve at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro. See rhinoceros with horns a foot long, bull elephants so old even they can't remember their age, zebra, wildebeest, impala and warthogs.

In Kenya, at Treetops, a lodge built high atop a huge tree, you can sit up all night to watch the animals come to water. It is, perhaps, the only hotel in all the world that overlooks a salt lick.

See one million feathered flamingos on Lake Nakuri. Stop at lovely Lake Albert, an animals' Atlantic City, where elephants swim and play, water buffalo do their thing, and the sky is not cloudy all day.

le Good Life

The best things in Africa aren't all outdoors. You'll find some of the world's most luxurious and modern hotels. The finest restaurants, serving the finest of every possible cuisine. Comfort is the rule. And the tourist is king of the jungle in Africa. Mozambique has dancing and cafe life. Johannesburg has a lively night life, legitimate theatre (productions from London's West End) and California style drive-in restaurants. Athens, for nightclubs, cabaret and even the opera.

Vocabulaire

do you take travelers' checks?: est-ce que vous acceptez des chèques de voyage?

do you call that a bargain?: vous appelez ça bon marché?

are there any dangerous animals about?: est-ce qu'il y a des animaux dangereux près d'ici?

what a big cat: quel gros chat.

it isn't a cat: ce n'est pas un chat.

les Autres excursions africaines

Air France has many marvelous tours of Africa. One of them (for only $895) gives you three weeks in South Africa, Rhodesia, Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda—with Paris and Athens for good measure. Contact your travel agent or Air France. Africa is waiting for you.*

Découpez ici

Air France
P.O. Box 707
New York, New York 10011

KNY-27

I want to go to Africa. Don't start the safari without me. Please send me your booklet on African tours so I can decide which one to take.

Name______________________________

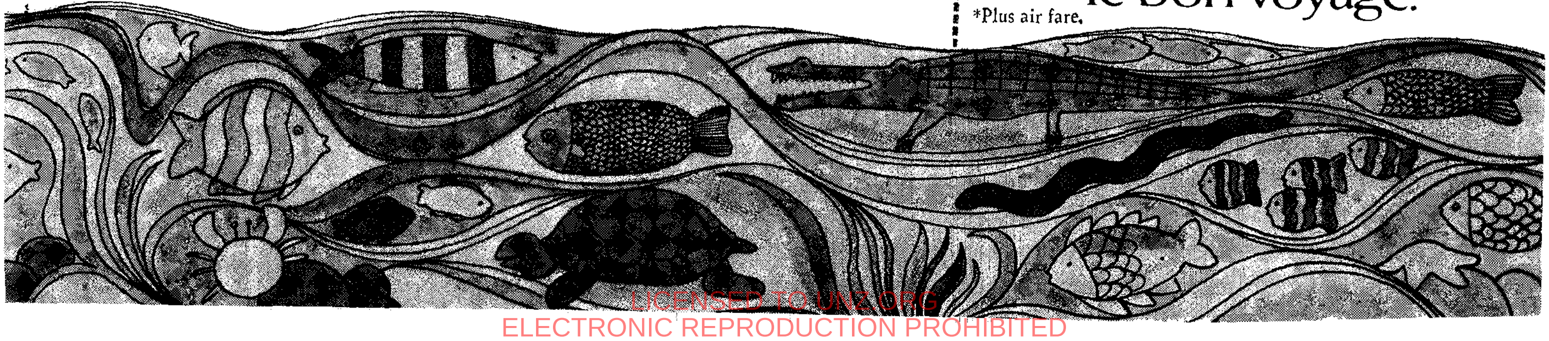
Address______________________________

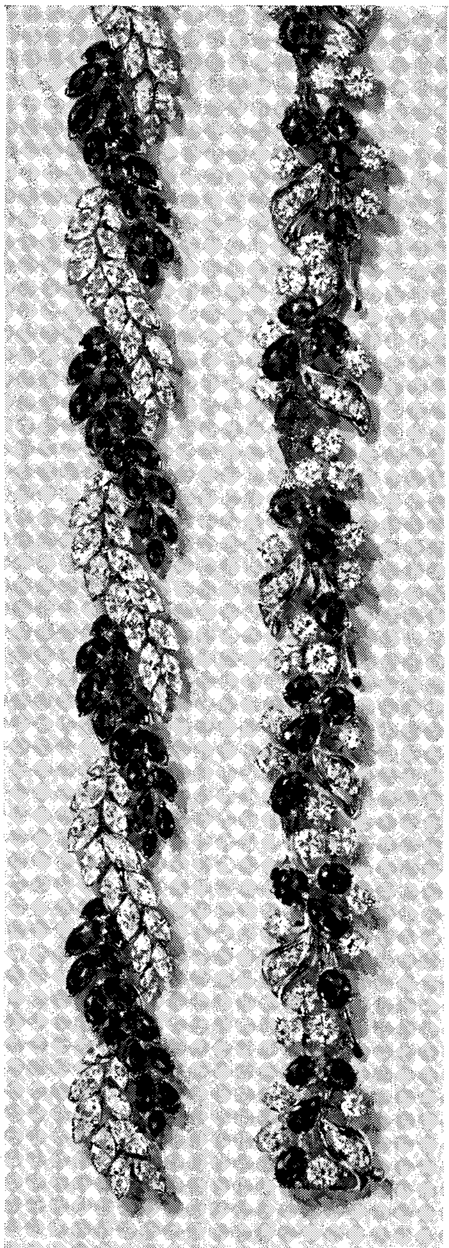
City______________State________Zip______

My travel agent is________________________

AIR FRANCE
le bon voyage.

*Plus air fare.





Christmas morning—
Garland her wrist in precious jewels

Marquise sapphires and diamonds in platinum, $19,500.
Pear-shaped, oval and round rubies, diamonds in gold and platinum, $22,000.

RAYMOND C. YARD, Inc.
680 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y. 10019
Illustrated booklet on request

and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty sculptures and twenty-three drawings by the major twentieth-century sculptor Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957); through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Fifty-three paintings by Wassily Kandinsky taken from the Museum's collection; through Dec. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by Martin J. Heade, a nineteenth-century itinerant painter of landscapes, portraits, and tropical birds and flowers; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs by eighty-seven American artists, going back to the nineteenth century, dealing with extreme emotions aroused by the human environment, from political corruption to German concentration camps and black-and-white conflict; through Sunday, Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A loan exhibit of drawings by selected members of the Hudson River School, among them Church, Cole, Durand, and Kensett; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Seventy-one works (by, for instance, Raymond Saunders, Sidney Goodman, Lowell Nesbitt, Hans Moller, and Stefano Cusumano) eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Sculptures and graphics by Institute members; through Dec. 23. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Sixty-one Cambodian bronze and stone figures—ranging from animals to deified monarchs—done between 650 and 1250 A.D.; through Dec. 7. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, Third Ave. at 7th St.—A Rembrandt anniversary-celebration exhibition of etchings from all periods of the artist's printmaking, and running concurrently with his show at the Morgan Library; through Jan. 20. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Posters by artists including practically everybody; through Sunday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Sixty-six anonymous paintings from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth; through Jan. 20. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—One work each in plastic materials by forty-nine artists, among them Louise Nevelson, Frank Gallo, Les Levine, and Rockne Krebs; through Jan. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and fifteen etchings by Rembrandt being shown on the three-hundredth anniversary of his death and running concurrently with a similar exhibition at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures that create sound, among other sound-creating mediums; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Two hundred objects, mostly from Africa, including ivory figures and fetishes; through Feb. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A gallimaufry of items collected by the Society in the last decade. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—From the Berg Collection: Drawings, pen-and-ink sketches, and marginalia by some forty writers, Thackeray in the main; through May 30. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Five artists have organized "situations" that dispense with fixed art objects and include invisible and "impossible" art; through Sunday, Nov. 30. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A series of paintings by Jacob Lawrence on the subject of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the Haitian revolutionist; through Jan. 4. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, George Szell conducting—Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 28, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 1, at 7:30 (all with Robert Casadesus, piano); and Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 5, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 8, at 7:30 (all with Pierre Fournier, cello).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Norman Carol, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler conducting a performance of Puccini's "Tosca" in concert form. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting Simone Mayr's opera "Medea in Corinto" in concert form, with soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Mannes Chamber Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Same program; Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Jean Morel conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing an all-Bach program, with an orchestra and soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

De Pasquale Quartet—The second in a series of five programs (by different quartets) presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8:40.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Two programs performed by Pina Carmirelli and Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison Sylvester, flute; Murray Perahia, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:30, and, *sans* Mr. Wadsworth, Saturday, Nov. 29, at 9.)

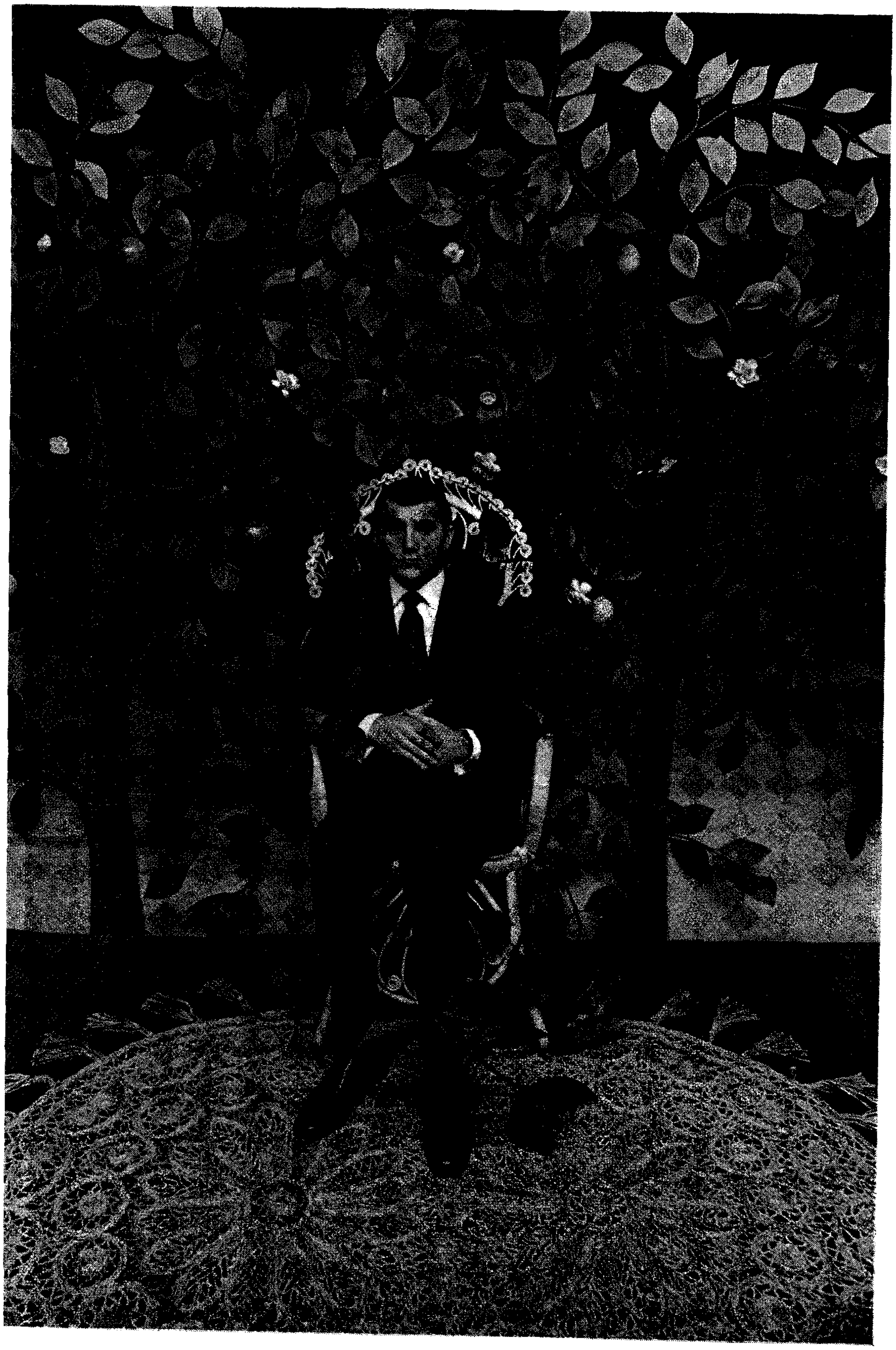
Alicia de Larrocha—Piano, in the second in a series of three recitals of Spanish music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:40.)

Jacques Abram—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2:30.)

Birgit Finnila—Contralto. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3.)

Jan Peerce and Irina Arkhipova—Tenor and mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, playing Bach's Gold-



Sugar and spice and everything nice are killing what you're made of.

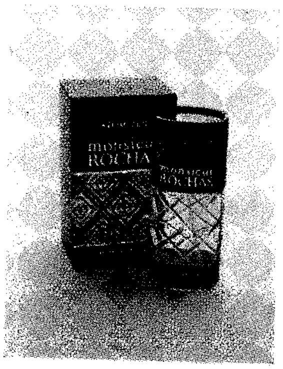
Monsieur Rochas is a new concept in men's cologne and after shave. It won't make you come up smelling like a rose, a forest or a basket of fruit. Because that's no way for a man to smell.

And it won't be the first thing somebody notices about you when you walk into a room. Because the first thing somebody should notice about you is you.

Monsieur Rochas is meant to reflect the man who wears it. Not compete with him.

You'll find that it gets rich at times. Then gentle. Spicy, then soft. Strong, then subtle. That's because it was designed to work with your body's chemistry. Not fight it. To change as it changes.

It's a cologne created simply to let a man smell like a man.



Monsieur Rochas. Created to let a man smell like a man.

On this island-hopping holiday you never leave Fort Lauderdale

Most island-hopping ventures have one disenchanting drawback. The farther you hop the more you sacrifice in creature comforts.

On the contrary, you can cruise to countless islands in Fort Lauderdale and return each evening to the indispensable luxuries. A hot bath. A good meal. And no letdown at sundown.

Paradoxically enough, there is more to see along the 165 miles of Lauderdale waterways than on a sail to Samoa. And think of the savings. A few dollars a day rents a power boat like that in our picture.

Promise yourself at least one idyllic voyage on your visit. Glide past island homes that look like tropical arboretums. Sail on to less inhabited shores where alligators snooze. Where stilt-legged birds stalk the shallows. Where wild orchids grow on trees.

For colorful memories, bring your camera. For tasty pan fish, just drop a line. For a thrill, steer out Port Everglades inlet to the ocean. Sidle up to a lonely beach and dangle your toes in the surf.

Island-hopping where each outing ends with *shore leave* in this gay resort makes delightful sense. Come, satisfy the urge for adventure and never leave the pleasures of . . .

FORT LAUDERDALE

the Place to go in Florida

For FREE full-color booklet and planning aid, write: City Information Dept. N-52, P.O. Box 1181, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. 33302

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

berg Variations. The second in a series of three all-Bach programs. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Christa Ludwig—Mezzo-soprano, in a lieder recital. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Anthony di Bonaventura—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The third in a series of five programs (by different quartets) presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:40.)

Alexander Slobodyanik—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Deller Consort—A program of music by Henry Purcell. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—David Glazer, clarinet, and Camilla Williams, soprano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Shirley Verrett—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy and Itzhak Perlman—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Note—The Guarneri Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Dec. 1, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jefferson Airplane, Youngbloods, Joseph Eger's Crossover, and Glenn McKay's Head Lights—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday, Nov. 26, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 8 and 11:30.

Joe Lee Wilson—With a band. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

Dionne Warwick—With Woody Herman's orchestra, plus the Persuasions and the Constellations. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Nov. 27, at 7.)

Rolling Stones—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Nov. 27, at 8, and Friday, Nov. 28, at 2 and 8.

Simon & Garfunkel—Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 27-28, at 8:30.

Dave Brubeck's Trio and Gerry Mulligan—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.

Billy Taylor—With his trio, discussing and illustrating "Sounds of Jazz." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

Laura Nyro—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8:30 and at midnight.

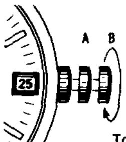
David Amram—With his quartet, discussing and illustrating "The Relationship of Jazz and Contemporary Classical Music." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.

Johnny Cash—With the Tennessee Three and others. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Jethro Tull, Grand Funk Railroad, and Fat Mattress—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, at 8 and 11:30.

"The Birth and Growth of the Blues"—Town



To set exact time, simply pull stem to position A and turn hands. To set date, pull to position B and turn until proper date appears.

for a gift of special meaning...
OUR GOLDEN FLEECE WRIST WATCH
with exclusive instamatic calendar

Designed for Brooks Brothers by world-renowned Movado of Switzerland, the new Golden Fleece watch has a 17 jewel high-frequency movement, HS 360, which beats twice as fast as standard watches...assuring accuracy to a minute a month. Eight hours wearing stores up thirty-six hours of reserve energy. As the most advanced self-winding watch in the world, the calendar can be set (see diagram above) to the desired date instantaneously. The case, totally water-resistant, is available in 14K gold, or with gold electroplate top and stainless steel back. This is a truly superb timepiece.

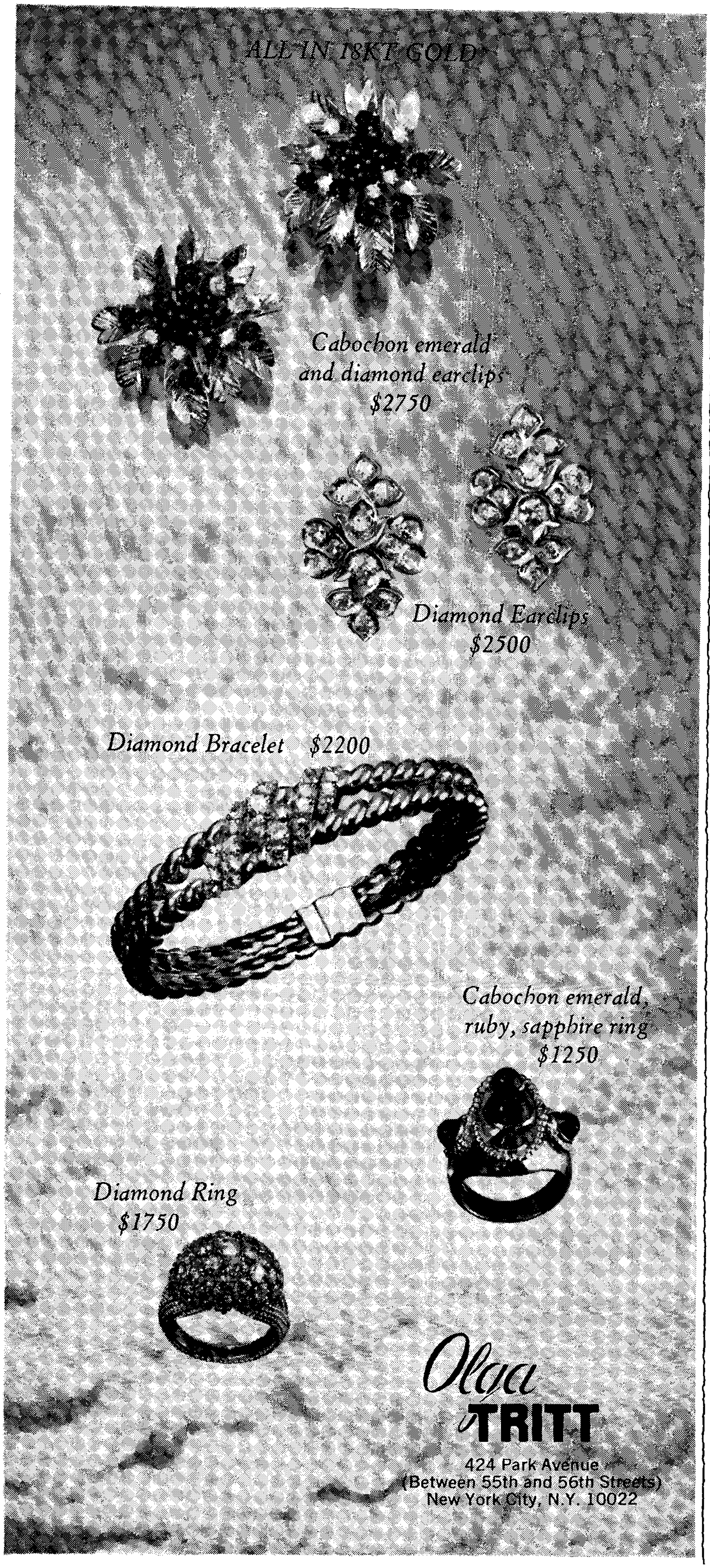
14K Gold Golden Fleece Watch, $250
Gold Electroplated Golden Fleece Watch, $150

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE & 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

ATLANTA · BOSTON · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH · SAN FRANCISCO · SCARSDALE · WASHINGTON



ALL IN 18KT GOLD
Cabochon emerald and diamond earclips $2750
Diamond Earclips $2500
Diamond Bracelet $2200
Cabochon emerald, ruby, sapphire ring $1250
Diamond Ring $1750
Olga TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York City, N.Y. 10022

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2:30.

Betty Carter—With a trio. (Judson Hall. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Steppenwolf—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30 and at midnight.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Seattle. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8: Knicks vs. Milwaukee.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 6.)

College Football—Army vs. Navy. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 1:35.)

Professional Football—Jets vs. Oakland Raiders. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 1:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 1:35: Rangers vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 30, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Minnesota. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 15. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Firenze Handicap, Thanksgiving Day; the Remsen, Friday, Nov. 28; the Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 29; and the Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 6. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays; last day Saturday, Jan. 3. Post time will be 1 on Wednesday, Nov. 26; it will be noon on Thanksgiving Day and after that, it will be 12:30.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Dec. 15.

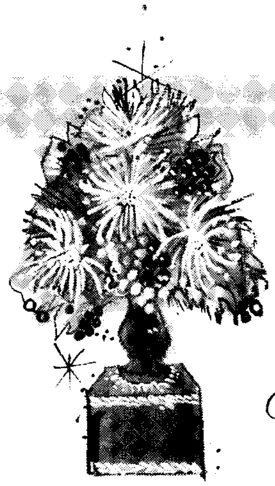
FOR CHILDREN

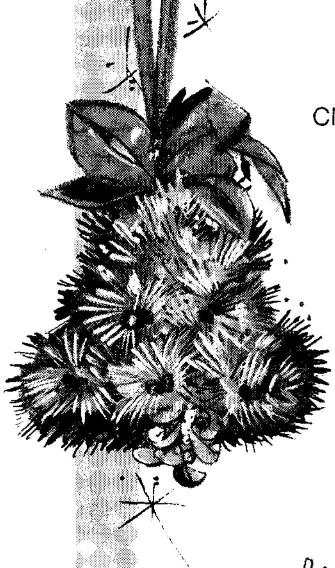
Celebration of the Arts for Children—The final program in a series of weekend shows, this one comprising two short Czech films ("How Two Bears Met Near Kolon" and "How They Went Swimming"), an animated cartoon ("The Amazing Colossal Man"), and the Eglevsky Ballet Company presenting "Peter and the Wolf," with Richie Havens, narrator. (City Center Theatre, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 11:30 and 2:30, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 1:15 and 4.) . . . ¶ A free exhibit of American Indian art and artifacts and dolls from around the world, as well as a continuous Punch-and-Judy show and a strolling minstrel. (City Center Building, 130 W. 56th St. Daily, 11 to 5; through Sunday, Nov. 30.)

Stage Shows—By **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES:** "Winnie-the-Pooh," Thanksgiving Day at 3:30, and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 28-30, at 1 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet," Saturday, Dec. 6, at 1 and 3:30. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1 and 3 and Sundays at 2.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Friday, Nov. 28, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. *(873-1300)—The new show* is called "The Sky at Christmas." (Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 28, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 28, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not ad-





Deck your halls with Bonwit's own Christmas Cheer

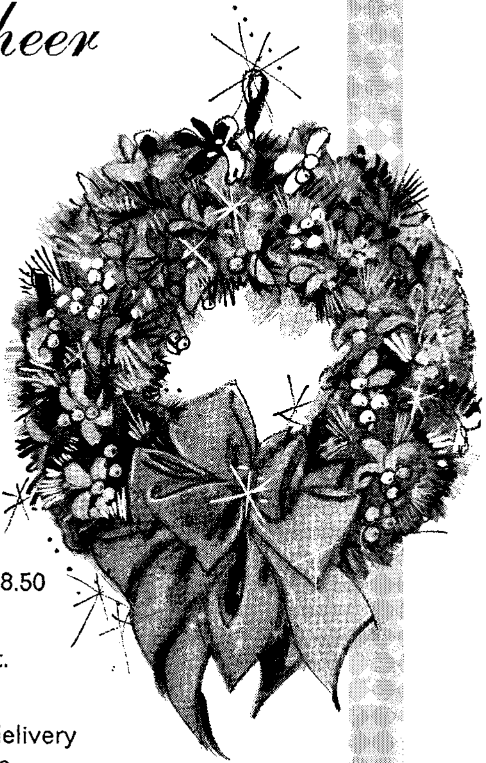
Our exclusive assemblages
of delicate leaves, glistening berries and
plush velvet for all through the house.
Clockwise from right:

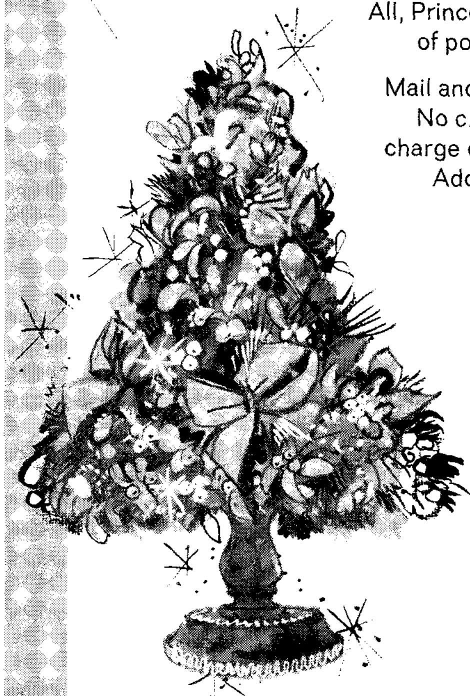
Wreath of pine, holly and mistletoe,
waterproofed for indoors or out.
22" diameter, 26.00
Four-Candle Epergne of currants
and mums with green velvet ribbons,
13" high, 44.00
Musical Tree with red velvet bows,
19" high, 26.50
Bell-Shaped Kissing Ball of pine
and mistletoe, on red velvet ribbons, 16.50
Pedestal Compote of currants
and mums, green velvet base, 12" high, 18.50

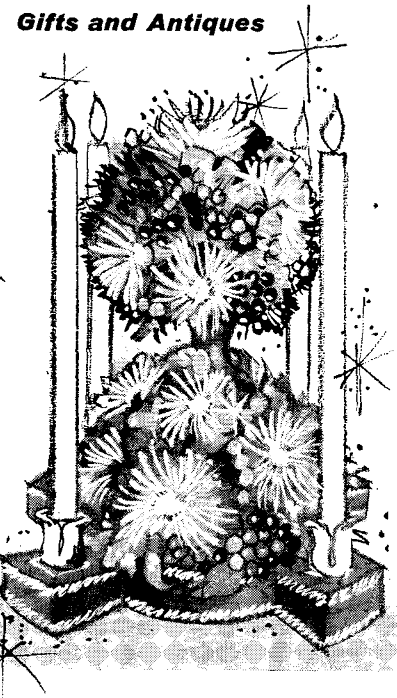
All, Prince Decor designs
of polyethylene and rayon velvet.

Mail and phone orders filled.
No c.o.d.'s. Please add 1.75 for delivery
charge outside regular delivery area.
Add sales tax where applicable.

Gifts and Antiques







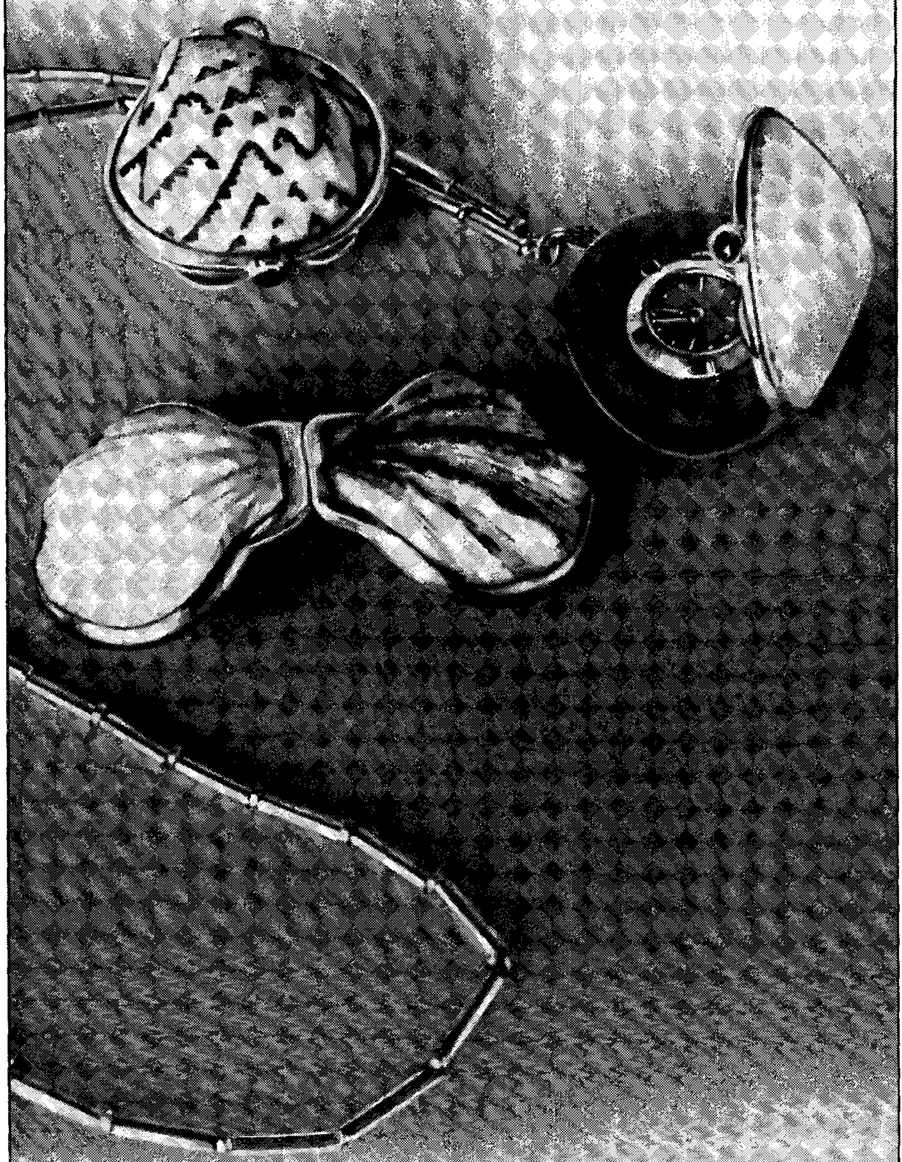
BONWIT
TELLER

New York Manhasset Westchester Short Hills Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Troy Palm Beach

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jewels for Venus

Rare shells fashioned
into exquisite pill boxes and unique pendant lockets
for chain, pin or belt—a few with a Cartier watch
are included in the fabulous collection
created exclusively for Cartier—all
designed by Marguerite Stix.



Cartier Inc.
NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

mitted. The Planetarium will be closed on Thanksgiving Day.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 28, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Poetry Readings—Richard Eberhart reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Lectures—The last in a series of lectures by Jerzy Grotowski, director of the Polish Laboratory Theatre, speaking in French, with an English interpreter. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3. For tickets call 783-6700.) . . . ¶ James Johnson Sweeney presenting the fourth in a series of seven lectures under the over-all title of "Contemporaries and Predecessors." (Cooper Union's Engineering and Science Building, 51 Astor Pl. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 3. Admission is free.)

New York Antiques Fair—Among this year's exhibits will be holiday ornaments, children's furniture and dolls, and Pennsylvania quilts and coverlets. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Monday through Saturday, Dec. 1-6, from 1 to 10:30, and Sunday, Dec. 7, from 1 to 5.)

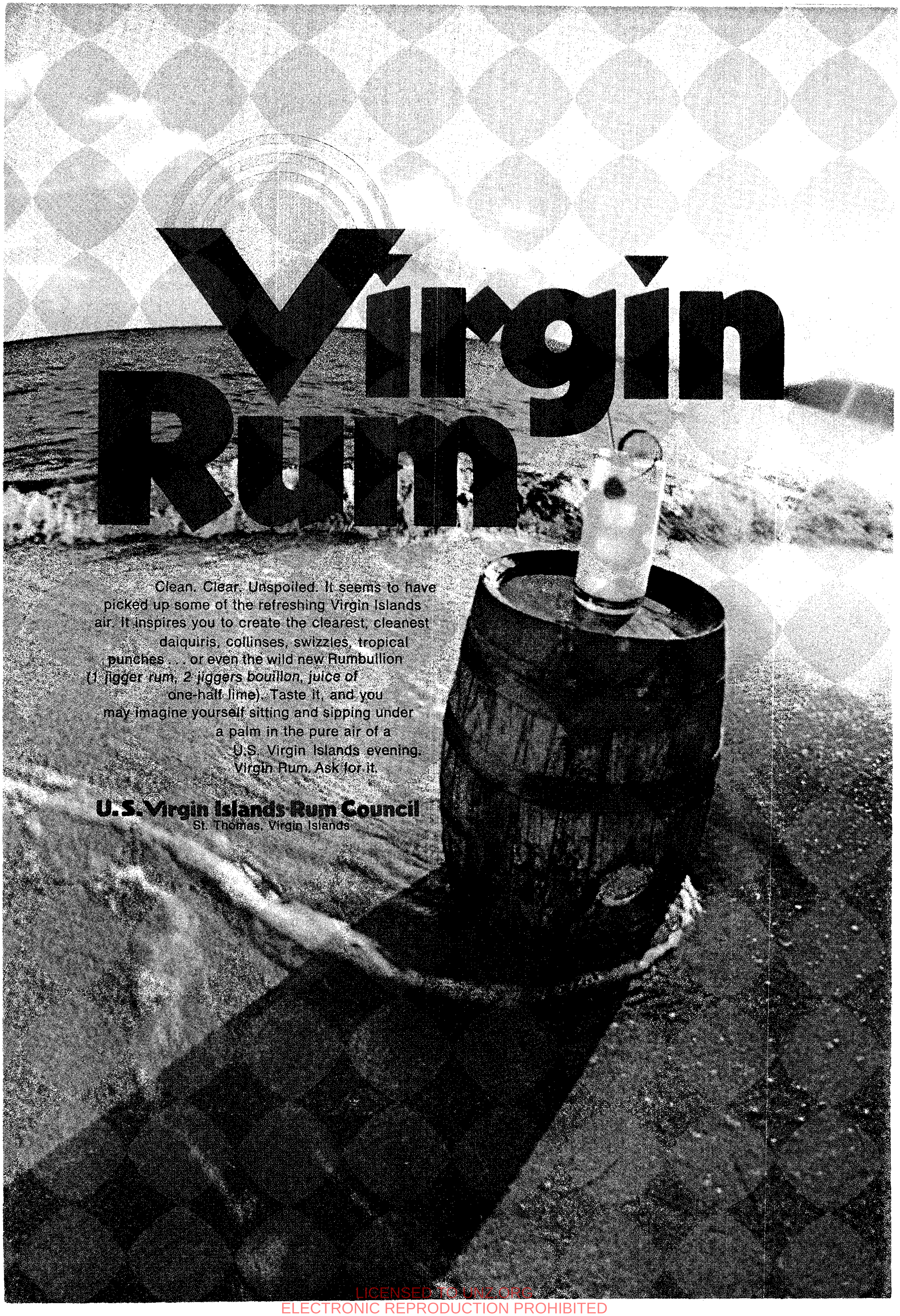
Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Nov. 29, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century English furniture and decorations, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 1:45: Snuff bottles, belonging to Mrs. Alma Claar. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 1:45, and Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 10 and 1:45: Russian works of art, among them a gilded silver-and-enamel Imperial Presentation punch bowl set, a bronze bust of Tolstoy by Aronson, and icons and other paintings; from many sources.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Nov. 26 at 2: "Louise" (1939), in French, with Grace Moore. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2: "Five Scouts" (1939), in Japanese, no English titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2 and 5:30: "Moana" (1926), a Robert Flaherty film. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 11:30: "Passion" (1919), a German film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 3 and 5:30: "The New Gulliver" (1936), a Russian film, with a cast of puppets and one human being. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 2 and 5:30: "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), a French film, directed by René Clair. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2 and 5:30: "The White Ship" (1941), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with a cast of non-professionals; no English titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2: "Jim Goes to Joh'burg" (1947), a South African film. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 5:30: A program of short films by Tom Palazzolo. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Lucrezia Borgia" (1935), in French, with Edwige Feuillère. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Stark Love" (1927), with residents of the Great Smoky Mountains. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle—Through Nov. 30: "A Night in Casablanca" (1946), with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ Dec. 3-4: "Love Happy" (1950), with the Marx Brothers. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Millions of dollars down the drain
and no regrets.

If industry makes water dirty, industry should make it clean again. That's the way we feel at Atlantic Richfield. So we spent millions of dollars last year to clean the water used by our refineries and plants. Then we ran the clean water down a drain—more than 20 million gallons of it every day. Back into American streams for others to use. We plan to continue and expand this effort in 1970. Because we live in the same world you do. And want to do what we can to make it a better one.

the new **AtlanticRichfield**Company **ARCO**



Clean. Clear. Unspoiled. It seems to have picked up some of the refreshing Virgin Islands air. It inspires you to create the clearest, cleanest daiquiris, collinses, swizzles, tropical punches . . . or even the wild new Rumbullion *(1 jigger rum, 2 jiggers bouillon, juice of one-half lime)*. Taste it, and you may imagine yourself sitting and sipping under a palm in the pure air of a U.S. Virgin Islands evening. Virgin Rum. Ask for it.

U.S. Virgin Islands Rum Council
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4		

Adalen 31—Bo Widerberg, whose last film was "Elvira Madigan," re-creates the events leading to the labor riots that established Sweden's Social Democratic Party in 1931. He is a young director of great sensitivity and talent, yet, for all its beauty, his film is not a full achievement. In Swedish. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Alice's Restaurant—Arthur Penn's tender, simple film from Arlo Guthrie's best-selling talking-blues ballad record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Arlo Guthrie plays himself. Among many other things, the film becomes a very touching study of kinds of American faces—hippies, an old man, even an affectingly seen cop. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

The Arrangement—Elia Kazan directed this movie version of his own novel, so there's nobody else to blame for it. Kirk Douglas plays the advertising man who wants to go straight; Deborah Kerr is his wife. Faye Dunaway his wife-to-be. They have all been better. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. A classic put-on international thriller, written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Dec. 1.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is on the dismal side. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Nov. 27.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—In recent years, Hollywood comedies as entertaining as this have become rare. As the happily married couple, Robert Culp and Natalie Wood are not as good as they might be, but Dyan Cannon and Elliott Gould are almost too good as the perfectly mismatched pair. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—A kind of cute cross between a contemporary put-on and a stylized Western legend. If there was any way to make it work, George Roy Hill, who directed, didn't find it. Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Katharine Ross are, however, among the most attractive performers around. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade (1968)—Tony Richardson's epic-satire on war and the Victorians. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 2.)

Coming Apart—Rip Torn is a psychiatrist whose crack-up involves a series of sexual encounters, a few amusing but most of them intended to be "joyless"—and the movie certainly succeeds in making them so. With Sally Kirkland. Written and directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; and Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630.)

Cul-de-Sac (1966)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Dec. 2.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers again, this time at—well, at the races. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 28-Dec. 1.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a fabulous cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Nov. 27.)

Downhill Racer—The ski footage is exciting, and the movie is fast and relatively unassuming. Robert Redford is a poor boy determined to be an Olympic champion; unfortunately, the movie doesn't provide many clues to *why*. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Easy Rider—A ballad about an eastbound cycle-odyssey across modern America. The two heroes are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, high-born Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and is acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film, and very fine. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Eclipse (1962)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Alain Delon and Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 2-3.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 3.)

La Femme Infidèle—Claude Chabrol demonstrates how to make a civilized thriller; he serves up the sensuality and adultery with the elegance of a master. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

Funny Girl—The performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 27-30, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—Peter O'Toole plays the schoolmaster whose life is transformed by the Cinderella touch of Petula Clark. This version of the James Hilton story has Muzak by Leslie Bricusse. That it survives is a triumph for O'Toole and Herbert Ross, making his début as a director. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 27-29, at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Gypsy Moths—Burt Lancaster, Gene Hackman, and Scott Wilson as three exhibition parachutists risking their lives to earn a poorish living out of small-town audiences hungry for the spectacle of risk-taking. Very well directed by Frankenheimer. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350.)

I'm No Angel (1933)—Mae West as a lion tamer, Cary Grant as a society lion, lots of adenoidal innuendo, and some good honky-tonk songs ("That Dallas Man," et al.). And still funnier than anything that's come out this year. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

In the Year of the Pig—The "other side" of what the war in Vietnam is all about. Emile de Antonio has assembled some extraordinary footage, much of it not seen before in this country. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Dec. 3.)

Intimate Lighting—A small but charming and humane comedy about a young couple who visit an old friend of the husband's and discover how the two men's paths—once so close—have diverged. Directed by Ivan Passer. A Czechoslovakian film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—The director Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. In Polish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Dec. 2.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Directed by Orson Welles, with Rita Hayworth and Mr. Welles. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Dec. 1.)

The Lion in Winter—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 27-30, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Lions Love—Agnès Varda's first American feature is about Los Angeles and would-be movie stars (Viva, the wilted flower of the underground, and Gerome Ragni and James Rado, the authors of "Hair"). It's very pretty but trivial and inane. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 2.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Updated and misguided. With Katharine Hepburn, and Margaret Leighton, Edith Evans, Giulietta Masina, Yul Brynner, Danny Kaye, Richard Chamberlain, and Charles Boyer. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Midnight Cowboy—John Schlesinger directs James Leo Herlihy's story for horselaughs, but the movie is worth seeing for a look at Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman, who play the cowboy and Ratso Rizzo. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

The Music Room (1963)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, flawed, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 4.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 28-Dec. 1.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni (and Monica Vitti as a brunette). In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 2-3.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—A socially significant anti-war musical that is also a big, heavy movie in the pukka-sahib tradition of English moviemaking. Maggie Smith and Laurence Olivier are very funny, but oh, so briefly. Richard Attenborough directed. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Paint Your Wagon—The kind of corny, butch Americana that is said to be healthy—maybe because it's so insensitive. Joshua Logan directed this Lerner-Loewe musical, which, improbable as it sounds, features Lee Marvin, Jean Seberg, and Clint Eastwood as a *ménage à trois* in the California Gold Rush. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 27-29, at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 4.)

Putney Swope—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Rachel, Rachel (1968)—A film about the first affair of a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher, played by Joanne Woodward. Directed by Paul Newman. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 3.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria—Anna Magnani beats Anthony Quinn with a rolling pin while a lot of Italians make their funny Italian sounds, waving their funny Italian arms—in the way they do only in American movies. Stanley Kramer directed this anti-Nazi *opéra bouffe*. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits. Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. In Japanese. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Dec. 2.)

She Done Him Wrong (1933)—Mae West, the great shady-lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Sterile Cuckoo—A good script (by Alvin Sargent) gives Liza Minnelli and Wendell Burton the kind of witty, lyrical roles that actors sell their souls for. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

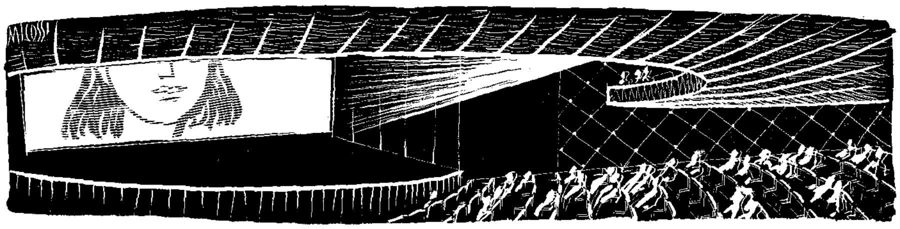
Take the Money and Run—Woody Allen as a criminal who never makes the Ten Most Wanted list. Written and directed by the star. A stop-and-go film, but a true original. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Two of Us (1967)—An account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation in France. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Dec. 2.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—A movie of that hard night's night. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 3.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE



EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 2: "Spirits of the Dead," Brigitte Bardot, Alain Delon.
From Dec. 3: **IN THE YEAR OF THE PIG.**

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
COMING APART.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 2: **THE TWO OF US** (in French); and "Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.
From Dec. 3: "Fanny Hill," Diana Kjaer; and "High Infidelity" (1965; in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 2: "Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.
From Dec. 3: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**; and "Bye Bye Braverman" (1968), George Segal, Jack Warden.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Futz," performed by the La Mama Troupe.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Last of the Ski Bums," a documentary film.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Battle of Britain," Harry Andrews, Michael Caine.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE ARRANGEMENT.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
ADALEN 31 (in Swedish).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
DOWNHILL RACER.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Troika," a three-episode film.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Don't Drink the Water," Jackie Gleason, Estelle Parsons.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
COMING APART.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
EASY RIDER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE STERILE CUCKOO.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
SHE DONE HIM WRONG; and **I'M NO ANGEL.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Minx," Jan Sterling.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Battle of Britain," Harry Andrews, Michael Caine.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
"Float Like a Butterfly, Sting Like a Bee," a documentary on Cassius Clay.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 2: "Last Summer," Barbara Hershey; and "The Swimmer" (1968), Burt Lancaster.
From Dec. 3: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish); and "More," Mimsy Farmer.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 2: **LIONS LOVE.**
From Dec. 3: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
INTIMATE LIGHTING, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Kaya, I'll Kill You," a Yugoslav film.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
THE GYPSY MOTHS.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 1: **THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI**; and **BEAT THE DEVIL.**
From Dec. 2: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish); and **CUL-DE-SAC.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
PAINT YOUR WAGON.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Ten Commandments" (1956), Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Dec. 3: "The Brain," David Niven, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Dec. 4: "A Boy Named Charlie Brown," a full-length cartoon.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Popcorn," a rock film.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
LA FEMME INFIDÈLE (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Battle of Britain," Harry Andrews, Michael Caine.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 1: "Red River" (1948), Montgomery Clift, John Wayne; and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956), Kevin McCarthy, Dana Wynter.
From Dec. 2: **THE SEVEN SAMURAI** (in Japanese); and "Identification Marks: None" (1964; in Polish).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 2: **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE**; and "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett.
From Dec. 3: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**; and **RACHEL, RACHEL.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 27: **DINNER AT EIGHT**; and **THE BIG STORE.**
Nov. 28-Dec. 1: **NINOTCHKA**; and **A DAY AT THE RACES.**
Dec. 2-3: **ECLIPSE** and **LA NOTTE** (both in Italian).
Dec. 4: **PATHER PANCHALI** and **THE MUSIC ROOM** (both in Bengali).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Russ Meyer's "Vixen."

The Park

TAILORED BY
HICKEY-FREEMAN

The greatest of them all. Our double breasted town coat, the most perfect dress coat any man could want for day or evening

Meticulously tailored to our own specifications, this imported all wool velour outercoat is finished with a magnificent Persian lamb shawl collar

NAVY WITH GREY PERSIAN
BLACK OR GREY WITH BLACK PERSIAN

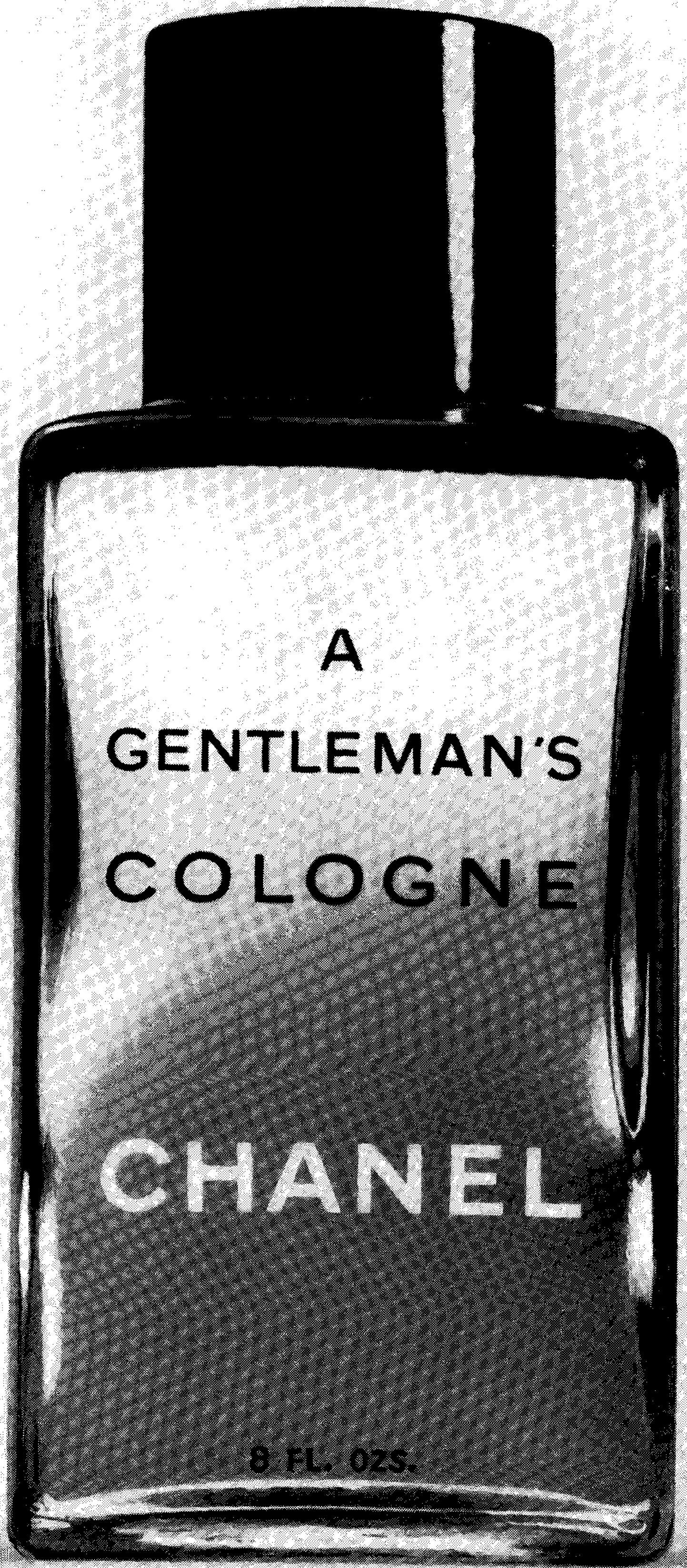
FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS

Fur products labeled to show country of origin

WRITE FOR OUR CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVE. AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK 10017

The Mark of a Man.


A
GENTLEMAN'S
COLOGNE
CHANEL
8 FL. OZS.

A Gentleman's Cologne 4 oz. 5.00, 8 oz. 8.00, Spray Cologne 5.00, After Shave Lotion 4 oz. 3.50, 8 oz. 6.00.

© 1969 Chanel, Inc., 1 West 57th Street, New York

THU
25
DS-2
25

Ladies'
$145.

Men's
$165.

Like a single brilliant star, Certina is the symbol of timeless elegance and precision in watchmaking.

The Certina DS-2 automatic with its exclusive "Floating Movement," is the most rugged watch in the world.

CERTINA
Elegance and accuracy, since 1888.

Best & Co.
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

U.S. business knows no boundaries.

The profit motive has propelled it on a fantastic journey in search of new opportunities.

In the last decade American investment overseas has more than doubled and is now approaching $65 billion.

And today more than ever multinational companies need a multinational bank. A bank that knows its way around the world.

Like Irving Trust.

We have correspondents in virtually every country. Bankers who know the local scene and how you can prosper in it.

We have a branch office in London and representative offices in Hong Kong, Paris and Beirut.

And together with four other leading world banks we formed the International Commercial Bank Limited, headquartered in London. It specializes in medium-term financing.

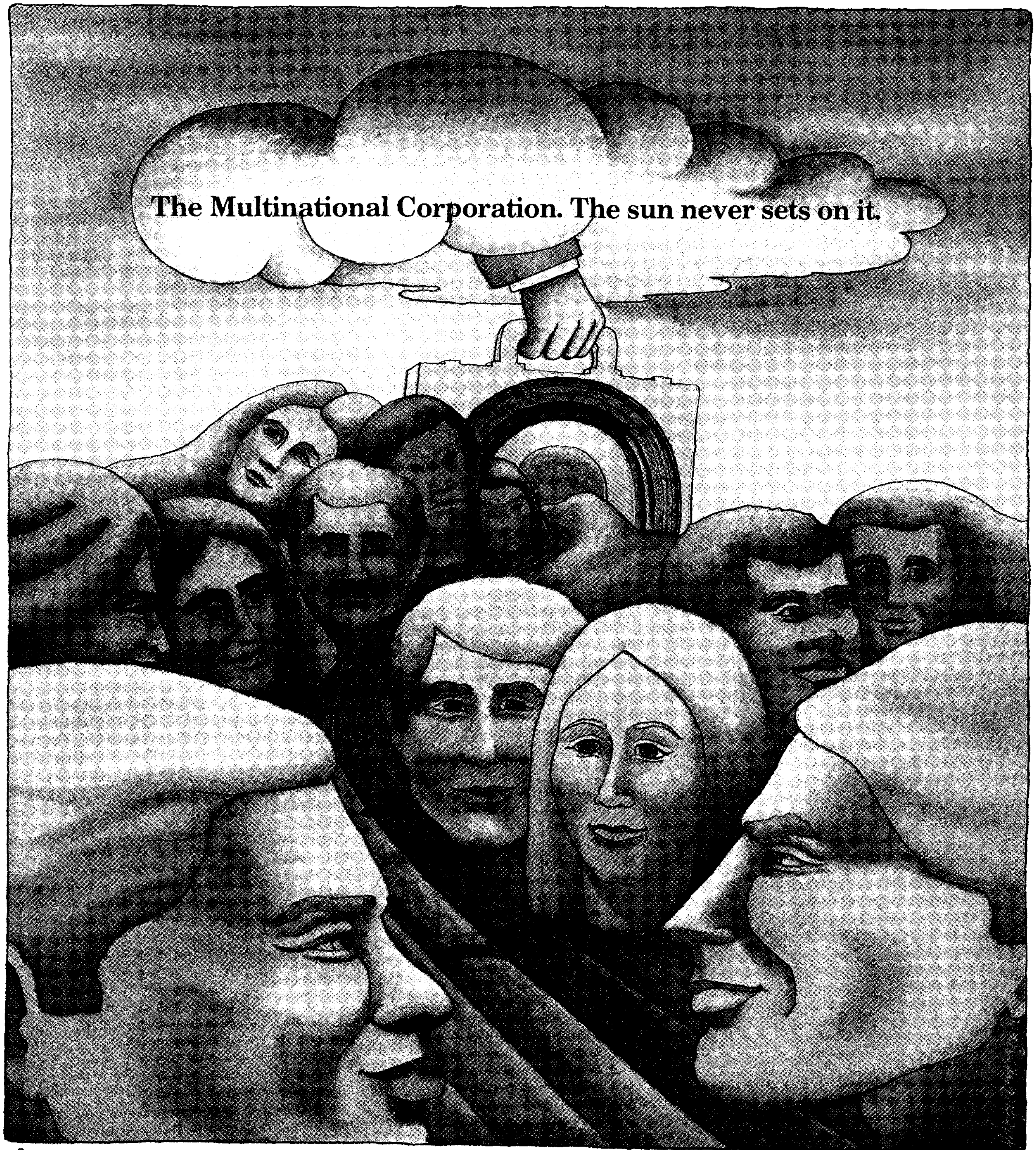
So, wherever in the world you see opportunity for your company, we'll be there to help you.

With our knowledge of the country.

With information on the market situation.

With expertise in banking.

Making sure the sun shines brightly on your investment.


The Multinational Corporation. The sun never sets on it.

At Irving Trust Company we back you up with more than money.

One Wall Street, N.Y.
© A Charter New York Bank, Member F.D.I.C.

Now, a radio that tapes music while you listen.

Now you can record *directly* from radio to tape! On General Electric's revolutionary new FM/AM radio with the built-in cassette recorder!

The minute you hear something on the radio you'd like to record on tape, just push two buttons and adjust the record level. Listen to it while it's being recorded, then play it back...instantly.

Think of the possibilities. You can simply record your favorite music off the radio on a cassette tape cartridge. Then, when those favorites become favorites of the past, erase them and record your new ones.

GE's Radio Recorder also does everything a *regular* tape recorder does. And because it's a *cassette* recorder, you don't have to fuss with awkward reels of tape. Cassette tapes are prewound in permanently enclosed cartridges.

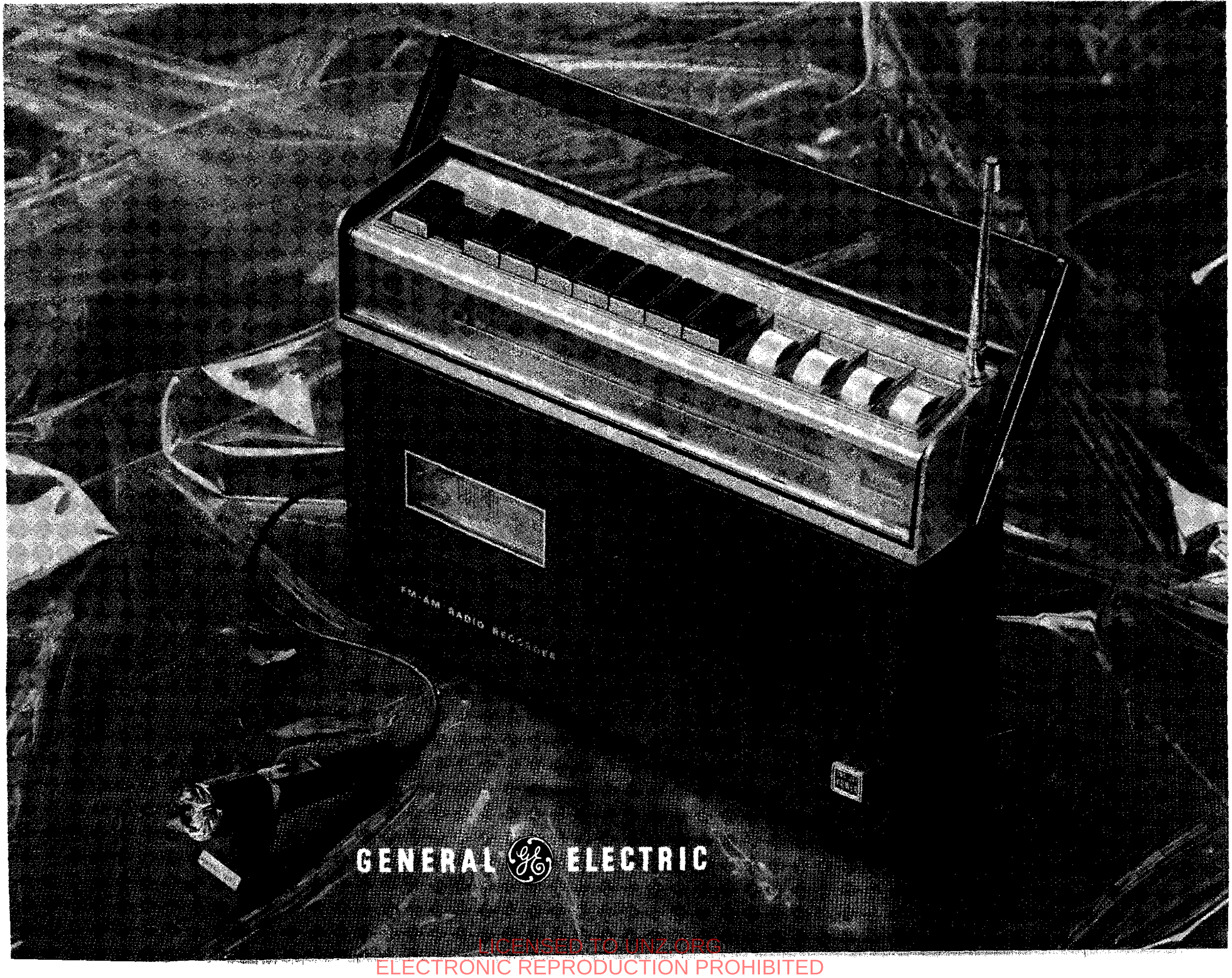
You've never owned anything like it before. But you can *now* for only $99.98*.

Our Model M8500 is a new way to enjoy radio. Repeatedly. For other sound ideas, look at the other phonographs, radios, and tape recorders from General Electric.

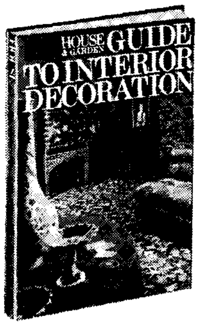
We see sound differently.

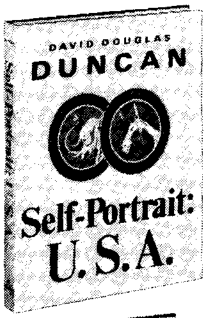
General Electric Company, Radio Receiver Department, Utica, N.Y.

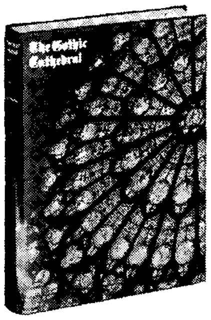
*Manufacturer's suggested retail price.

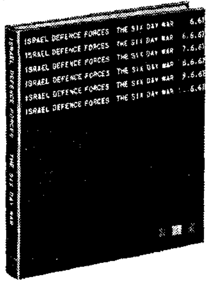


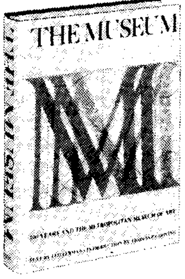
Gala gifts. Collectors' gifts. Gifts to send, or bring...

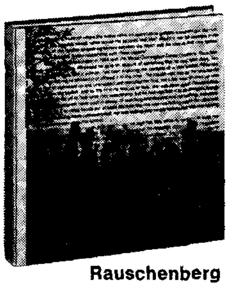

HOUSE & GARDEN GUIDE TO INTERIOR DECORATION


DAVID DOUGLAS
DUNCAN
Self-Portrait:
U.S.A.


The Gothic Cathedral


ISRAEL DEFENCE FORCES THE SIX DAY WAR





Rauschenberg

6C. HOUSE AND GARDEN GUIDE TO INTERIOR DECORATION. *Ed.: Robert Harling.* Even professionals rave about it! Ideas, innovations and inventions by top interior decorators. Many, many color photos. St. Martin's. $23.50

50F. SELF-PORTRAIT: U.S.A. *Text, photos: David Douglas Duncan.* All the drama, violence, pageantry of America's two national conventions—in 325 stunning photos. 240 pp. 11 x 14. Abrams. $18.50

38J. THE GOTHIC CATHEDRAL. *Wim Swaan.* A noted architect, art historian and photographer presents 33 great cathedrals. With a chapter on the cathedral in medieval society by Christopher Brooks. Illus. Doubleday. $30

45D. THE SIX DAY WAR: Israel Defense Forces. *Ed.: Mordechai Bar-On. Fwd.: Moshe Dayan.* The only official history of the conflict. Military documents, 400 combat photos, relief maps, overlays. Chilton. $22.50

1H. THE MUSEUM: 100 Years and The Metropolitan Museum of Art. *Text: Leo Lerman. Intro.: Thomas P. F. Hoving.* Covers the Museum's history and the treasures in its collection. Over 400 illus., 16 pp. in color. Viking. $16.95

50H. ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG. *Andrew Forge.* This important and impressive volume, personally designed by the great modern artist, is a work of art in itself. 153 illus., 47 plates in full color. 226 pp. 11⅜ x 10⅝. Abrams. $25

47C. THE SAVAGE MIND. *Claude Levi-Strauss.* "His most comprehensive and certainly his most profound work. This extraordinary book must be read."—J. H. Plumb, *Saturday Review.* Univ. of Chicago Press. $10

5G. THE ANNALS OF AMERICA. From the publishers of Encyclopedia Brittanica – 20 beautifully bound volumes that chronicle America's struggle toward greatness. 20 vols. Conspectus puts events of the past in today's perspective. G. & C. Merriam Co. $164.50

48C. FIGHTING SHIPS. *Richard Hough.* A book to stir the imagination—150 black and white illus., 48 pp. in full color—trace the ship from primitive Nile craft to nuclear carriers. Putnam. $15

44C. HOCKEY. *Gerald Eskenazi.* The official NHL publication. All there is to know about this sport. The history, rules, players, teams, training, strategy and business side of the game. Photos. Follett. $12.95

4D. THE BIBLE READER: An Interfaith Interpretation. *Abbott, Gilbert, Hunt and Swaim.* Brings fresh understanding of how our major faiths find a common basis. Bruce. Cloth. $7.95. **4E.** Paper. $3.95

49D. CHARLES XII OF SWEDEN. *R. M. Hatton.* The definitive biography of one of history's most enigmatic figures and the tumultuous era which he dominated. Illustrated. Weybright and Talley. $15

49H. I AM MY BELOVED: The Life of Anita Garibaldi. *Lisa Sergio.* Rebel, mistress, wife—this is the true story of Anita's passionate devotion to Giuseppe Garibaldi and the cause of liberty. Weybright and Talley. $6.95

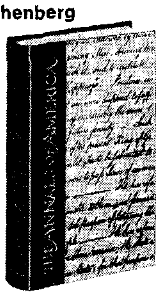
44F. THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA: The Complete and Official Record of Major League Baseball. *The Macmillan Company and Information Concepts Inc.* Endorsed by both Leagues and the Commissioner. Macmillan. Slipcased. $25

7F. SUPPERS AND MIDNIGHT SNACKS. *George Bradshaw.* Forget servants—do it yourself—with flair! Superb tips for before-the-fire snacks, pool or terrace supper, champagne *celebres.* Decorations. McKay. $5.95

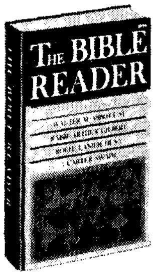
BETTY CROCKER'S COOKBOOK. The No. 4 non-fiction bestseller of all time! This really is the cookbook with a difference. 1600 can't-fail recipes, some old favorites, most brand new and all kitchen-tested. Six new chapters, hundreds of full-color photos—more than any other basic cookbook. A great gift—especially for yourself. Helps make cooking delicious, easy and fun. Golden Press. **7D.** Hardbound. $4.95. **7E.** Ringbound. $6.95

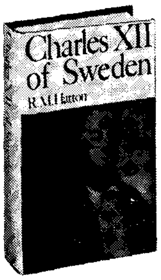
11A. HOUSE ON FIRE. *Arch Oboler.* An eerie, spellbinding novel about a family that seems quite normal until the diabolical motives of each character are laid bare. A real chiller-diller. Bartholomew House/Delacorte. $6.95

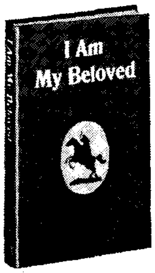
The Savage Mind

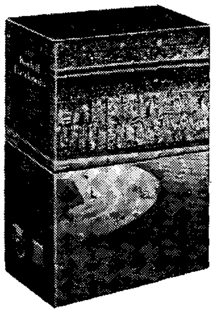

THE ANNALS OF AMERICA

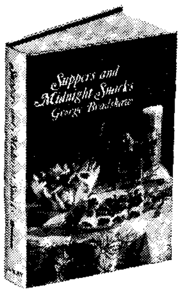
Fighting Ships
Richard Hough


THE BIBLE READER

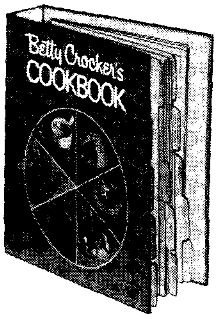

Charles XII of Sweden
R.M. Hatton

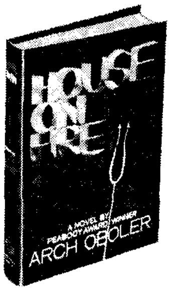

I Am My Beloved

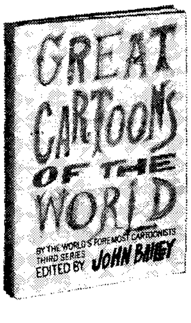


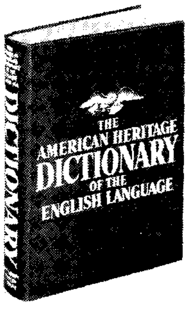

Suppers and Midnight Snacks
George Bradshaw

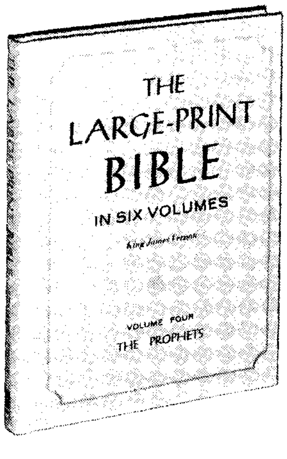
Betty Crocker's COOKBOOK


Betty Crocker's COOKBOOK


HOUSE ON FIRE
A NOVEL BY PEABODY AWARD WINNER
ARCH OBOLER


GREAT CARTOONS OF THE WORLD
BY THE WORLD'S FOREMOST CARTOONISTS
THIRD SERIES
EDITED BY JOHN BAILEY


THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE


THE
LARGE-PRINT
BIBLE
IN SIX VOLUMES
King James Version
VOLUME FOUR
THE PROPHETS

19A. GREAT CARTOONS OF THE WORLD. *3rd Series. Ed.: John Bailey.* Over 300 witty cartoons with comments—Addams to incomparable Steig, Whitney Darrow, Jr., many others. 9x12. Crown. $4.95

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. It's new, it's authoritative. Prepared by over 100 leading writers, editors, speakers. Over 150,000 entries; over 3,000 illus.; over 10,000 geographical and biographical entries; over 1,500 notes on usage and synonyms; 6,000 illustrative quotations from literature; large readable type. Houghton Mifflin. **36A.** Standard Edition. $7.95. **36B.** Thumb Indexed. $8.95. **36C.** Deluxe Edition. $12.50

THE LARGE-PRINT BIBLE. Complete and unabridged King James version in six superb volumes. **4F. Vol. I:** *Genesis to Deuteronomy.* **4G. Vol. II:** *Joshua to II Chronicles.* **4H. Vol. III:** *Ezra to Song of Solomon.* **4J. Vol. IV:** *Isaiah to Malachi.* **4K. Vol. V:** *Matthew to John.* **Vol. VI:** *The Acts to Revelation.* Each $10. **4L.** 6-vol. slipcased set. $49.75. **4M. Old Testament.** 4-vol. set. $35. **4N. New Testament.** 2-vol. set. $17.50 Hart.

A breathtakingly beautiful collection to choose from.

THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. College Edition. It has more definitions of words than any other desk-sized dictionary. 155,000 entries; 38,000 usage and field labels; 23,000 sample sentences and phrases; over 7,000 biographical and mythological entries; 6,000 idiomatic expressions; 5,000 synonym and antonym lists; simple, accurate pronunciation system. **51A.** Regular Edition. $6.95. **51B.** Thumb Indexed. $7.95. **51C. The Unabridged Edition.** 260,000 entries, 2,091 pp. Thumb Indexed. $30

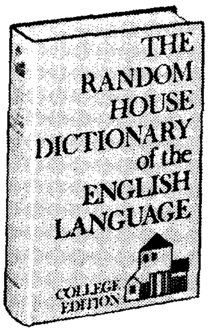
25L. A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE: 1860-1970. *New 3rd Ed. Daniel Blum; John Willis.* Now includes the last 10 seasons—110-year roster of stars, shows—5000 marvelous photos. Crown. $12.50

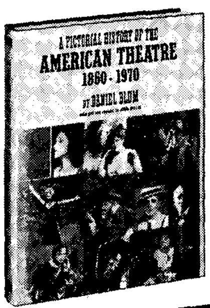
45A. THE STORY OF THE BLUES. *Paul Oliver.* From Africa to America, from the South to Chicago and Harlem —the sweep, the beat, the raw emotions of the people who gave us the blues. Over 200 illus. Chilton. $12.50

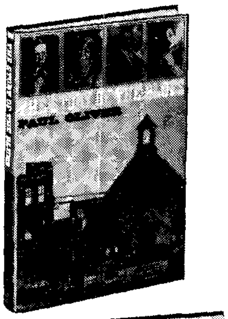
42E. CHRISTMAS FOLK. *Natalia Belting. Illus.: Barbara Cooney.* Little-known traditions and folklore of Christmas in Elizabethan times, described in poetry and charmingly illustrated in color. Holt, Rinehart. $4.95

2F. ANIMAL ATLAS OF THE WORLD. *E. L. Jordan.* Uncovers little-known facts – and explodes myths – about mammals. Distribution charts, climate and vegetation maps. 182 color illus. 9½ x 12½. Hammond. $14.95

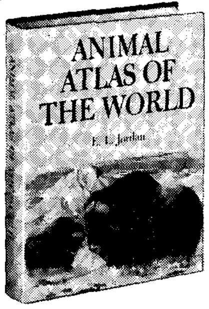
50B. REMBRANDT: His Life, His Work, His Time. *Bob Haak.* "It supersedes any Rembrandt book we have seen." —*Publishers' Weekly.* 612 illus., 109 plates in full color. 348 pp. 10⅝ x 13⅝. Abrams. $35

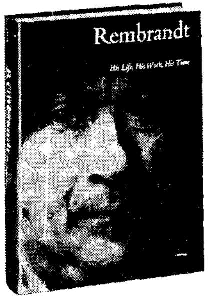

THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE
COLLEGE EDITION

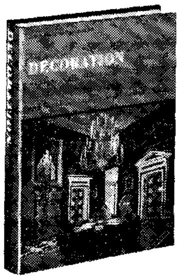

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE 1860-1970
BY DANIEL BLUM

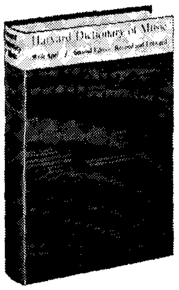

PAUL OLIVER

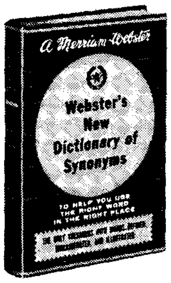
CHRISTMAS FOLK
BY NATALIA BELTING
ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA COONEY


ANIMAL ATLAS OF THE WORLD
E. L. Jordan

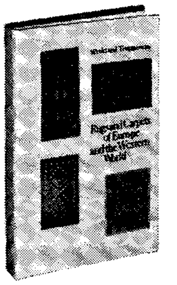

Rembrandt
His Life, His Work, His Time

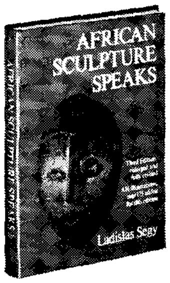

DECORATION


Harvard Dictionary of Music

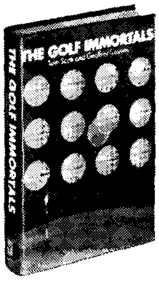

A Merriam-Webster
Webster's New Dictionary of Synonyms

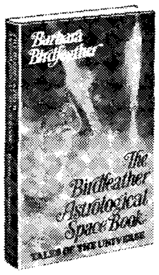
Incredible Athletic Feats


Rugs and Carpets of Europe and the Western World

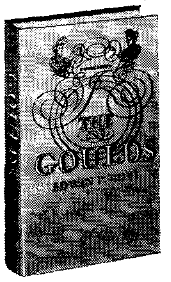

AFRICAN SCULPTURE SPEAKS
Ladislas Segy

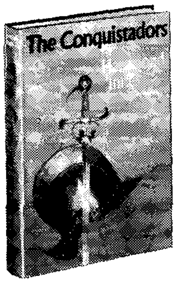
Marilyn Monroe


THE GOLF IMMORTALS


Barbara Birdfeather
The Birdfeather Astrological Space Book
TALES OF THE UNIVERSE

PARLOUR POETRY




The Conquistadors

Connaissance des Arts. A magnificent collection. French & European Publications. **1A. DECORATION I.** $29.95. **1B. DECORATION II.** $29.95. **1C. FRENCH CABINETMAKERS.** $29.95. **1D. FRENCH GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS.** $29.95. **1E. GARDENS AND FLOWERS.** $29.95. **1F.** 5-vol. set. $135

48E. HARVARD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC. Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. *Ed.: Willi Apel.* Comprehensive, concise, authoritative, scholarly, yet enjoyable. This new edition offers over fifty percent more material than the original, published twenty-five years ago. A standard and invaluable reference work, thoroughly updated. Belknap/ Harvard University Press. After 1/1/70, $20; now $17.50

5N. WEBSTER'S NEW DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS. A Merriam-Webster. Quick and easy to use and understand. Thousands of illustrative quotations make shades of meanings crystal clear. Its alphabetical arrangement saves hunting in an index. $7.95

44D. INCREDIBLE ATHLETIC FEATS. *Jim Benagh. Illus.: Frank Kramer.* Over 125 episodes describing some of the most astounding physical feats and derring-do man has ever experienced. All cases authenticated. Hart. $5.95

45C. RUGS AND CARPETS OF EUROPE AND THE WESTERN WORLD. *Jeanne G. Weeks and Donald Treganowan.* Historical background of designs and techniques. Over 200 illus., many in color. Chilton. After 12/31, $17.50; now $14.95

2C. AFRICAN SCULPTURE SPEAKS. *Ladislas Segy.* An interpretive history that captures the exquisite beauty and power of African sculpture. The most comprehensive reference available. Over 400 photos. Hill & Wang. $14.95

45E. MARILYN MONROE: A Composite View. *Ed.: Edward Wagenknecht.* Reflections and revelations by Hollis Alpert, Edith Sitwell, Norman Rosten, Cecil Beaton, Lee Strasberg, Diana Trilling and others. Chilton. $5.95

44E. THE GOLF IMMORTALS. *Tom Scott and Geoffrey Cousins.* An unforgettable gallery of 17 of golf's all-time leading performers, from Vardon to Palmer and Casper. 75 action photos and glimpses of the greats. Hart. $6.95

37M. THE BIRDFEATHER ASTROLOGICAL SPACE BOOK: Tales of the Universe. *Barbara Birdfeather.* Groovy, now person explains the heavens. *Time* Magazine calls her a leading astrologer of the new generation. Nash. $6.95

48G. PARLOUR POETRY: A Casquet of Gems. *Michael R. Turner.* For trivia fans, would-be actors: 117 Victorian elocutionary gems, with scholarly and witty notes, including parodies. The fun book of 1969. Viking. $7.95

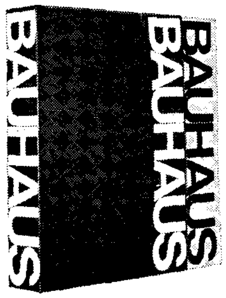
49J. THE GOULDS. *Edwin P. Hoyt.* A vivid, memorable account of a stupendous fortune—the man who made it and the people who spent it. Illustrated. Weybright and Talley. $8.50

2D. THE CONQUISTADORS. *Hammond Innes.* One of the great adventures of history—enthrallingly retold by one of the great storytellers of our time, with an extraordinary collection of illus. Knopf. After 1/31/70, $17.50; now $15

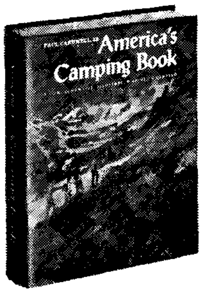
2A. AFRICA. *Emil Schulthess.* This classic collector's item is even more handsome than its earlier edition. Slightly larger, with improved color printing and an updated text, it is nothing less than spectacular with its myriad portraits of Africa's mountains, deserts, people and cities—snared by the incomparable Schulthess lens. Simon and Schuster. $25

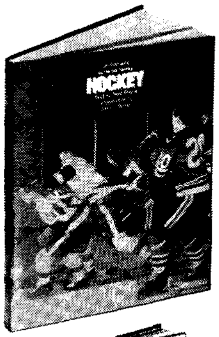
15A. BAUHAUS. *Hans M. Wingler.* Definitive and indispensable study of one of the major styles in modern art. Fully documents and illustrates the history of the Bauhaus from Weimar to Dessau to Berlin to Chicago. 90 pp. of up-to-date bibliography, a roster of former members of the Bauhaus and an index. About 800 illus., 24 in color. MIT Press. After 12/31, $55; now $42.50

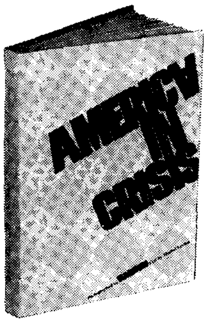
Emil Schulthess
AFRICA

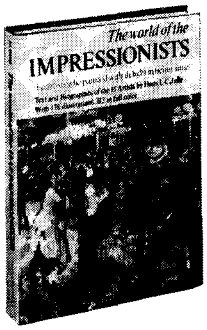

BAUHAUS BAUHAUS BAUHAUS

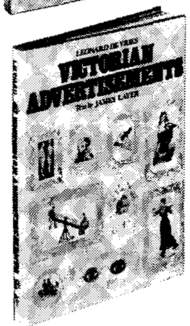
Books that are exciting, inviting. And enlightening...


America's Camping Book




AMERICA IN CRISIS


The world of the IMPRESSIONISTS


VICTORIAN ADVERTISEMENTS

1G. VAN GOGH. *Marc Edo Tralbaut.* This superb volume includes previously unpublished works, plus some reproduced for the first time in color. 337 gravure illus., 105 color plates. Viking. After 12/31, $40; now $37.50

18E. AMERICA'S CAMPING BOOK. *Paul Cardwell, Jr.* The final word on every aspect of camping, with an up-to-date directory of campsites in the U.S., Mexico, Canada. Over 300 diagrams, photos, maps. Scribners. $10

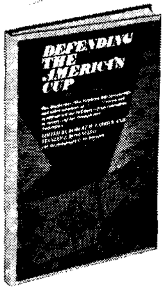
28K. HOCKEY. *Trent Frayne. Photos: Harold Barkley.* The stars, the speed, the history, excitement and color of the game captured here in text and color photos. A book every fan will want. 10½ x 12½. Rand McNally. $9.95

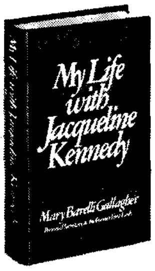
33F. AMERICA IN CRISIS. *Mitchel Levitas. Photos: Magnum Photos, Inc.* A new kind of history records the gap between the American Dream and the American Reality. 169 photos. Holt, Rinehart. $12.95. **33G.** Paper. $4.95

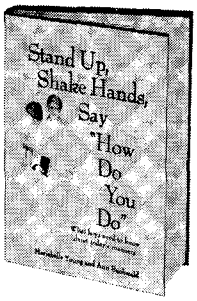
1K. THE WORLD OF THE IMPRESSIONISTS. *Hans L. C. Jaffe.* 120 representative works, incl. seldom-seen paintings from Soviet museums. With biographies, photos, text. Lithographed in Holland. 9½ x 12½. Hammond. $14.95

38K. VICTORIAN ADVERTISEMENTS. *Leonard de Vries.* A collection of over 500 of the best ads from Victorian England. Beautifully printed, handsomely bound. Perfect for those on- or off-Madison Avenue. Lippincott. $8.95

44B. DEFENDING THE AMERICA'S CUP. As told by the men who did it. *Eds.: Robert W. Carrick and Stanley Z. Rosenfeld.* An absolutely unique book for sailors and sailing enthusiasts. Over 100 photos. Knopf. $12.50


DEFENDING THE AMERICA'S CUP


My Life with Jacqueline Kennedy
Mary Barelli Gallagher


Stand Up, Shake Hands, Say "How Do You Do"

The Blues Line

4C. MY LIFE WITH JACQUELINE KENNEDY. *Mary Barelli Gallagher. Ed.: Frances Spatz Leighton.* Takes us to Camelot and shows the real woman beneath the goddess-figure. Illus. McKay. $7.95

42C. STAND UP, SHAKE HANDS, SAY "HOW DO YOU DO." *Marjabelle Young and Ann Buchwald.* Etiquette for young boys 12 and up written with spice, humor and understanding. Illus. McKay. $5.95

30L. THE BLUES LINE. *Eric Sackheim. With nearly 100 drawings by Jonathan Shahn.* One of the most exciting blues anthologies ever. Over 270 songs as sung by the great blues people. A Mushinsha Book/Grossman. $20

49E. SHAW: An Autobiography 1856-1898. *Ed.: Stanley Weintraub.* The superb autobiography, completely in his own words, that Bernard Shaw wrote but never put together. Weybright and Talley. $10

38C. THE WINE BOOK. *Alexander Dorozynski and Bibiane Bell.* Illus. tour/history of one of life's great pleasures. The only wine book that covers the Iron Curtain countries and the Far East. Golden Press. $12.95

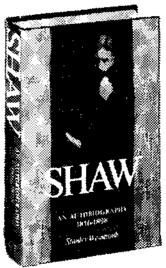
22C. ANTIQUES OF AMERICAN CHILDHOOD. *Katherine Morrison McClinton.* It's a small intriguing collector's world, slates, hornbooks, porringers, pull toys, and more. 380 illus. Potter. $12.50

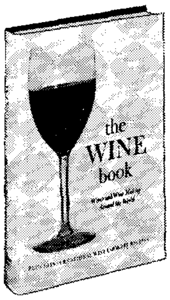
28J. JOE NAMATH: Maverick Quarterback. *Phil Berger.* As exciting as one of Namath's "long bombs", this story of football's controversial bonus baby is bound to please the sports fans on your gift list. Illus. Cowles. $3.50

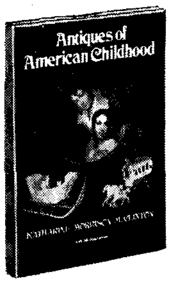
20C. PEANUTS COOK BOOK. *Recipes: June Dutton. Cartoons: Charles M. Schulz.* As Linus says, "This book is full of ingredients." Lots of hilarious cartoons and easy recipes the gang loves. Determined Productions. $2.50

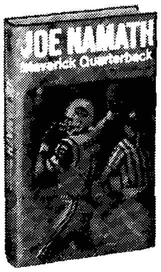
11E. PUPPET ON A CHAIN. *Alistair MacLean.* The author of *The Guns of Navarone* and *Where Eagles Dare* now spins a story of an Interpol drug inspector who likes to live dangerously. Doubleday. $5.95

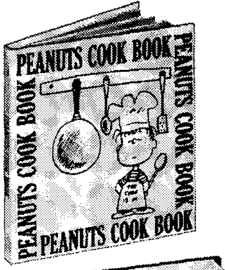
39C. MAY HORSES. *Jan Wahl. Illus.: Blair Lent.* A magical story of Paddy Woggs and his dog Skitch, who are whisked off by orange and blue horses on a tour of sky, sea, mountains and stars. Ages 4-7. Delacorte. $4.95

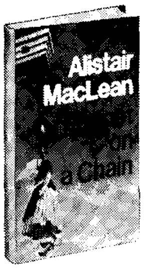



the WINE book


Antiques of American Childhood


JOE NAMATH
Maverick Quarterback


PEANUTS COOK BOOK


Alistair MacLean
Puppet on a Chain

MY FIRST Golden Encyclopedia
A GOLDEN BOOK

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND
CYRIL RITCHARD

THE DECORATIVE TWENTIES
Martin Battersby

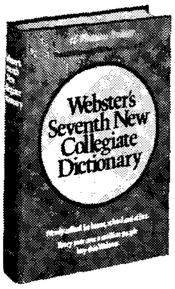
40M. MY FIRST GOLDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA. *Jane Werner Watson. Illus.: William Dugan. Consultant: Bertha Morris Parker.* Important first reference book for pre-schoolers. 500 facts and phenomena explained. Golden Press. $4.95

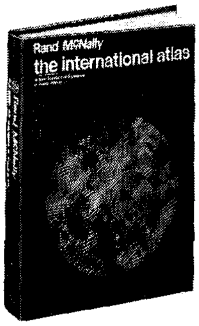
39A. ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. Cyril Ritchard sings, reads the famous classic. Four 12" LP's. Full-color box, facsimile of orig. book. Orig. $25 Now $6.95
39B. THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS. $6.95

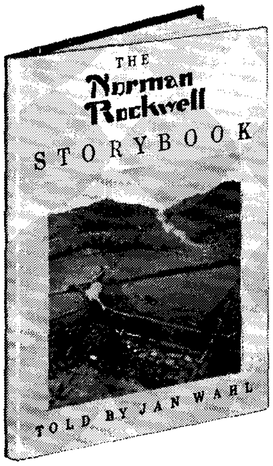
24E. THE DECORATIVE TWENTIES. *Martin Battersby.* The look of the jazz age! This is the first full-scale history of the fashions, the interiors, and the design styles of the fabulous 20's. Lavishly illustrated with 200 plates—41 in color. Walker. After 12/25, $20; now $17.50

For your gift list. Browse through our new catalogs–free, or, order below!

1969 Gift Boo
Double
BRENTANO'S







5H. WEBSTER'S SEVENTH NEW COLLEGIATE. A Merriam-Webster. 130,000 entries, 20,000 new words and meanings. Speaks today's language. Std. Ed. $6.50. **5J.** Indexed. $6.95. **Deluxe bindings.** Boxed. **5K.** Red Fabrikoid. $8.75. **5L.** Leather, gold edge. $12.50. **5M.** Limp pigskin, gold edges. $15

46E. THE INTERNATIONAL ATLAS. At last—a great world atlas at a popular price! Compiled in cooperation with international geographers and cartographers. Includes these important features: 334 pages of brand-new full-color maps, charts, photos; 6 basic scales and 6 new map styles, from broad to detailed view; vital statistical section; population table; glossary; index, with more than 160,000 entries. 11 x 14¾. Rand McNally. After 1/1/70, $34.95; now $29.95. **46F.** Deluxe binding in slipcase. $40

43E. THE NORMAN ROCKWELL STORYBOOK. *Jan Wahl.* Meet Skinny Longnecker, the world's worst athlete, Jared and the dog for sale, Nat and the entire South Side basketball team! They're all in the over 21 warm, funny stories by Jan Wahl and 25 full-color paintings by Norman Rockwell. A storybook for young and old to enjoy. Full color. Simon and Schuster. $4.95

Brentano's, Customer Service
586 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10036

OR

Doubleday, Customer Service
436 Fifth Avenue at 39th Street
New York, New York 10018

Please send me the following:

K122-6

Item No.	Merchandise	Price	Item No.	Merchandise	Price

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________ **State** ____________________ **Zip** ____________________

Please send the following, direct as gifts from me:

K122-6

Item No.	Merchandise	Price	Item No.	Merchandise	Price

Send to: ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________ **State** ____________________ **Zip** ____________________

Enclosed card signed: ____________________

Prices quoted are secured in advance and subject to change without notice. On purchases under $9.95 add 25¢ mailing charge. Allow 50¢ per package for overseas shipment. Add 6% tax for New York City delivery or tax prevailing in your area.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Diners' Club ☐ Master Charge ☐ Christmas wrap free ☐ Send catalog FREE

☐ BankAmericard (Doubleday, Brentano's & Herrick only) ☐ American Express (Brentano's only) #____________________

***OR:** use coupon to order any of these books—and the free catalog—from any of these fine stores:*

The Exclusive Shop
One South Street
Morristown, N. J. 07960

Bookshop Santa Cruz
1520 Pacific Avenue
Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060

The Book Center
New York University
New York, N.Y. 10003

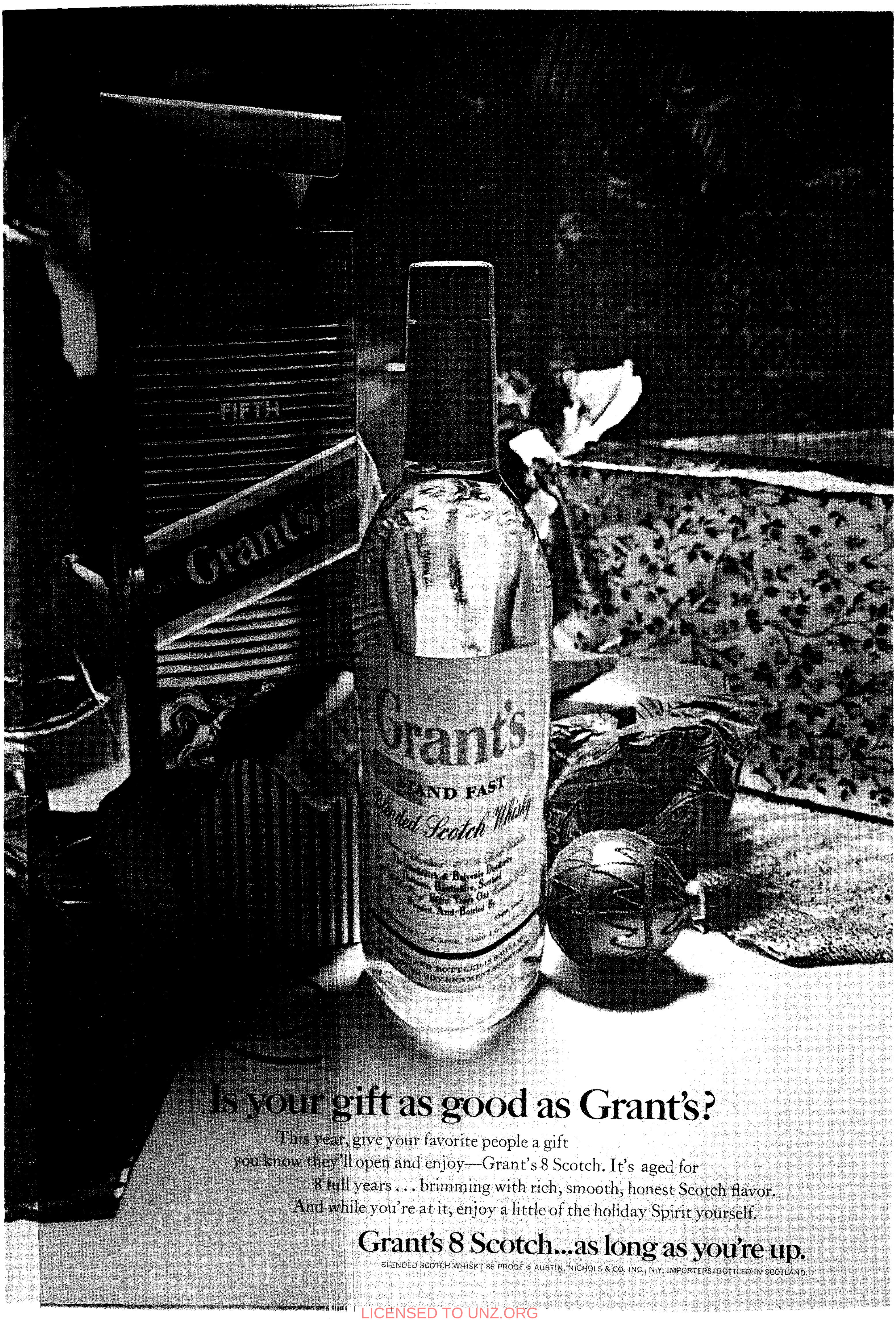
Buffums'
Pine at Broadway
Long Beach, Calif. 90802

G. B. Herrick & Co.
618 Westbury Square
Houston, Texas 77035

Anderson's Book Shop
96 Chatsworth Avenue
Larchmont, N.Y. 10538

Phillips Book Store
7 Holyoke Street, Harvard Sq.
Cambridge, Mass. 02138

Old Corner Bookstore
50 Bromfield St.
Boston, Mass. 02107


FIFTH
Grant's
Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky

Is your gift as good as Grant's?

This year, give your favorite people a gift you know they'll open and enjoy—Grant's 8 Scotch. It's aged for 8 full years . . . brimming with rich, smooth, honest Scotch flavor. And while you're at it, enjoy a little of the holiday Spirit yourself.

Grant's 8 Scotch...as long as you're up.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF © AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO. INC., N.Y. IMPORTERS. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND.

The new IBM Mag Card Selectric.®

It's built to work the way people work, not the way machines work.

People—specifically, businessmen—being human, change their minds.

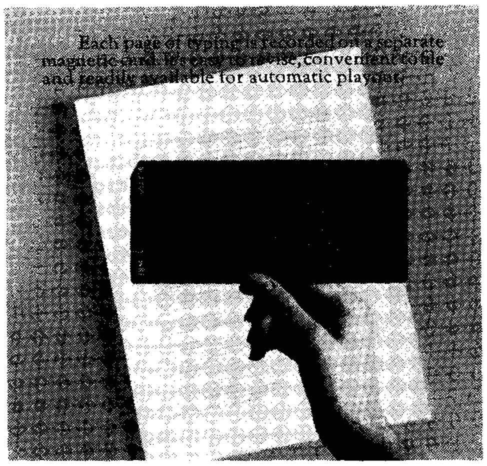
And secretaries, also being human, make mistakes.

And typewriters, being machines, have never been built to allow either of them to do either without penalizing both of them. As well as the company they work for.

The way typewriters have been built, if a businessman wants to change something he's had typed, the whole thing has to be retyped. If a secretary makes a mistake, it usually means the same thing.

And who's to say the same thing can't happen on the second retyping?

As a result, one of two things happens. Either a businessman settles for something less than he'd like to settle for. Or he and his secretary spend a ridiculously long and costly time getting a simple business letter written, typed and out the door.



Each page of typing is recorded on a separate magnetic card. It's easy to revise, convenient to file and readily available for automatic playout.

To rectify this situation, the Office Products Division of IBM has built a typewriter that allows a businessman to change his mind and a secretary to make mistakes—and still get a finished piece of typed copy in minutes, rather than the unnecessarily long time it can now take.

With the IBM Mag Card Selectric Typewriter, a magnetic card automatically turns rough drafts into finished letters—so a secretary never has to.

Without going into the nuts and bolts of it, here's a brief description of what happens.

Each page a secretary types is also recorded on a separate magnetic card. If she makes a mistake, she types right over it. Instead of erasing or typing the whole letter over. The corrected letter is typed—automatically—by the Mag Card.

Even when you make changes, she doesn't type the whole letter over. She simply stops the machine at the appropriate places and types in the changes—only the changes. The Mag Card types the rest of the letter, readjusting the length of the lines automatically.

For a businessman, this means he now has the right to think twice before committing himself. A second chance to make sure he's saying exactly what he wants to say before signing his name.

For a secretary, since she'll be getting her routine work done faster, she'll be able to do more than just routine work. She'll be more of an assistant to her boss than an adjunct to a typewriter. We also believe that since she'll be free from worrying about making mistakes when she's typing, she'll probably make fewer mistakes.

And for a company, the IBM Mag Card Selectric Typewriter means the end of bottlenecks at its typing stations. It means that work which is presently in the typewriter when it should be in the mail will be in the mail.

Call an IBM Office Products Division Representative. He'll be happy to show you how it can work for your people.

Machines should work. People should think.

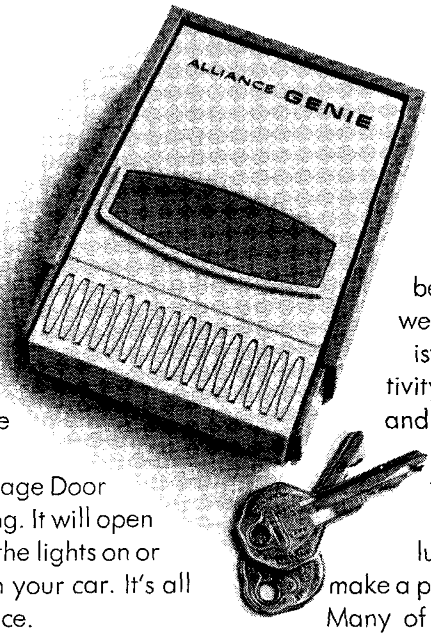
Office Products Division, 590 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

IBM®

Parfums Marcel Rochas, Paris/New York
Madame Rochas

Give him Madame Rochas perfume. A few drops at a time.

North American Philips discovers the vast rewards of opening doors for ladies.



Mighty corporations don't necessarily confine themselves to Olympian problems. Our corporate philosophy at North American Philips is simply to find out what people want but don't have, then figure out if we can fill the need profitably.

If the market is important, so is the problem and the product that solves it.

Hence the Genie® Automatic Garage Door Opener system by Alliance Manufacturing. It will open and close your garage for you, and turn the lights on or off, while you stay snug, safe and dry in your car. It's all done with a solid-state radio control device.

Only a convenience, certainly, but such a great convenience that husbands give them to their wives for Christmas. One wife so honored said her Genie made her feel more like a lady than any appliance she ever had. No wonder people buy more Genie automatics than any other kind.

One good thing after another

Alliance Manufacturing Company is a wholly-owned subsidiary of North American Philips Corporation. We early recognized the value of the divine unrest that inspires the men at Alliance Manufacturing, and gave them the freest possible rein.

When they went into the business of opening garage doors, they did it with characteristic gusto. Now they make more different kinds of garage door openers than any other firm. And they are the sales leader in their field by a wide margin.

Alliance Manufacturing has piled one success upon another by doing small things supremely well. Their fractional horsepower motors, fine as watches, have earned great prestige in hi-fi phonograph applications. Then they introduced the Tenna-Rotor®, a unique antenna-rotating device that lets you aim your rooftop TV or FM antenna toward the strongest signal.

Mighty oaks indeed from improbable acorns. But it proves that we are right to cultivate autonomy in our member companies. At North American Philips we see ourselves as professional generalists, with the advantage of a broad objectivity. The entrepreneurs leading our divisions and subsidiaries are professional specialists, with the means to implement their enthusiasms. The guidance we give them is relative and personal rather than absolute and mechanical. We want them to make a profit, but we want them to do it *their* way.

Many of our member companies have become leaders in their fields, each by doing its own thing its own way. Ferroxcube memory systems, Dialight miniature indicator lights for data processing equipment, Advance Transformer ballasts for fluorescent lamps—none is a household word, but each is first in sales in its own field.

One limitation

We do big things, too. We revolutionized tape recording in America by introducing the cassette. We introduced a motion picture projector so extraordinary it won an Academy Award; and a way to show surgeons the action of a living heart on television. And we are working on a computerized system for the Federal Aviation Administration that will collect and distribute weather information supplied by 9,000 stations in the Western Hemisphere.

Whether we do big things or small, we limit ourselves to the things we know we do well. We concentrate in four areas: electrical/electronic, chemical/pharmaceutical, professional equipment, and consumer products and services. All fields with outstanding growth rates.

If any of this sounds interesting to you as an investor, send for our Annual Report. Write to Department K, North American Philips Corporation, 100 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.

North American Philips Corporation

Advance Transformer • Alliance Manufacturing • American Aniline Products • Amperex Electronics • Anchor Brush • Anchor Serum • Business Products Division • Carolina Coach
Chappell & Co. • Chicago Magnet Wire • Digitronics Corporation • Dialight Division • Dubbings Electronics • Electrical Industries • Ferroxcube Corporation
The A. W. Haydon Company • Home Appliance Division • Home Entertainment Products Division • Invac Division • Kulka Electric • Medical Systems Division • Mepco Inc.
Mercury Records • Ohmite • Philips Broadcast Equipment Corp. • Philips Electronic Instruments • Philips Elmet • Philips Laboratories • Philips Roxane Laboratories
Price Electric Company • Radiant Lamp • Herman H. Smith, Inc. • Thompson-Hayward Chemical • Training and Education Systems

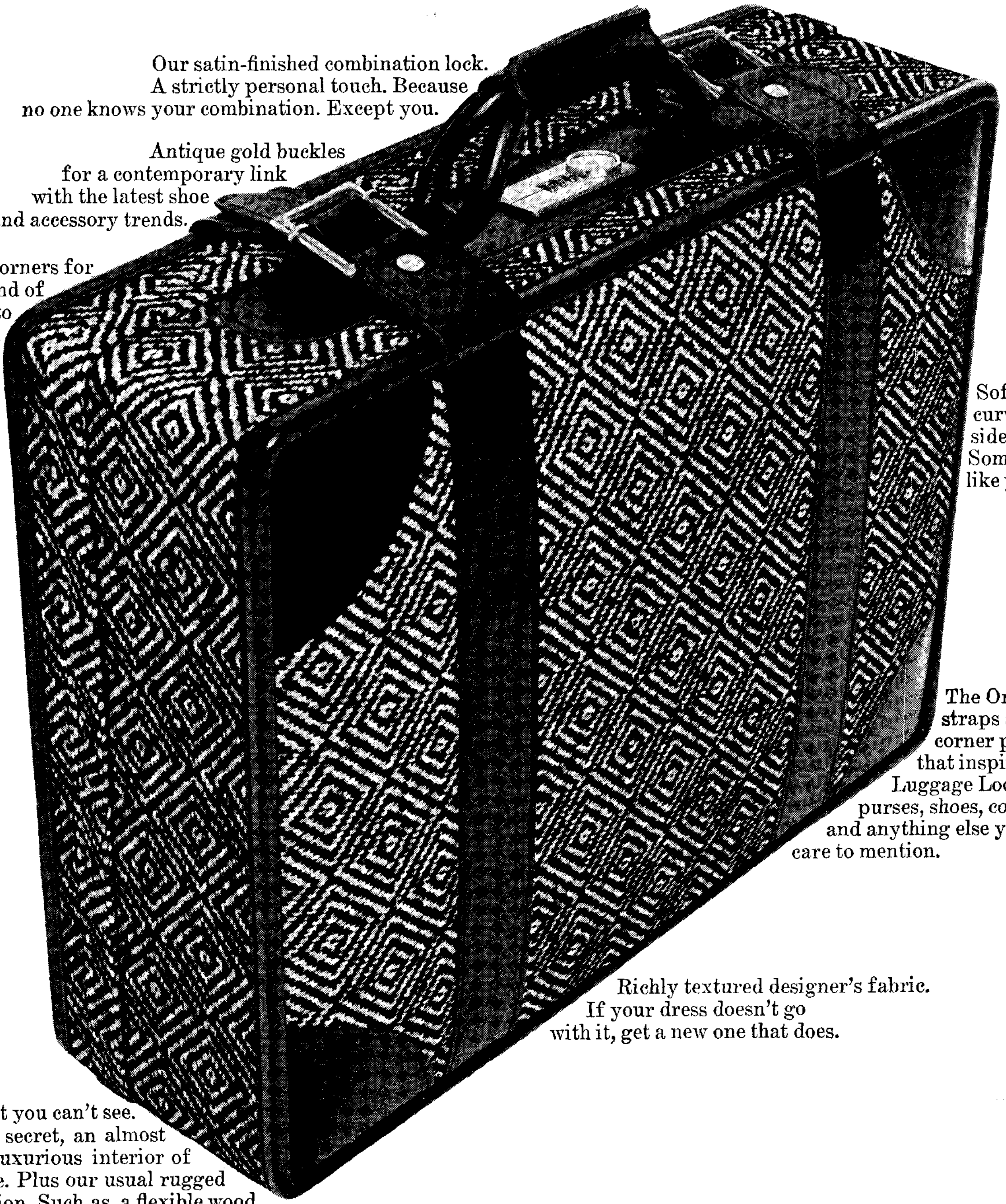
You don't just carry this Hartmann. You wear it.

Haute couture handle, Italian style.
A classic you'll want to hold onto for years.

Our satin-finished combination lock.
A strictly personal touch. Because
no one knows your combination. Except you.

Antique gold buckles
for a contemporary link
with the latest shoe
and accessory trends.

Square corners for
a snappy kind of
contrast to
the curves.



Soft
curving
sides.
Something
like yours.

The Original
straps and
corner patches
that inspired "the
Luggage Look" in
purses, shoes, coats
and anything else you'd
care to mention.

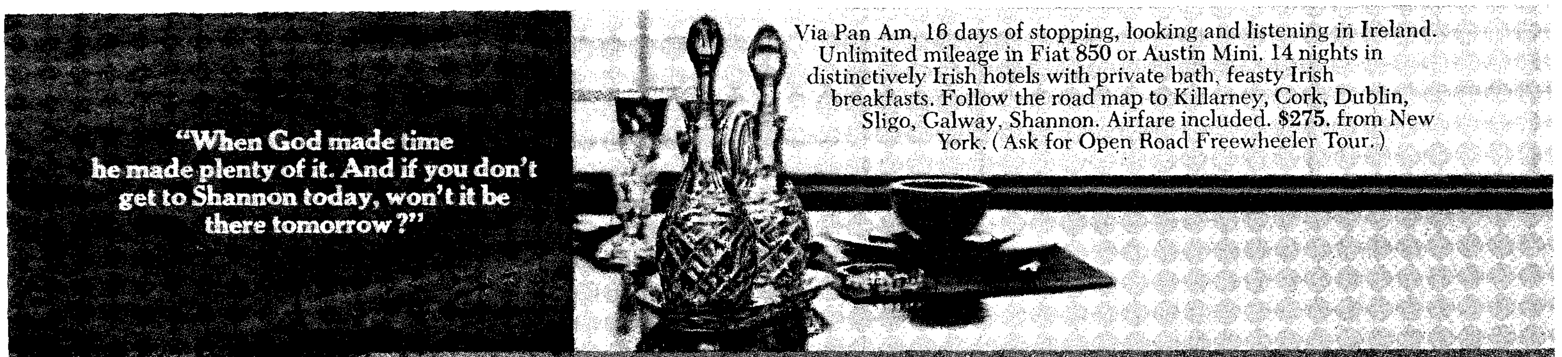
Richly textured designer's fabric.
If your dress doesn't go
with it, get a new one that does.

What you can't see.
Our little secret, an almost
sinfully luxurious interior of
red moire. Plus our usual rugged
construction. Such as, a flexible wood
frame that gives in and bounces back instead of breaking. Designer's fabric
of a special synthetic weave made not to rip, tear or puncture.
And ZePel® stain repellent treatment inside and out.

SHOWN: WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL WEEKENDER IN NEW TEXTURED FABRIC, CONTRASTING TRIM. ABOUT $65. NINE MATCHING SIZES AVAILABLE. OTHER WEEKENDERS FROM $45 IN VINYL TO $85 IN CORFAM®. SEE HARTMANN AT PRESTIGIOUS STORES LIKE: WOOLF BROS., KANSAS CITY; FAMOUS-BARR, ST. LOUIS; THE BON MARCHE, SEATTLE, WASH.; FOLEY'S, HOUSTON; BLOOMINGDALE'S, NEW YORK; O'NEIL'S, AKRON, OHIO. ALL HARTMANN LUGGAGE CAN BE MATCHED TO MAKE A COMPLETE SET. FOR FREE BROCHURE, WRITE: DEPT. NYC, HARTMANN LUGGAGE, LEBANON, TENNESSEE 37087.

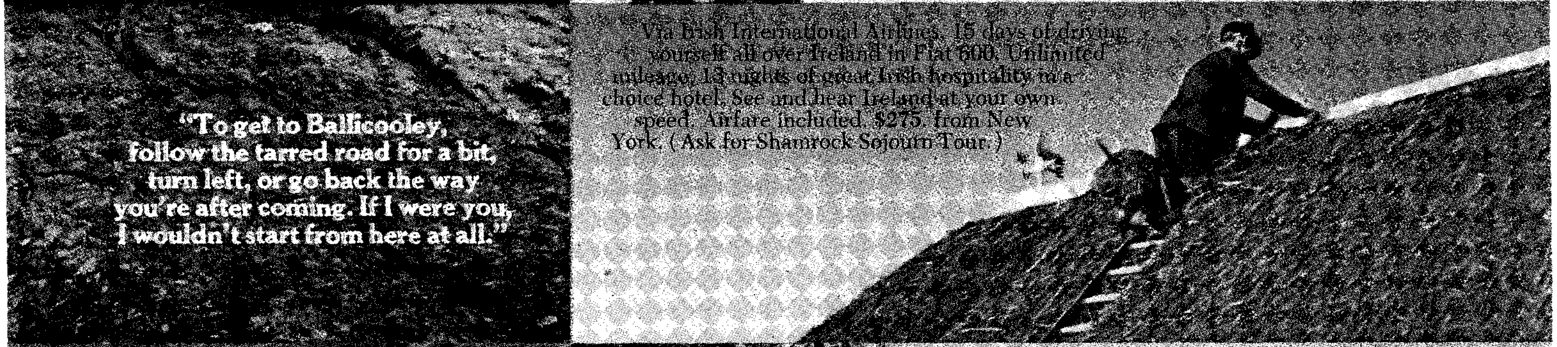
Sixteen wordy days in Ireland. $275.

When you're seeing Ireland, keep your ears wide open.
For the words and sounds of Ireland are what you'll be remembering.



"When God made time he made plenty of it. And if you don't get to Shannon today, won't it be there tomorrow?"

Via Pan Am, 16 days of stopping, looking and listening in Ireland. Unlimited mileage in Fiat 850 or Austin Mini. 14 nights in distinctively Irish hotels with private bath, feasty Irish breakfasts. Follow the road map to Killarney, Cork, Dublin, Sligo, Galway, Shannon. Airfare included. **$275.** from New York. (Ask for Open Road Freewheeler Tour.)



"To get to Ballicooley, follow the tarred road for a bit, turn left, or go back the way you're after coming. If I were you, I wouldn't start from here at all."

Via Irish International Airlines, 15 days of driving yourself all over Ireland in Fiat 600. Unlimited mileage, 13 nights of great Irish hospitality in a choice hotel. See and hear Ireland at your own speed. Airfare included. $275. from New York. (Ask for Shamrock Sojourn Tour.)

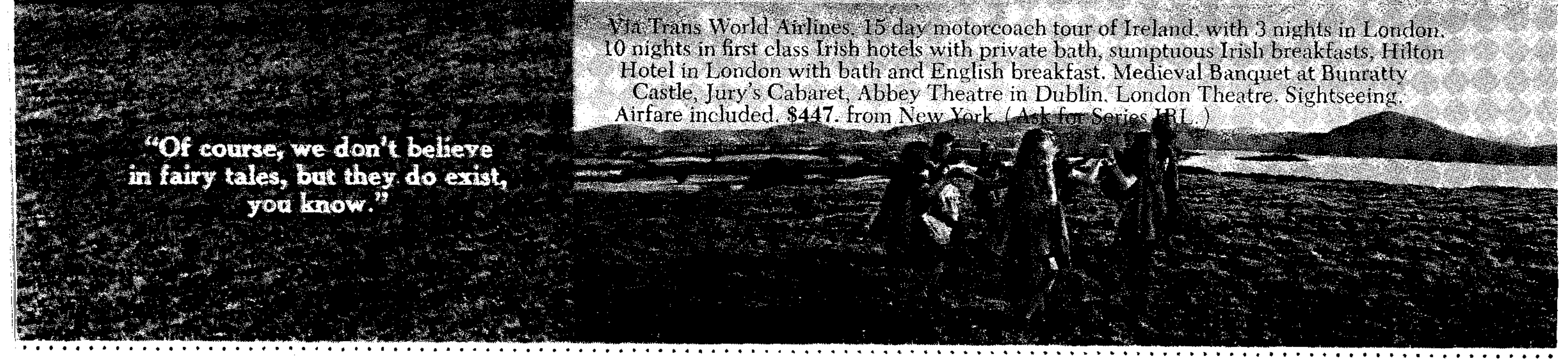
"In this depersonalized age of the tractor and motor, our good friend the horse still puts on the greatest show, you can bet on that."

Via Irish International Airlines, 15 days of scooting around Ireland in Fiat 600 (first 150 miles free.) 13 nights in super hotels with private bath, Irish breakfasts. Half day sightseeing in Dublin. Choose your own itinerary to 13 cities. Airfare included. **$295.** from New York. (Ask for Choice Vacations Holiday.)

MUTTON
1/6 to 3/4
BEEF
2/10 to 4/4
LAMB
2/6 to 4/-

"Food may be good for thought, but 'tis the liquid stuff that interferes less with conversation."

Via Irish International Airlines, 15 day deluxe motor coach circle tour. (Irish guides make history sound like a story.) 13 nights in luxury hotel rooms with bath, most meals. See Limerick, Galway, Sligo, Belfast, Dublin, Waterford, Cork, Killarney. Medieval Banquet at Bunratty Castle, Jury's Cabaret, Abbey Theatre, evening entertainment en route. Airfare included. **$449.** from New York. Also departures from Chicago and Boston. (Ask for The Irish Rambler Tour.)



"Of course, we don't believe in fairy tales, but they do exist, you know."

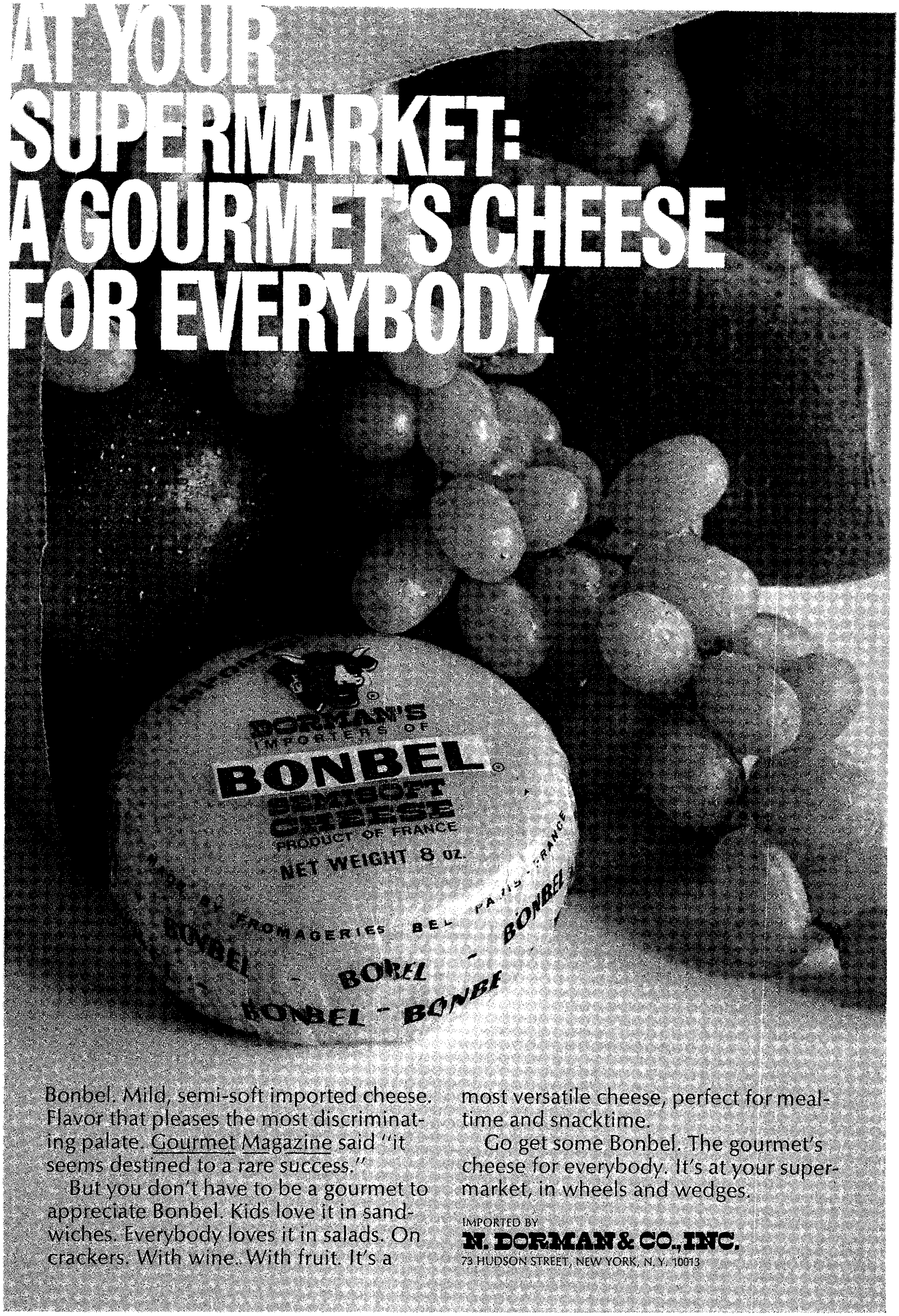
Via Trans World Airlines, 15 day motorcoach tour of Ireland, with 3 nights in London. 10 nights in first class Irish hotels with private bath, sumptuous Irish breakfasts, Hilton Hotel in London with bath and English breakfast. Medieval Banquet at Bunratty Castle, Jury's Cabaret, Abbey Theatre in Dublin. London Theatre. Sightseeing. Airfare included. **$447.** from New York. (Ask for Series IRL.)

I'd like to hear Ireland during the most eloquent time of the year: Fall through Spring. 1-NY-11

Please send me your booklet detailing tours of Ireland. Irish Tourist Board, P.O. Box #238, Madison Square Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10010

In Canada, 7 King Street East, Toronto, Canada.

Name __________ Address __________ City __________ State __________ Zip __________

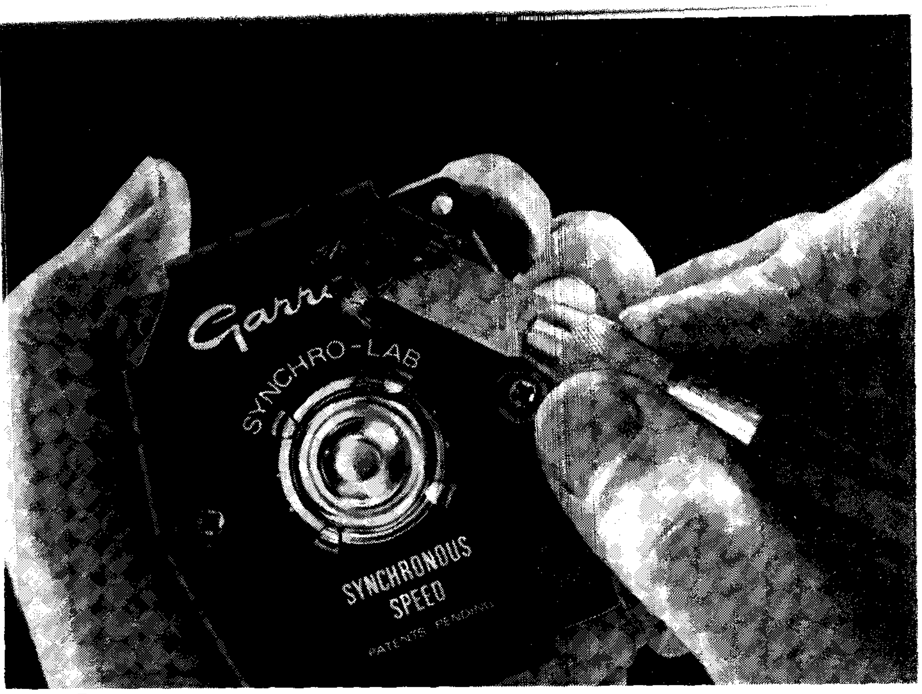

AT YOUR
SUPERMARKET:
A GOURMET'S CHEESE
FOR EVERYBODY.
DORMAN'S
IMPORTERS OF
BONBEL
SEMISOFT
CHEESE
PRODUCT OF FRANCE
NET WEIGHT 8 oz.
MADE BY FROMAGERIES BEL PARIS FRANCE
BONBEL - BONBEL - BONBEL - BONBEL

Bonbel. Mild, semi-soft imported cheese. Flavor that pleases the most discriminating palate. Gourmet Magazine said "it seems destined to a rare success."

But you don't have to be a gourmet to appreciate Bonbel. Kids love it in sandwiches. Everybody loves it in salads. On crackers. With wine. With fruit. It's a most versatile cheese, perfect for mealtime and snacktime.

Go get some Bonbel. The gourmet's cheese for everybody. It's at your supermarket, in wheels and wedges.

IMPORTED BY
N. DORMAN & CO., INC.
73 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10013



One of our competitors just introduced a two-stage synchronous motor.

We're bloody flattered.

In 1967, Garrard engineers perfected the Synchro-Lab motor. A revolutionary two-stage synchronous motor.

Revolutionary because, for the first time in a component turntable, it successfully combined two types of motor: induction and synchronous.

The induction portion supplies the torque to reach playing speed instantly. The synchronous section then "locks-in" to the frequency of the current.

This produces unvarying speed, and thus unvarying pitch, despite variations in voltage.

A missed point

Not surprisingly, a competitor has introduced a copy of our Synchro-Lab motor on their costliest model.

Alan Say, our Chief Engineer, comments. "We're bloody flattered. After all, being imitated is a rather good indication of how significant an innovation really is.

"But, curiously, they seem to have missed the point.

"With a non-synchronous motor, you need a heavy turntable. Its momentum makes up for fluctuations in motor speed.

"Our purpose was to achieve constant speeds, using a lighter turntable and the least possible power. Less power and a low mass table help reduce stress, and rumble.

"When we went to the Synchro-Lab motor, we cut our turntable weight to three pounds. They're still using a seven pound disc.

"So, while others *are* following our lead, there's no comparison yet. Quite selfishly, we're pleased on both counts."

H. V.'s commitment

This is, by no means, the first time a Garrard innovation has been imitated. Spurred by a commitment of some thirty years standing, Garrard engineers have recorded every major advance in automatic turntables.

H. V. Slade, a co-founder and Garrard of England's uncompromising Managing Director from 1918-61, set policy which endures to this day.

"We will sell a Garrard in the U.S. *only* when it is more advanced than any machine available there."

Satisfyingly dissatisfied

"To fulfill such an unbending commitment," points out Alan Say, "requires chaps who are perpetually dissatisfied." The 1970 Garrards would appear to bear that out.

Last year, we added viscous damped tone arm descent for gentler, safer cueing.

But offering an automatic turntable that was undamped in automatic cycle ran cross-grain of logic. So one of our engineers devised a linkage system between the changing mechanism and the damping "jack".

Now Garrard's tone arm is damped in automatic.

This year, a popular and exclusive Garrard feature—our disappearing record platform—has become a non-disappearing record platform.

Our Swindon Labs discovered we could make it a bit larger and stronger that way. A difficult decision. But one that would have pleased H. V.

And we've added a counterweight adjustment screw to our gimbal-suspended tone arm. It permits you to balance the arm to a hundredth of a gram. To quote our Mr. Say, "Anyone with a touch sensitive enough to take full advantage of it should be cracking safes with the Lavender Hill Mob."

An embarrassment of riches

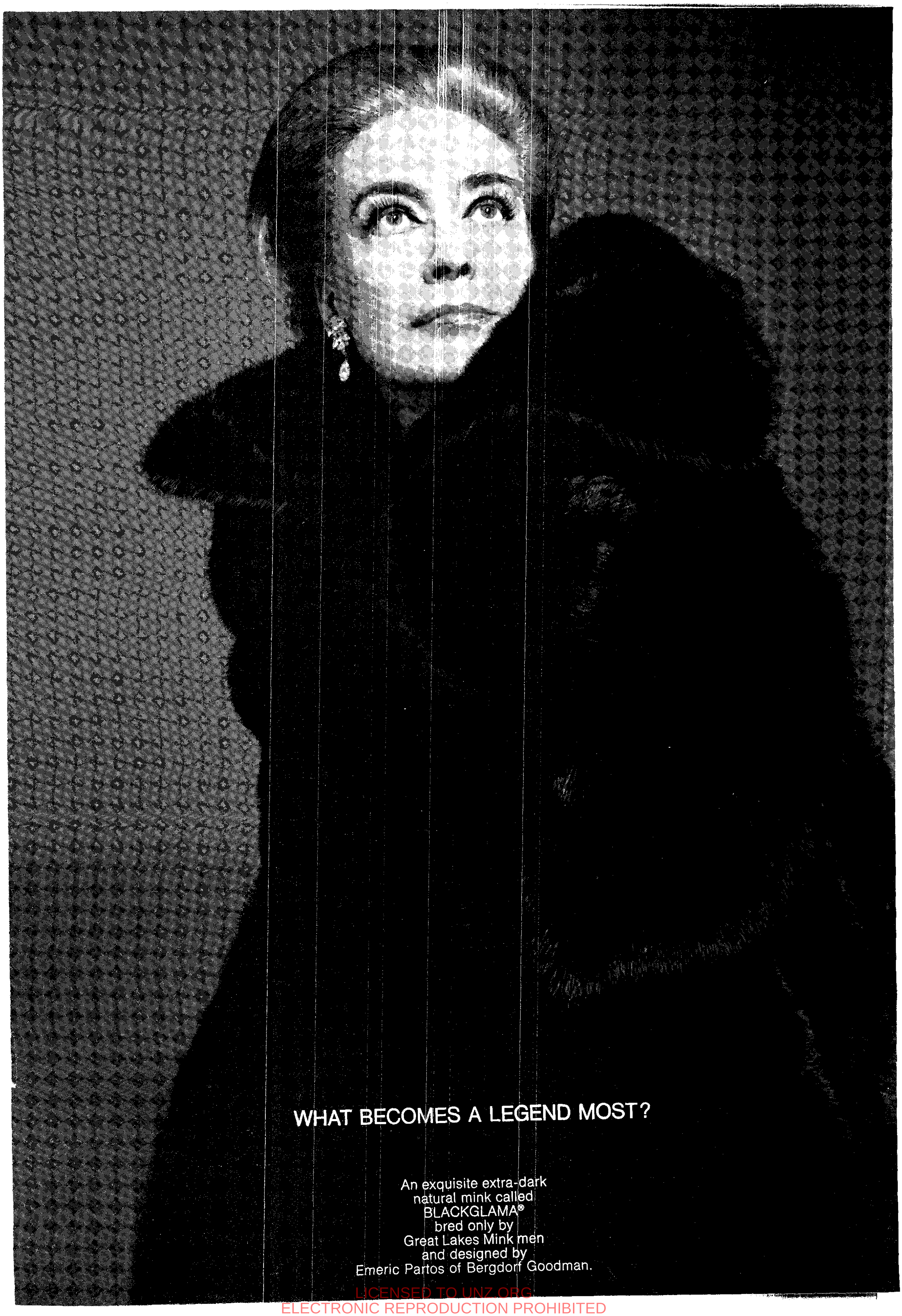
You can select from not one, but six Garrard component models. Prices range from the SL95B (left) at $129.50 to the 40B at $44.50.

Although prices vary from model to model, Garrard standards do not. Only the number of refinements possible at each price.

It can be a most difficult choice. Your dealer can help you make it.

Garrard

British Industries Co., a division of Avnet, Inc.


WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST?

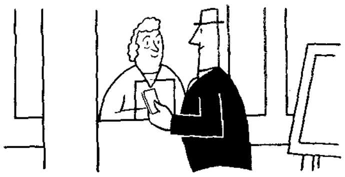
An exquisite extra-dark
natural mink called
BLACKGLAMA®
bred only by
Great Lakes Mink men
and designed by
Emeric Partos of Bergdorf Goodman.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

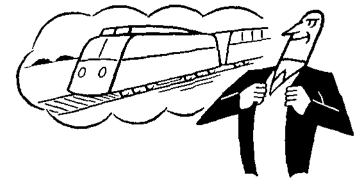
ONE evening last week—O happy night!—we went to the movies. The film was a modest year-old Western we had missed on its first time around, and it was showing at a modest West Side neighborhood theatre we hadn't visited in years. Good flick, but never mind that. What we remember is what we didn't see that evening. Consider. Approaching the dimly lit marquee, we found no line of waiting ticket-buyers stretching down the block and around the corner, no "Tickets Now on Sale for Midnight Performance" sign, no roped-off stockyard chutes, no stalking dinner-jacketed six-foot retired Waffen-S.S. officers brandishing flashlights, pistols, and whips. Our ticket (two dollars) was punched out not by a Bennington art major with her finger in a copy of "Magister Ludi" but by a plump, motherly lady in a pink sweater. In the lobby, there was no rug, no escalator, no Colombian coffee, no plastic philodendron, no neo-Poonsian-de Kooningesque renderings of Fire Island in December executed in pebbles and distressed gingham, no billboard promising the imminent revival of a neglected masterwork directed by the Czech-Polish inheritor of the Griffith-Truffaut tradition. We just walked in, past the popcorn stand, and sat down—sat *right* down, because, though the show was on, there were plenty of empty worn-plush seats, all well enough lit by yellow aisle lights to permit us to find a place without sitting on anybody's lap or pitching over a stack of Paraphernalia parcels. We watched the movie in a silence that was almost magical. No accompanying explication of derivative cross-cutting techniques from the row behind us, no put-down advice called out to the screen hero from middle-aged undergraduates in the smoking section, no knowing ripple of come-back-to-the-raft-Huck-honey snickers when three cowhands up there agreed to mosey along together for a spell. We all just watched, gave ourselves up to the movie. When it was over, the curtains closed, were bathed for five seconds in orange light, and reopened to give us the coming attractions and then the beginning of the movie. No fifteen-minute pause, no enforced inspection of nearby sideburns and leather goods to the recorded accompaniment of a Telemann flute quartet or a medley of songs from Busby Berkeley movies, no two-reel, full-color inspection of New Jersey used-car lots to the accompaniment of Mendelssohn. As a result, we were out on the street again just after ten, and home, unexhausted, in plenty of time for Bob Young.



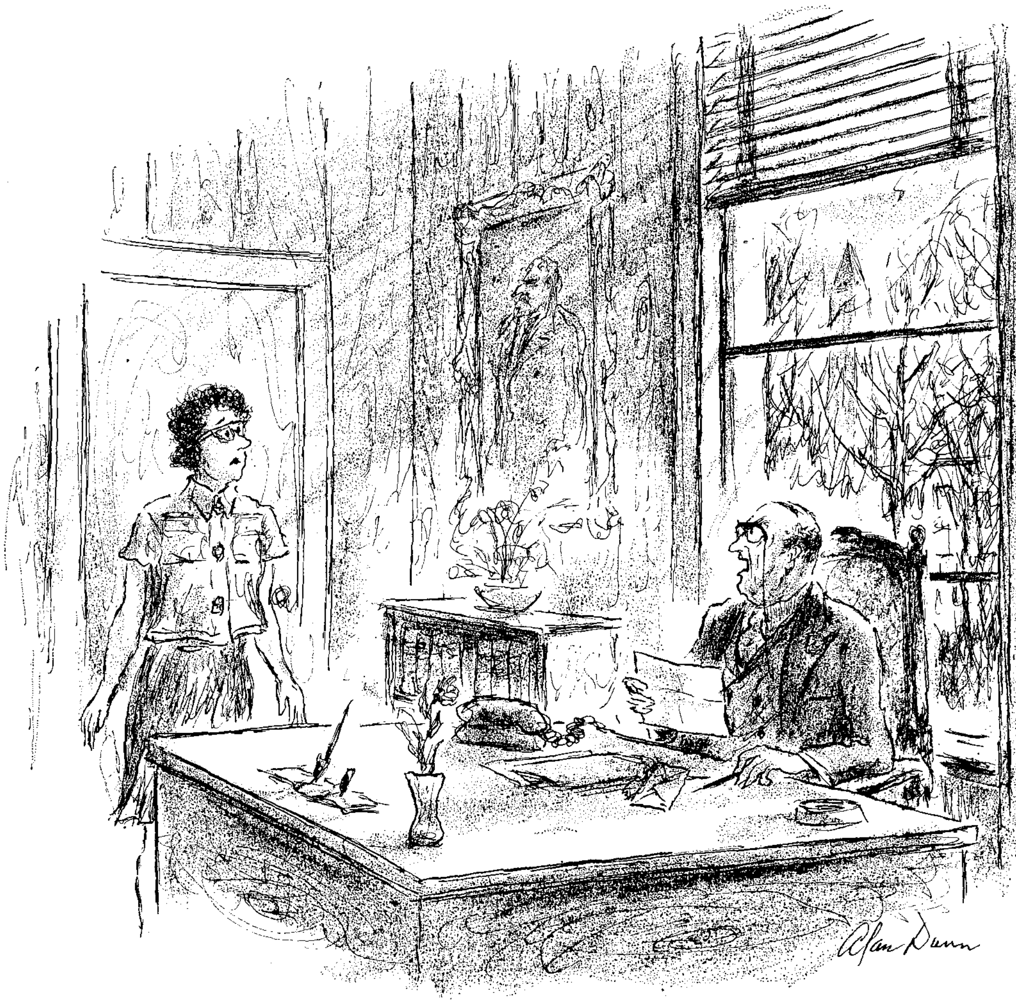
And now are we going to tell you the name of this last true, beautiful nabe? No.

Flier

EARLY last month, Mr. Ernest M. Frimbo and we were the guests of Mr. Alan Pegler at a small dinner party in a private suite of the most comfortable hotel in Hartford, Connecticut. We have often talked before about our old friend Frimbo—it hardly seems necessary to repeat that he is the world's leading railroad buff, a man who has logged (as of that dinner party, anyway) over 2,127,000 miles on the trains of the world—and we wish now to discourse on *his* good friend Mr. Pegler. Mr. Pegler is a remarkable and charming Englishman. He is the only person in the United Kingdom who is allowed to run steam locomotives on the tracks of British Railways. Mr. Pegler himself is the owner of a famous and beautiful steam locomotive called the Flying Scotsman, and this fall he brought his engine to the States, so that it could run on the tracks of our railroads. This it has now done—from Boston to Houston, a distance of 2,251 miles—pulling a train of nine cars, all of them also Pegler exports. These nine cars are the only observation car in the world serving draft beer; two Pullmans used by Winston Churchill during the Second World War and named Lydia and Isle of Thanet; a brake van; a passenger coach; and four freight cars specifically designed to carry racing pigeons. The racing-pigeon traffic has for years been very heavy on British railroads, and a number of cars were built to transport crates of the birds. These crates always have notes on them reading, for example, "Stationmaster, Barchester, Kent: Please release my birds at 4:35 A.M. on Saturday unless there is heavy fog." To help defray the costs of the whole expedition, Mr. Pegler had the pigeon cars fitted up as exhibition cars, and rented space in them to a number of important English manufacturers. He also arranged to have the train put up for a few days in every major city en route, so that as many people as possible would have a chance to get a look at it. Mr. Pegler called his train Flying Scotsman, U.S.A.



Mr. Frimbo and Mr. Pegler have been pals for years, and Mr. Pegler gets a great kick out of arranging amusements for his friend. When Mr. Frimbo goes to England, Mr. Pegler always has him down to stay at his house in Wales. The Hartford dinner party was one of Mr. Pegler's ideas for amusing Mr. Frimbo. Mr. Frimbo had



"Form C3B-X578A and hurry! The one that begins, 'We will not sit idly by if . . .'"

• •

arranged with Mr. Pegler to travel on the Flying Scotsman, U.S.A., from Hartford to New York, and he was looking forward to the trip keenly, but Mr. Pegler was evidently worried that Mr. Frimbo would fret if he had to spend an evening in Hartford without anything to do, so he decided to surprise him. Mr. Frimbo was delighted, and the dinner was a great success. There were eight of us at table, including four quite exceptionally beautiful girls, who all had jobs on the train as guides, and a peer named Lord Napier and Ettrick. Lord Napier and Ettrick is the fourteenth Baron Napier, the fifth Baron Ettrick, and also the eleventh Baronet Napier. He knows a good deal about branch lines in southern Scotland, and one of his ancestors, named John Napier of Merchiston, who lived in the second half of the sixteenth century, invented logarithms. Dinner was excellent, and after it Lord N. and E. moved off into a corner of the room, where, over some brandy, he and Mr. Frimbo discussed the discontinued branch lines of southern Scotland in quiet but animated tones. We took the opportunity to talk to Mr. Pegler, and as we did so we could hear in the background His Lordship saying "Yes, yes, yes, an *extraordinary* line! Yes, yes, *extraordinary!*" and "Oh, I say—no, *really?*" to Mr. Frimbo.

Mr. Pegler told us that railroading is something that bites you at an early age. His own background, we found out, is in rubber, and in his youthful days he worked for the family firm, where he is still fondly remembered for the annual Works Special he arranged. This was a train drawn by two steam locomotives which went to Blackpool during the festivities in that town known as the Illuminations. These days, Mr. Pegler devotes a good deal of his time to running the Festiniog Railway, a narrow-gauge railroad in Wales that he owns. "Last year," he said, "over three hundred thousand people came to ride on us, which is pretty good for a line that boasts nine and a half miles of track in a not particularly accessible part of Wales. We have eight steam locomotives. The Flying Scotsman has been my favorite steam locomotive all my life. It was the first engine in which I ever stood, as a small boy, and I bought it a few years ago, just in time to rescue it from destruction. Ever since I acquired the engine, it has been in the back of my mind to bring it over to America, and now, I am happy to say, that event has come to pass. The whole expedition has bristled with problems from the very beginning, as you may imagine. The Interstate Commerce Commission at first refused to believe that anyone but an American could build a safe steam locomotive, and one chap I talked to down there kept bringing up a boiler explosion in an English locomotive in 1912. Seemed to be haunted by the incident. There are many stretches of America where a steam locomotive hasn't been seen for twenty-five or thirty years. I have been told that we will be the last passenger train of any sort ever to enter Dallas, which will make that city, of one point five million people, the largest city in the world—with the possible exception of some place in the interior of China—without regular train service. We are carrying two crews—one English and one American. All the cars have been painted in the original lovely livery of the Pullman Company—chocolate and cream. British Railways cars are now being painted blue and white, but for some years after the Second World War it seemed to be the policy of the post-nationalization management to change the external colors of the cars whenever a crisis of some sort erupted. Thought to be good for morale, no doubt. Two of the liveries they came up with then were affectionately known by people who liked trains as 'plum and spilt milk' and 'blood and custard.' What else can I tell you? Oh, yes—every train on the Festiniog has an observation car and a buffet car that serves gins-and-tonic, Scotches-and-soda, and other necessities of life as well as ices, cakes, and sandwiches. And, by the way, now that we have a chance to talk, isn't Ernest Frimbo a marvellous old fellow? I am terribly fond of him, you know. Shall we see if we can persuade him to accept a nightcap?"

Patio Party

WHAT a bond old age is! Gaffers rich in years who in their youth pursued disparate paths (one an opter for squash tennis, say; the other a devotee of squash racquets) now get together, united by the snows of yesteryear. Such a forgathering recently took place at the Metropolitan Museum, to which we were attracted by a letter from the Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation, of Louisville, Kentucky, that ran, in part:

> On the occasion of the 100th anniversaries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation, you are cordially invited to attend a reception. . . . We look forward to enjoying a cup of good cheer with you and having you hear about both of these institutions, which are celebrating their 100th birthdays in 1970.

We showed up at the appointed hour, five-thirty, and at the appointed Museum site, the Blumenthal Patio, where we were cordially greeted by Mr. A. Gardner DeWitt, Jr., the director of public relations for our visiting host. "We usually go to the Waldorf or the Drake for our New York parties," he said, "but I felt a challenge to do something different for our centenary. I felt the Museum would be an unusual locale. I got in touch with Mr. George Trescher, the secretary of its Hundredth Anniversary Committee, and he was sympathetic. The Museum has never had a distillery party before. We were shown several locations here, and decided that the Blumenthal Patio would be an ideal one. I don't see any reason we can't associate liquor and the arts. I think the two go together."

We asked him what the *quid pro quo* was, and he said, "We participate in the Museum's centennial tour program. We're planning to send groups of Louisvillians, twenty at a time, to the Museum; we defray the expenses of the tours and make a contribution to the Met. The Museum is encouraging companies to sponsor these trips."

Mr. DeWitt called our attention to the Patio's current exhibition—the Guennol Collection, of Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Bradley Martin. "This particular show is an unusual one—really a gorgeous one, I think," he said as, passing a display of Iranian gold, American folk art, and Greek, Egyptian, Far Eastern, Pre-Columbian, and medieval European works, we came to a well-stocked bar.

"Our products are displayed under a fourteenth-century tapestry," Mr. DeWitt said, and, sure enough, a four-tiered array of bottles—Brown-Forman products or imports all—had been set up in front of a tapestry labelled "Gelcerán de Pinós Disembarks at Salou, near Tarragona, and Stops the Sending of the Ransom. From a Series of Embroideries Known as 'The History of Gelcerán de Pinós,' Spanish, about 1600."

"Just admiring your new offices," a man said to our guide.

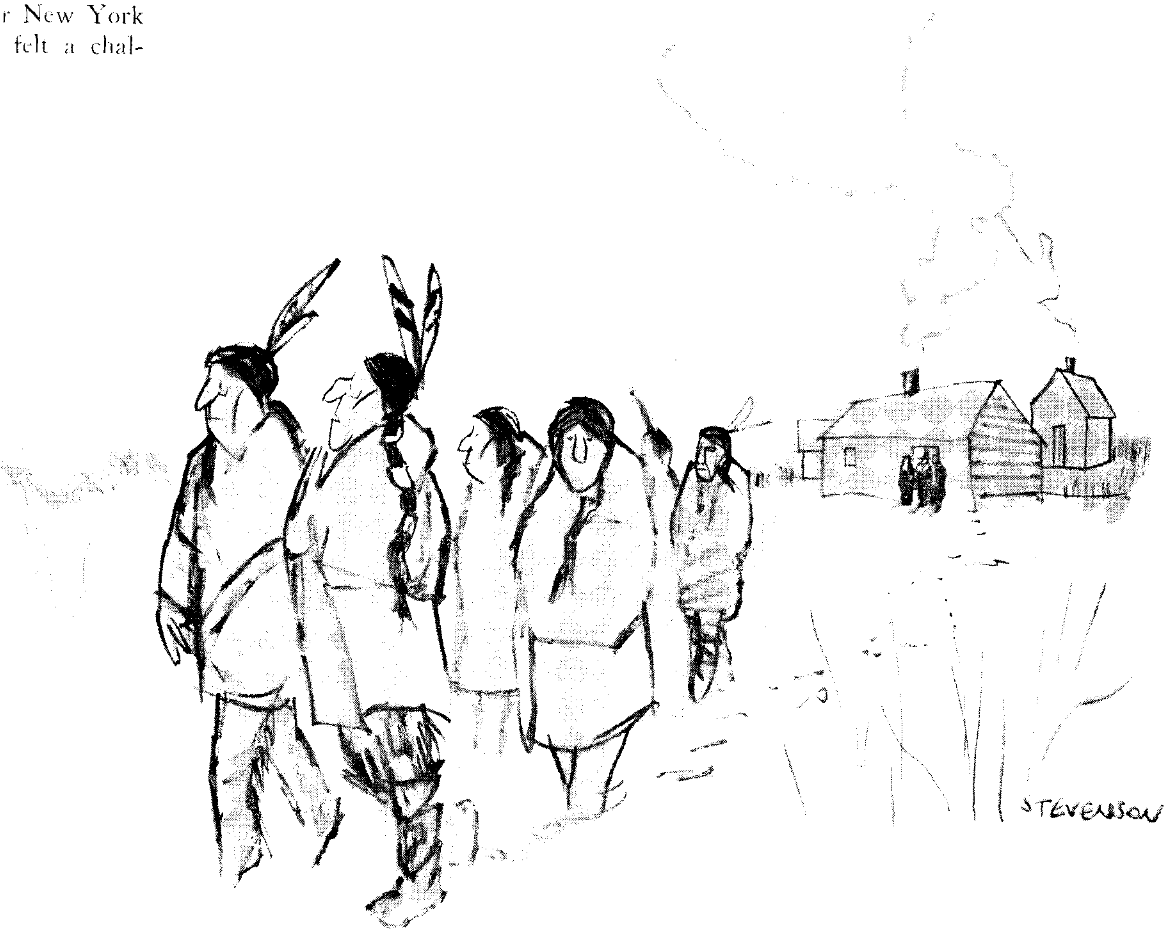
On our way out, we met Mr. W. L. Lyons Brown, Jr., a senior vice-president of Brown-Forman, who said, "My great-grandfather founded the company in 1870, and that's how we sort of got this very nice tie-in with the Met—we had the same centennial year."

"Hell of a place to have this party, huh?" someone said as, leaving the Patio, we were presented with a bottle of Old Forester and a press kit stating that the host company's net sales during the first half of the present fiscal year were $106,540,460, compared to $100,491,835 for the same period of the previous fiscal year.

Shades of George Blumenthal, who was not there to defend himself!

Company

HAROLD ROBBINS does not loom large—does not loom at all, in fact—in the New York literary world, but with the international book-buying public he may be the most popular American novelist of the day. Even allowing for exaggeration, his sales totals are spectacular. His agent and his publishers estimate that his first nine novels have sold, in hard cover and paperback, more than seventy million copies. His first novel—"Never Love a Stranger," published in 1948—still sells in the hundreds of thousands every year. His earnings from book sales and



"I *know* they're no fun, but we've still got to have them back."

from the movie versions of such books as "The Carpetbaggers" and "The Adventurers" are said to have totalled twenty million dollars. Why, in the light of these figures, we wondered recently, would Robbins' publisher bother to greet Robbins' latest book with the longest and most expensive promotion campaign in publishing history? Why, also, would the millionaire author participate in that campaign, when it meant living for weeks in hotels and answering the same questions repeatedly on dozens of radio and television shows? To satisfy our curiosity on these points, we went up to the Plaza several days ago to talk with Robbins about the promotion plans for his tenth novel, "The Inheritors," which has just been published by Trident, a division of Simon & Schuster. Robbins spends most of his time in a house he has near Cannes or in another house in Beverly Hills, but he was in New York to begin a nationwide tour in behalf of the new book.

Robbins was staying on the fourteenth floor of the Plaza, in a large suite that overlooked Central Park. When we arrived, we were met by Mrs. Phyllis Hacin, an attractive brunette, who identified herself as the tour coördinator; by Diana Read, an attractive blonde, who is Robbins' secretary; and by Paul Gitlin, a heavyset, graying man, who is Robbins' lawyer, agent, and close friend. Mrs. Hacin and Miss Read were preparing for a cocktail party Robbins was giving that evening for members of the local college press corps. They were stocking the bar, pasting signs on the living-room wall that read "The World of Harold Robbins—7 Sizzling Novels," setting up displays of Robbins' books, and scattering here and there decks of Harold Robbins playing cards, which bore reproductions of the covers of paperback editions of Robbins' books.

Gitlin was wondering aloud if a drink might cure his headache. He said he had just been in a conference at Avco-Embassy Pictures (whose president, Joseph E. Levine, bought the movie rights to "The Inheritors" for more than a million dollars before Robbins had written a line of it) and had come away with a headache. "Everyone *shouts* all the time over there," he said. "Nobody ever just *says* anything. That may be what's wrong with my head." After thinking it over, Gitlin prescribed a Scotch for himself.

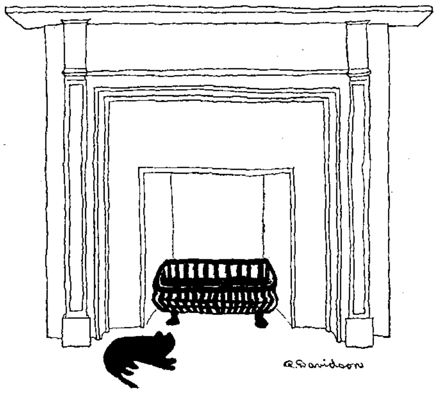
Gitlin and Mrs. Hacin told us that there is a budget of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the "Inheritors" promotion campaign. (A fifty-thousand-dollar budget is astronomical, a friend in the business told us later.) This covers the tour, a block-long billboard in Times Square, two hundred and fifty other billboards around the country, and extensive newspaper and magazine advertising. The reason for this outburst of publicity, they explained, is that there are so many possible promotional tie-ins with the publication of the new novel: the movie that Avco-Embassy will make from it; A.B.C.-TV's series "The Survivors," based on an idea by Robbins; the reissue, with new covers, of paperback editions of seven of Robbins' books; Paramount's release, sometime during the next few months, of a movie based on Robbins' book "The Adventurers;" Avco-Embassy's production of "Stiletto," based on the Robbins novel; Paramount's production of a movie based on yet another Robbins novel, "79 Park Avenue;" and so on and so on. With all this in the works, Gitlin said, the cost of the publicity campaign is being borne not just by Simon & Schuster but also by A.B.C.-TV, Avco-Embassy, and Paramount.

"Robbins doesn't sound like an author, he sounds like a company," we said.

"He *is* a company," Gitlin said. "The Harold Robbins Company." He went on to tell us that the company was set up to co-produce the movies and TV shows made from Robbins' books, and from other books, to which Robbins has acquired rights. Besides that, Gitlin said, the company owns stock in a music company that Robbins has set up with Quincy Jones, the arranger and composer, and Ray Brown, the celebrated jazz bassist. The music company will publish music, put out records, and provide scores for TV shows and movies, he said.

"With so many projects under way, it's surprising that Robbins would want to bother with a tour," we said. "Whose idea was it?"

"It was Harold's," Gitlin replied. "He just wanted to do it. When he published his first book, they sent him to Boston—that was the tour. So he thought that after all this time it might be fun to do it right."



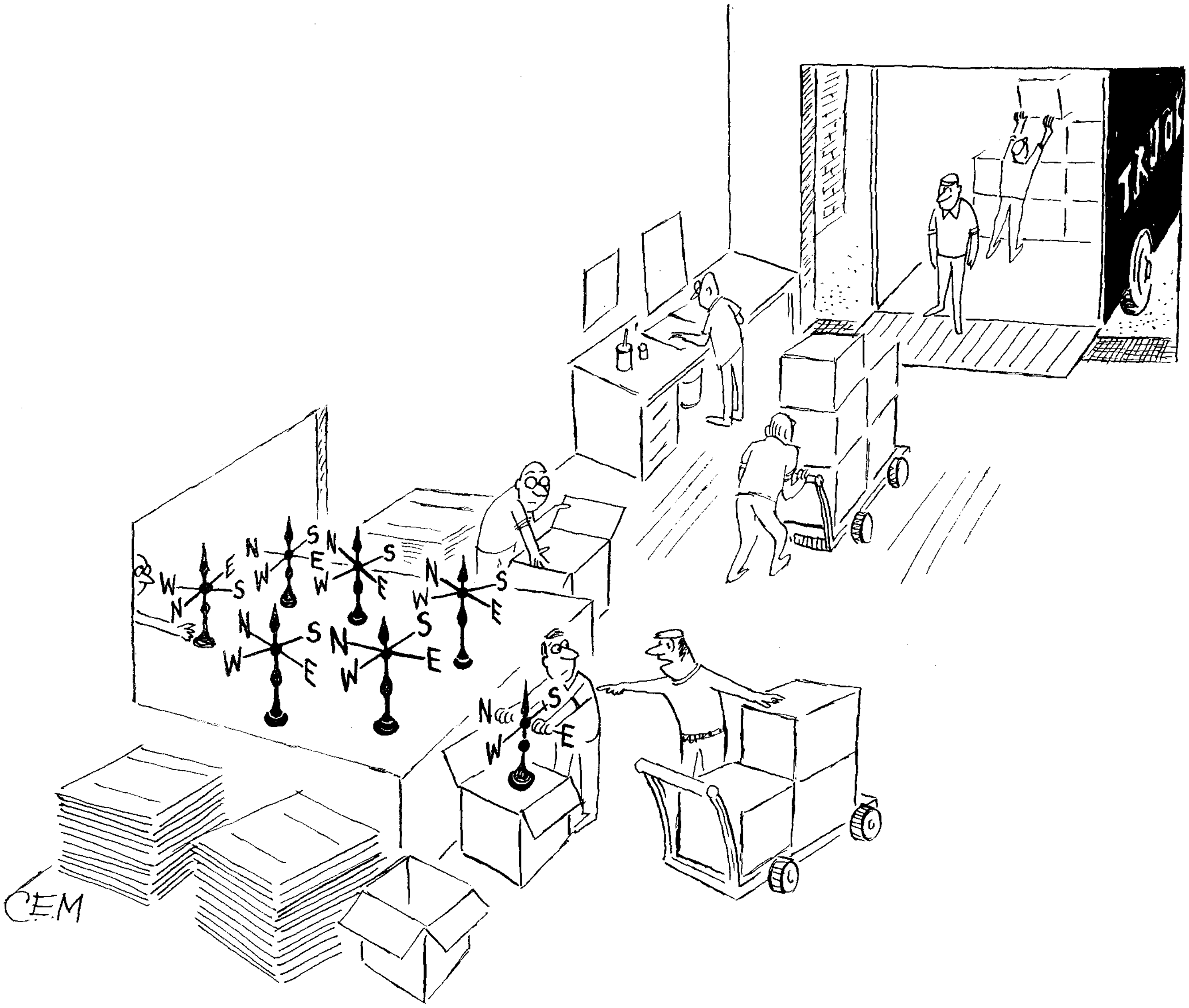
Just then the door of an adjoining bedroom opened, and the Company himself entered the living room. He strode up to us and said, "Hi, I'm Harold Robbins." We had seen a photograph of him made several years ago, in which he was gray-haired, almost bald, chubby, and conservatively dressed, and looked like a small-town businessman. Since then, he had dyed his hair dark brown and let it grow out at the sides, and nothing remained of his former excess weight except a small paunch. The Robert Hall suit had been discarded in favor of a bright, multicolored shirt; dark-brown velvet slacks worn low on the hips, like jeans; a brown-white-and-orange scarf; and light-brown low-cut boots. He turned on a radio and fiddled with the dial until he found some rock music that he liked; then he did a little dance around the room, clapped his hands a couple of times, and flopped down on a sofa.

We remarked that Robbins' five-week tour seemed redundant, in the light of his sales record, and we asked him why he was making it.

"I'm making it because Paul wants me to, and it's as simple as that," Robbins said.

"But *he* said it was *your* idea," we said.

"That's ridiculous," Robbins said. "This came about because Paul was having drinks at my house one night, talking with my wife, Grace, and I was sitting at the bar minding my own business. And Paul said, 'Hey, Harold, next time you're going out on tour, and I'm going with you.' And I said 'Why?' and he said 'Because I say so.' But the reason was that he was mad because I didn't sell as many copies of 'The Adventurers' as Jackie Susann sold of 'Valley of the Dolls.' But I thought, What's the difference? 'Never Love a Stranger' didn't sell as many copies when it came out as 'The Naked and the Dead,' but twenty years later it's sold, like, three times as much. My books last—they keep selling. But Paul says, 'I want it to be big, this next one.' And I said, 'All right, I'll go if you go.' So P.S.: I'm booked to go and he's not going. And now I've got myself boxed in. When I came here in July, I said, 'O.K., you want me to do the tour, I'll do it.' And then I gave them what I thought were impossible conditions. I said, 'I want to take a rock group with me, I want



"Hold it, Fred. I just noticed something."

• •

girls, I want models, I want a private plane, I want this, I want that, I want some razzle-dazzle, you know?' And I figure if they're in their right minds, who's gonna spend this kind of money on a book? It's not worth it, even if you sell another hundred thousand copies. So I figured they wouldn't agree to it, but they did."

"You're taking a band and some models with you?" we asked.

"The rock group we had, which we were going to call the Inheritors, after the book, fell apart," Robbins said. "It's a shame, because it was a good group. But they started arguing and fighting, and blew it. We're not taking models with us, but we'll hire them in each town, to serve as hostesses. Two or three girls at each stop. So I figure we'll have a good time, if nothing else."

Robbins seemed bored with the idea of the tour, so we turned the conversation to literary criticism. Robbins' "Never Love a Stranger" and "A Stone for Danny Fisher" were well received by some reviewers, but his big sex-and-adventure books, like "The Adventurers," have not been taken seriously, for the most part.

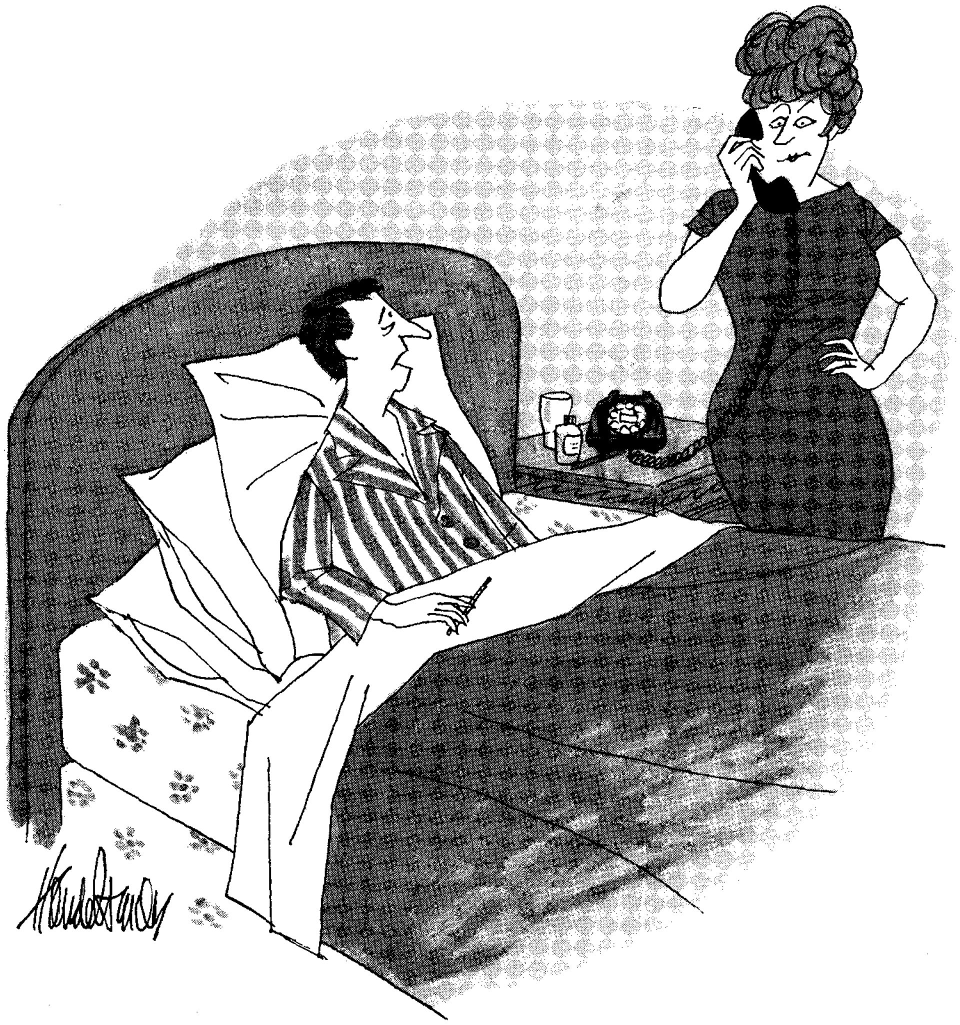
"I honestly don't get mad when a critic says something unfavorable about me," Robbins said. "My work and I are fair game. If a critic thinks I'm lousy, so be it. I accept the position I'm in. There's no law that anyone has to like me. Besides, critics don't make literary values—readers do. I won't achieve my place in literature, if I ever have a place, by arguing with the critics. My work will do it for me. The only thing I have to say about this is that I've lasted. I've lasted twenty years in a business where the average writer lasts eight years. I'm the only writer whose market is constantly expanding. It's a freak thing, because books hit cycles. I'm the only writer who ever sold this many books without writing a series about the same character, like Ian Fleming or Erle Stanley Gardner."

We asked Robbins about his new book.

"You can break my writing into three patterns," he said. "First, the Depression novels—the social and economic thing. Then the adventure, picaresque, romantic novels, like 'The Carpetbaggers.' And then comes this one, the last novel in a trilogy about the film industry—an industry that no longer exists. In this one, I've scaled down the structure, I've scaled down the story, and made it very lean and spare, and now I'm moving into a new thing. I think I'm still evolving as a writer."

We asked Robbins what he had been reading lately.

"Well, I don't read many novels," he replied. "I usually read science fiction. I've been a fan since 1928—since I saw that first issue of *Amazing*



"Tell the doctor we quite understand, and if he'll just mail us a death certificate we'll fill it out ourselves."

• •

Stories. I do read a few novels, though. I read 'Portnoy's Complaint.' I thought it was fun for thirty or forty pages, but then I got bored with it. How many times can you tell the same joke? I read 'The Love Machine,' and I was bored with that, too. I thought she missed it."

"If you don't read the current novelists, what about some of the older ones?" we asked.

"Now, don't get me wrong," Robbins said. "There are a lot of good writers around today. There's Updike, there's Cheever, there's O'Hara. I just don't dig any of these guys. I don't understand their scene. I don't understand what they're writing. They don't make it happen for me. But that may be my fault, because obviously they make it happen for a lot of other people. There's Mailer. Mailer's given up the novel structure—why, I don't know. If he'd brought the same observation and feeling for people to his later stuff that he did to 'The Naked and the Dead,' like, you couldn't touch him as a novelist. Fantastic. Among the older guys, I loved Hemingway's short stories, but I didn't like his novels. Again, maybe that's my fault. I wouldn't argue about it. Fitzgerald really never did it for me. I liked Farrell. But my man is Steinbeck—like, everything he did. He couldn't do anything wrong for me. I think he's the greatest American writer. You'd get with the people in his books and you were hooked. You know what I mean? He had that way of getting people off the page, and I think that's the whole trick in writing—to make it all disappear and just have people there. I think too many novelists today withdraw from society. They go into a literary world where writers talk only to writers. Out in Hollywood, there's that whole group that, all they do, they go to lunch every day, they talk every day, and all they talk about is each other's work. Like, the outside world just doesn't matter. Or in Europe, you go to Paris, and on the cocktail-party circuit you see Jimmy Jones there one day and Jimmy Baldwin the next. Writers talking to writers. And they're great experts on everything outside that little world, except they know nothing about it. For me, that doesn't do it."

"How do you avoid having the same problem?" we asked.

"Well, I've written about the movie industry, and I was in the industry for sixteen years," Robbins said. "I went from shipping clerk to vice-president for budget and planning at Universal, so I knew the people and I knew the industry. You can't just do the Hollywood novel or the Mexican novel. You go to Mexico for six months and then you're going to write a novel about Mexico? That's ridiculous. Before I wrote 'The Adventurers,' I lived in South America on and off for three years. And it wasn't until much later that I ever thought of doing a novel that involved a South American scene. When I got ready to do the book, I realized I had a hole in my thinking, so I went back down to Colombia, and I went up into the mountains and lived with a gang of *bandoleros* for three months. I was the only American there. The *Times* couldn't get a man in there, *Time* couldn't get a man in there. People told me I'd get killed. Paul was going out of his skull. I don't know whether I'd do it now, because, looking back, I was an idiot. I stayed with this gang run by a young *bandolero* who was only twenty-three and had already killed two hundred people. About ten months after I left there, he was ambushed by the police."

Robbins said it was time to change clothes for the party, and went into his bedroom. Before long, the first of the cocktail-party guests arrived—a young man with moderately long black hair, and a young girl in a short yellow dress. We went over to talk to them. The young man said that his name was Joel Seidner, that he was twenty-two, that he was an associate editor of the *Ticker*, at Baruch College, and that he had read part of one of Robbins' novels. The girl identified herself as Debbie Field, and said she was seventeen years old and was a student at Bronx High School of Science.

We asked if young people were reading Robbins these days.

"Yes, they definitely read him," Miss Field said.

"It's contemporary literature," Mr. Seidner said. "It's another form of entertainment, like watching television. The thing I admire about Robbins is that he's making a lot of money. That's just his thing. He's doing his own thing."

OUT OF THIS NETTLE, DANGER . . .

That nameless, one ton angular abstract sculpture recently installed in the Hall of Justice now has a name, "Serious Hazard." That's what the National Safety Council's San Francisco chapter, safety consultants to The City, has called it in letters to City officials. . . .

The edges of one protruding metallic arm are "razor sharp." Anyone falling against this protuberance "is in danger of suffering serious injury," said Iver C. Larson, executive vice-president of the Safety Council's San Francisco chapter. . . .

Larson viewed it not for its art form. He and his office aid, Miss Eva Metzger, are old hands at Hall of Justice safety. Through their efforts several years ago, when there was a rash of policemen falling out of new-type swivel chairs, they had new bases installed on the chairs, ending the humpty-dumpty falls.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

FROM the Battery northward to Madison Square, Manhattan lay muffled in mist and eerily silent save for the hoarse cacophony of foghorns from the bay and the encircling rivers. In Wall Street's financial district, usually agog with feverish activity, only a few gray wraiths moved gingerly, lest they be clobbered by taxis inching through the murk. Charismé Ismay breathed a sigh of relief as she hurried into the Usurers' National Trust Building and stripped the kerchief from her honey-colored hair. If she vouchsafed no answer to the cheery salutation "Fine weather for ducks, Miss Ismay" from Sam, the fatherly old Hebrew at the newsstand, and from Mike, the fatherly old Hibernian in the elevator, both knew her too well to take umbrage. Nobody could be more ebullient as a rule than Charismé, acknowledged even by her own sex to be the prettiest and most popular girl in the building, but on this morning she was abstracted, sensing that some emergency must have caused so early a summons from her employer.

" 'Lo, beautiful," quipped Carrots, the red-headed, irrepressible office boy, as she entered. "Say, when are you and I ankling toward the altar?"

"Just as soon as you get your longies, shrimp," she riposted, doffing her coat and sailing into the inner sanctum. Despite the hallowed interchange, the youth's doglike devotion had touched her, and she threw him a smile that left him radiant all morning.

The man who stood ruminating at the window inside was no longer young; indeed, his ruggedly handsome head was flecked with silver, albeit the keen, hawklike visage bespoke vibrant energy and purpose. A tireless watchdog of the public weal, Ambrose Chanel had sponsored innumerable reforms heretofore deemed visionary—the hourly collection of banana skins to safeguard pedestrians, the adulteration of glue with horseradish to curb juvenile sniffing, the substitution of plastic paper clips for steel as weapons in the schoolroom. A man of iron self-control, one would have judged; withal, at the sound of Charismé's greeting, a shadow of pain darkened his face. Ever since the day he had chosen this wide-eyed Skidmore graduate from among a score of others as his assistant, he had loved her to distraction, with every fibre of his being. But he was doomed to silence, chained to a woman who had not kept pace with him—the outcome of a college escapade. He had endured torment that might well have broken a weaker man. As he turned to face the girl now, though, his voice was steady, and only the knuckles strained white in his brown, sensitive hands hinted at the turmoil within.

"Greetings, my dear." Chanel's was the cool, impersonal gaze of a patron of a high-class fish market. "Sorry to drag you out in such beastly weather, but we've some problems. Not insurmountable, I hope."

"I brought along my alpenstock and crampons, just in case," she twinkled, quick to catch his allusion. "Well, Chief, what's the first glacier?"

"Hmm, rather a tricky one. You've heard of Proximity Dimity?"

"The billion-dollar lingerie cartel? Of course—they've just put up that new skyscraper on Park Avenue, with the Henry Moore sculpture in front."

"Good girl. Well, about seven last evening, the copy chief of Engels, Freeboard, Wildonger & Pfaff, an ad agency in the building, stumbled as he came out and caught his head in an aperture of the statue. Seems he'd had a few prior to joining a client at the Biltmore bar. Anyhow, he passed out and lay trapped there for over an hour."

"Didn't people notice anything unusual?"

"No, they thought it part of the composition. After he awoke and began screaming, someone called the rescue squad, which finally extricated him by coating his head with Vaseline. It's a freak accident, I'll grant you—a man with a head that small mightn't come along for years—but we can't afford another like it. The Old Man's got the wind up."

"What old man?"

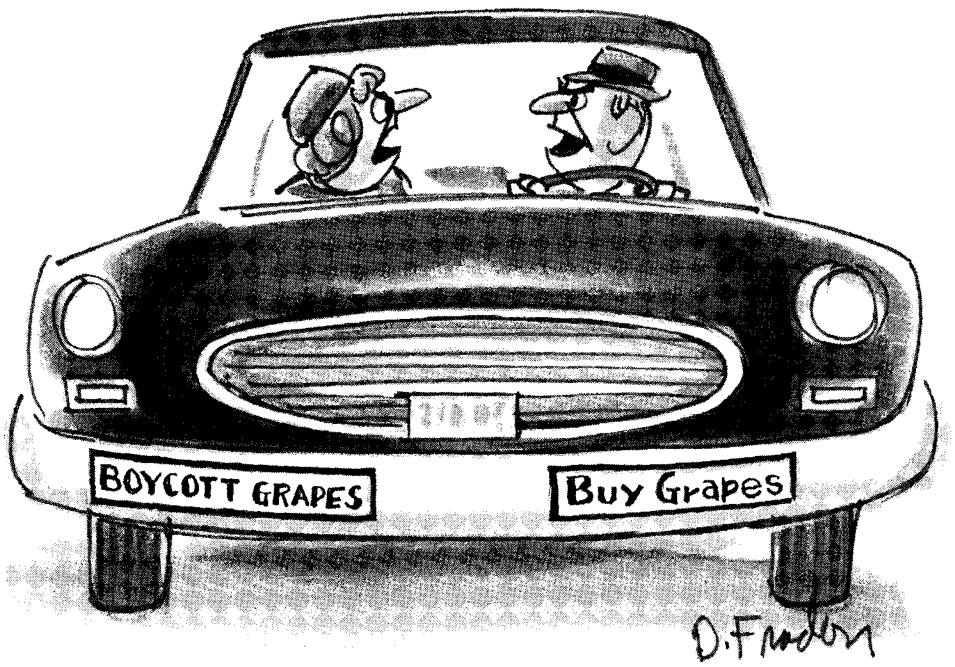
"Search me—some gaffer in Bryant Park," Chanel said impatiently. "The point is, how do we cope?"

"Couldn't the hole be plugged? Cement, or, better yet, a temporary material, like asbestos?"

"We'd have a lawsuit on our hands, princess. Sculptors are a touchy lot."

"Wait a sec." Charismé chewed thoughtfully on a nail. "You know those little round flaps they install sometimes to let cats go in and out?"

Chanel beamed at her. "Wizard!" he approved. "That does it to perfection. By jingo, Carrie," he blurted out, momentarily deaf to the import of his words, "I don't know what I'd do without you." Then, as their eyes met, he mastered his embarrassment. "Righto. The next item. This is industrial rather than cultural, I sus-



pect. One of our fieldworkers reports that the personnel of two dairy restaurants on Second Avenue handling sour cream have been stricken with snow blindness."

"But it's their own fault. We recommended that they wear dark glasses, like skiers."

"They claim they can't tell the difference between the blintzes—the cheese, the cherry, and the blueberry. No, the cream's to blame—we've got to evolve some way of reducing the dazzle."

Lost in reflection, Charismé stared at the ceiling, and the swelling curve of her throat sent another quiver of pain across Ambrose's darkly handsome features. How unlike she was to her whose objurgation and endless beefs he had borne in penance for a youthful folly. A sudden wild impulse to declare his love surged beneath his polished exterior, but he fought it down. When his assistant spoke at last, her question startled him.

"Have you ever examined a white-on-white shirt, Ambrose?"

"My dear girl! What in the world—"

"It's a matter of optics, really. You see, the makers insinuate a tiny, hardly noticeable pattern into the weave, as a contrast to relieve the eye. That's what the sour cream undoubtedly needs—a sprinkling of poppy or caraway seeds, coconut, even. Anything that would break up the shimmer."

Her superior emitted a low, astonished whistle. Incredible that a mere child from Skidmore, unversed in science, should have solved in a flash of insight a riddle that had perplexed the keenest minds on Second Avenue. Of course, it remained to be seen how the minds would react to coconut on their blintzes, but that could only be determined by trial and error. Uncoiling his lean, six-foot length from behind the desk, Chanel stood gazing down at his protégée in unfeigned admiration. "You're miraculous," he said, and went on abruptly, "Look, I hate to burden you unduly, but an even more vexing problem's arisen, and, frankly, it's a beast. You recall reading about the policemen who like to sleep on duty? Well, it appears that while 'cooping,' as they call it, they tend to fall out of their prowl cars."

"You mean, the doors won't stay closed?"

"Precisely, and there seems to be no way to anchor them. The poor chaps are being concussed right and left, not to mention having their uniforms hopelessly besmirched."

"Can't the seats be tilted back farther?"

"That's been tried. The blood rushes to their heads, causing dyspnea and befuddlement."

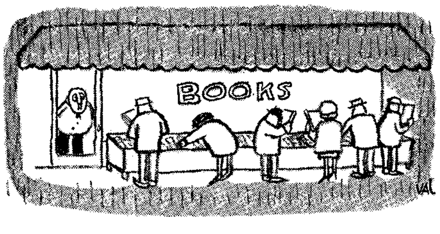
"I don't suppose a car without doors would be practical," Charismé pondered, frowning. "The law's minions have to emerge quickly in case of an emergency."

"Oh, all sorts of expedients have been suggested—pneumatic suits and Lord knows what," Chanel returned gloomily. "I'm afraid we're up against a stone wall unless one of us gets an inspiration. . . . Hello!" he broke off. "The sun's come out. Now, see here—I've been a nasty, selfish ogre to enslave you this way. Take the rest of the day off. Go to an art gallery, have your hair done—"

"Don't you like it the way it is?" Charismé's nether lip, luscious as a ripe fruit, sagged forlornly.

Chanel's heart constricted in his breast. How he longed to draw her to him and extoll its shining beauty. But stern honor forbade. "This is an order," he said gruffly. "Be off with you, Miss—do you hear? Scat!"

As Charismé walked slowly homeward along Third Avenue later in the day, her thoughts strayed back to his remark. She paused to examine her new coiffure in a reflecting shopwindow and wondered if he would notice it. Womanwise, she had long known of the creature who stood between them, and, while too generous to hate her, had striven to make the office, at least, a refuge from domestic agony. So absorbed in contemplation was she at the moment, in fact, that she barely heard the warning shout "Watch it, lady!" from a demolition she was about to pass, and jumped back in the nick of time. Three workmen were loading debris into a truck from an overhead chute. As she waited for the dust to subside, some sixth sense impelled her eyes upward. One of the men had begun to lash down the rubbish with a tarpaulin, the corners of which his mate was knotting to the chassis. Charismé watched him spellbound.



"You there, Mister!" she called out. "I say—Tony!" The workman, whose olive skin and gleaming teeth indeed proclaimed him a native of sunny Italy, raised inquiring eyebrows. "Why are you tying those ropes there?"

"To keepa theesa tarp froma flying off, Signora," the fellow explained. "You no do that, she rolla in de gutter (*rigagnoletto nelle vie*)."

"Oh, thank you *enormemente!*" Charismé told him joyfully, and sped off, leaving a very perplexed Neapolitan to scratch his head in wonder at the *bellissima's* intent. All the way to the nearest call box, her heart thumped in elation, and it seemed an eternity before she heard Chanel's deep response on the wire.

"Ambrose?" The excitement she

"LIKE A WAVE AT THE CURL"

On a kind of Christmas Day—
big flakes blurring everything,

cat-power matching momentum,

each kitten having capsized the other,

    one kitten fell;

the other's hind leg planted hard

on the eye that had guided the onslaught—

ears laid back, both tails lashing—

a cynic might have said, "Sir Francis

    Bacon defined it:

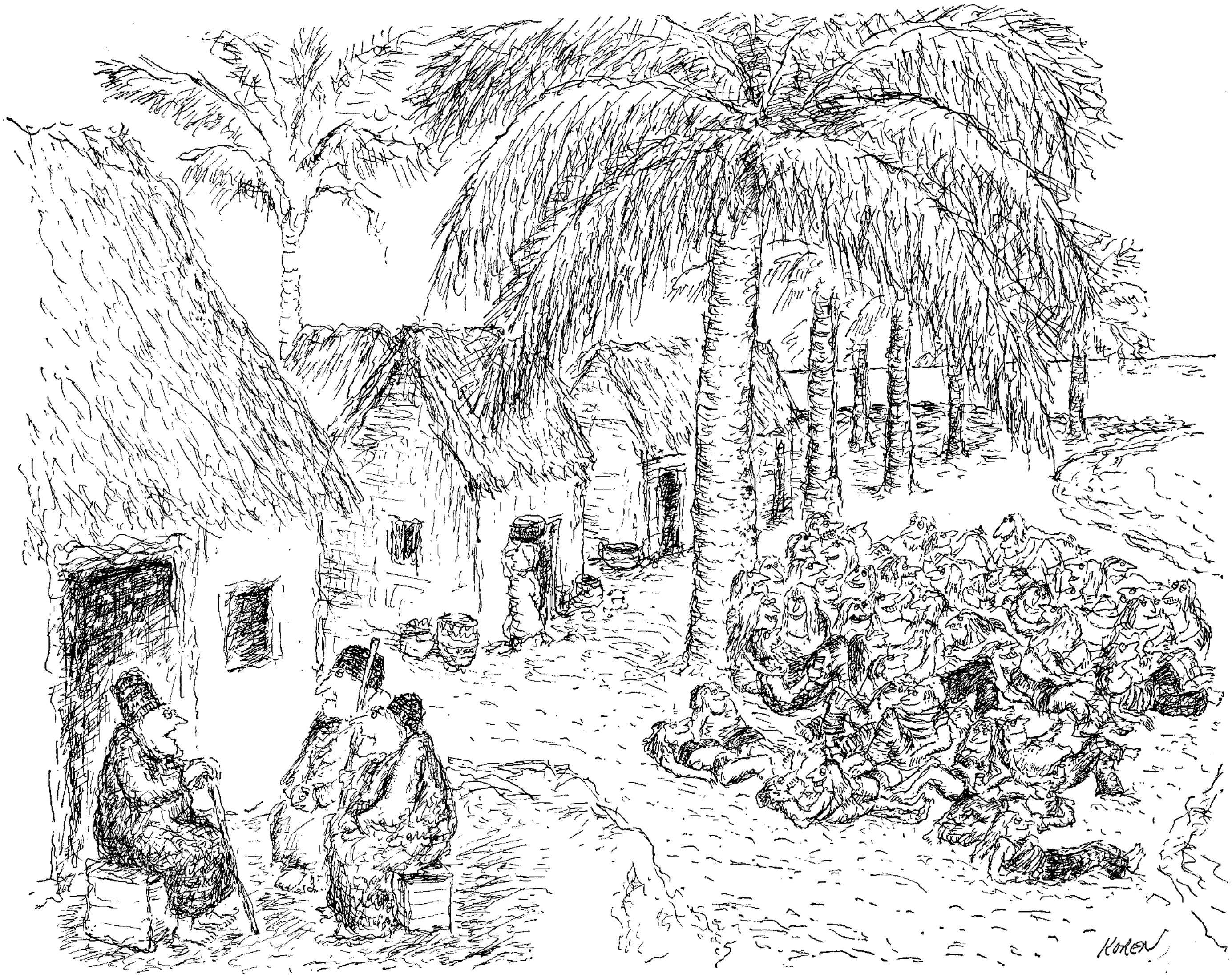
'Foreign war is like the heat of exercise;
civil war, like the heat of a fever.' "

Not at all. The expert would say,

    "Rather hard on the fur."

—MARIANNE MOORE

• •



"Some of us long for the days of the old taboos."

• •

struggled to contain quickened his own pulse on the instant. "Remember that inspiration you said we both needed? Well, I've had it!"

ONE week afterward, Charismé, her face aglow, sat in her superior's office listening to him read a citation from the police commissioner which those who knew that ordinarily reserved individual would have deemed nothing less than ecstatic. Never in his years on the force, he asserted, had he been so indebted to a single person as he was to Miss Ismay; her proposal that his men secure their car doors with string while cooping had achieved spectacular results. In a five-day test, not one concussion or besmirched uniform had been reported, and the precaution had been made obligatory procedure henceforward.

Ambrose paused, and she fancied a strange tenderness in his voice as he resumed. "I haven't read you the postscript, though. He deputizes me—well, the old duffer empowers me to express his gratitude with a kiss."

A fiery blush mantled Charismé's cheek, and she arose hastily. "Please, Ambrose," she began. But before she could escape he had blocked her path and was holding her in his powerfully muscled arms—a new Ambrose, gone the shadow of pain that had seared his countenance over and over.

"Oh, my very dear, listen to me. There's much more than that I have to tell you. I'm free at last. The connubial spectre that's been bugging us—it's gone, vanished."

Unable to credit her ears, she heard his voice pour out in an impassioned gush. His wife, madly jealous and scorning all the rules of safety he had worked to disseminate, had waxed their kitchen floor to glassy smoothness and, in mounting a chair to fetch a rolling pin wherewith to strike him, had somersaulted and cracked her noggin like an eggshell. "Well, there you are," finished Ambrose resignedly. "We warn them, we yacket away night and day, we spend the public funds to emphasize the jeopardy facing them, but they never learn, do they?"

No, thought Charismé, snuggling closer in his embrace, and yet out of their travail had come a shared experience, a way of communicating that would enable the two of them to go on. And that, in this world of hazard and rapid technological change, was something.

—S. J. PERELMAN

•

STATE HOUSE, Boston—Richard C. Kaplan, 114 Foster St., has been certified for appointment as senior archives assistant in the office of the Secretary of State at $94 a week.

Most animals fight frequent and violent battles about who is to be boss. When these fights have established a hierarchy in a pack, herd or flock, the fighting decreases and the group settles down, the Massachusetts Audubon Society says.—*Cambridge Chronicle & Sun.*

Settle down, Kaplan!

THE REMEMBERING MACHINES OF TOMORROW

THE human memory is a wonderful development but its fallibility is infinite. How can it be left to men? It has forgotten even its own story—the whole of evolution. It does not recall why the spirit of man walks with a limp. It can no longer say why, through a landscape of peace, fatness, and fragrance—his for the taking—of sumptuous birthplaces with meals already set, fires already lit, welcomes prepared for no one but him, he forces his bitter mouth and his naked hands farther and farther into his hunger, his cold, his namelessness, his desolation. What triumph will he recognize, what wind will he acknowledge, what sky will he warm for long? Everywhere, he dreams of a creator who remembers, and he continues the search for Him, hoping that in the end what he will find will be himself. But whenever he moves he forgets something. Whatever he adds to himself *he adds at the same time to the void* which gnaws at his organs—all of them. It is this gnawing, and no hunger he shares with the rest of the creatures, that drives him from them. He listens to the gnawing as though it were a song, and goes on, forgetting even that. How could things be left in such hazard? When he has finished forgetting the past he will have no choice but to start on the future. He has started already. No, it cannot go on.

Fortunately he still has his thumb, the inventor, and even before the problem has been clearly stated (oh, long before that) he has contrived the first steps toward its solution. The distance from the first notches bruised into bark, which were the ancestors of numbers, to the air-conditioned archives of the age of history represented only a few strides in his ignorant progress, a day in his forgetting. But once there, he noted with a certain shame that everything seemed to have left him, to hide in the intricate halls, where he could not again feel that it was really his, though the halls had been designed by minds like his own. His own story had now forgotten him. No, it could not be left at that either.

Faced before with crises, he had developed his other thumb, named (by him) Sacrifice. At each movement of utter risk he had held up this shell-faced totem and offered part of himself in exchange for—often that has been forgotten. What was given up was presumably given up forever, but not all at once. The payment might be spread over a long time. He gave up his legs for the wheel. He gave up the strength of his arms for the lever. He gave up power after power of his physical form. And now at last, as more and more was forgotten, he began to relinquish his memory so that something would be remembered.

Since the great primitive repositories had been impersonal, and what he took to be their codified memories seemed to have less and less to do with what he still remembered as himself, a new link was needed.

THE rest of this does not allow of the past tense.

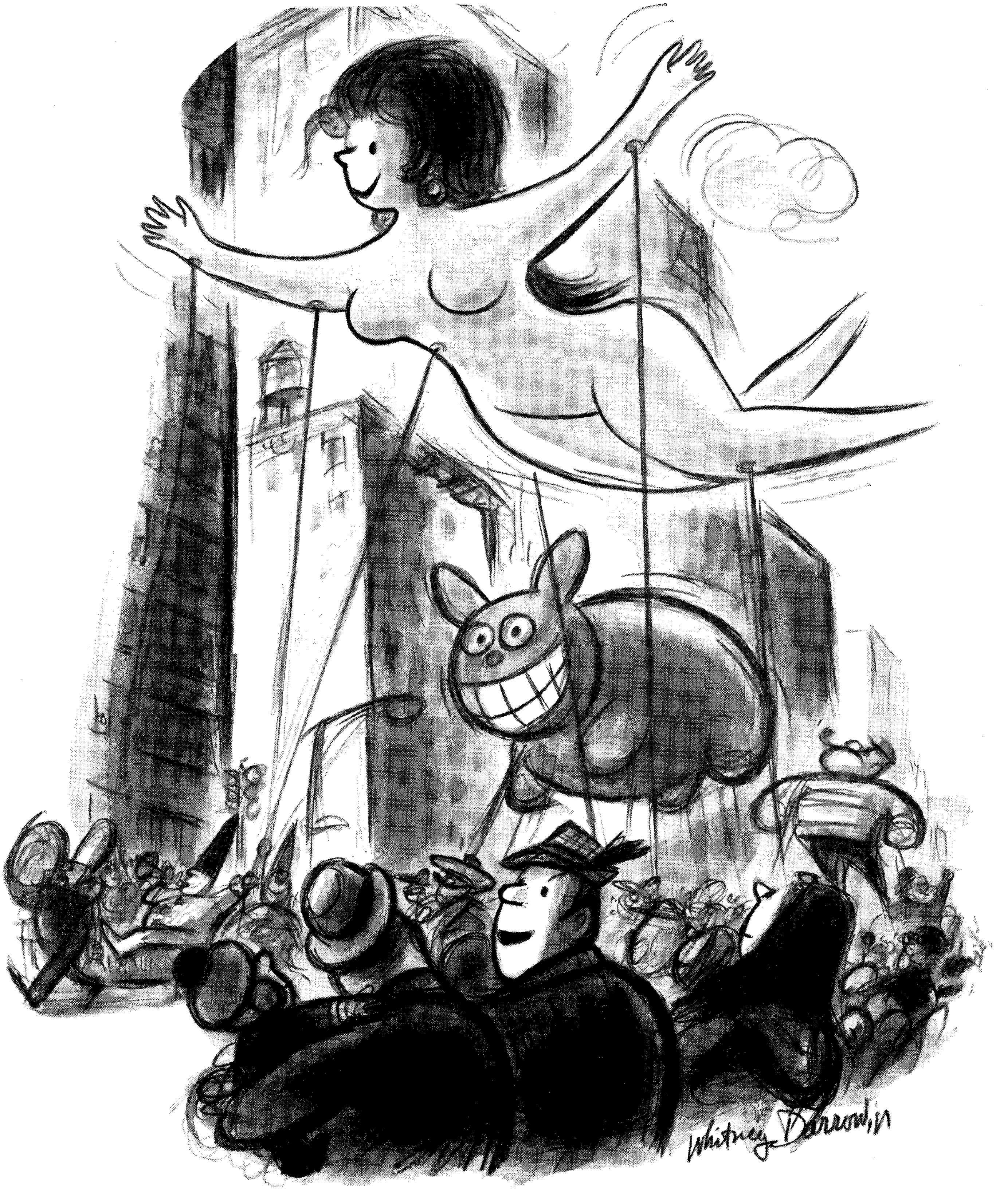
The first of the remembering machines is immense, immobile, no one's. It learns, that is true. But its learning is based on information fed into it by sophisticated procedures, consciously, *voluntarily*. It is constructed of fragments. Even though it can record anything about us that we can conceive of having recorded, it is still in the main a recorder rather than a memory. But its progeny is approaching us.

The machines will become, in time, more compact. They will become the pride of smaller and smaller institutions, the playthings of more and more of the privileged. They will no longer retain mere symbols in an arbitrary system but something which can pass, at least, for whole experiences—intellectual, sensual, visionary. The process—not so much of remembering as of confronting a memory recorded with mechanical objectivity—will be painful of course, but that has not proved an insuperable obstacle in the past and is not likely to do so in the future. It will be construed as part of the new sacrifice. And the development of the remembering machines will come to be regarded as an important next step in man's evolutionary progress—something at once inevitable and worth anything it might cost. When the machines become small enough so that every person can have—then must have—his own, the day will be celebrated as the beginning of a new age of the Individual.

The machines will retain, in flawless preservation (though the completeness of what they remember will occasion some dispute, for a time), not only what their owners experience but what their owners think they have experienced, and will sort out the one from the other. More and more, such distinctions will be left purely to the machines. And it will be noticed that the experience to be retained is itself becoming a dwindling fauna, clung to by sentimentalists, from afar, who still lay aside their machines for days at a time and secretly yearn for the imaginary liberties of the ages of forgetting.

The simplification of private experience will be more than made up for by the rapid improvement of communication among the machines themselves. It will be possible to share more and more fully the memories of others. The memories of the dead will be available in the new repositories, and many will be privately owned. With the universal recognition of the therapeutic benefits and the practical advantages of a precise memory, children will be fitted with these devices at birth. Their prenatal experiences will have been picked up and played into their first sets. They will be given new ones as they grow older and can use them. The stages of such use will seem to reveal a new pattern in the growth of the individual and hence of the species. What man is will seem to be on the point, once again, of harmonious emergence.

Then here and there a ghost will be seen. Someone who has lost his machine. The terror he engenders will be discussed, collated, contained. It will be comprehensible, though the ghost himself no longer is. The apparition will be accorded its place, and will not long trouble those who still have their machines—any more than if, in the old days, they had seen some mutilated creature begging in the street, in the service of his unimaginable life. Little by little it will be remarked, with a mathematical coolness, that experience is not only flowing into the machines but that they, to an in-



"I suppose Macy's was bound to fall in line."

• •

creasing extent, are becoming its source as well. Man's experience of the mechanized memory of his experience—that is what will fill more and more of his days on earth. Until, apart from the simplest bodily functions, his new life will come to revolve around nothing but the operation of the machines themselves. The memory of old risks will return, but faintly, vaguely, and so crudely that he *cannot take them* seriously. For perfection will seem to be in sight at last. Attached to every person like a tiny galaxy will be the whole of his past—or what he takes to be the whole of his past. His attachment to it will constitute the whole of his present—or of what he takes to be the present. The neat, quiet instrument will contain all of each man's hope, his innocence, his garden.

Then one by one, with growing frequency, men will begin to lose their machines. —W. S. MERWIN

CALL IT LOVE

THE room was as still as a floor display in a furniture shop, with a mannequin from Gents' Clothing seated beside a gas stove borrowed from Lighting and Heating Fixtures to give an effect of intimacy. The folds of the window drapes were as rigid as organ pipes, and each crystal drop on the chandelier hung motionless on its wire; not a leaf of the plants on the bamboo stand stirred; the eye of the mouse in the wainscoting, the fan of flame in the gas bracket were as still as if they were figures on a blueprint. The only moving objects in the room were the eyes of the stout gentleman reading his newspaper beside the fireplace, but he never once upset the equilibrium of the bentwood rocker. An abortive tinkle from the clapper over the door scarcely disturbed the stillness; only the prudent mouse withdrew its eye, and the reader, tightening his grip on the sides of the newspaper, halted his travelling glance. Then came a grinding clamor that sent the mouse scuttling into the wall and brought the reader to his feet. The chandelier jingled to his tread and the fronds of the plants brushed against one another; when his foot came down violently on a loose plank, the fan of flame in the gas bracket contracted and shot upward with a frantic screech.

The stout gentleman opened the door and a tall young woman with short, unevenly cut black hair stood in the doorway. "Eileen Shelly," she said. "Miss Page says you want a typist."

The gentleman closed the door, ducked his head, and felt in a waistcoat pocket, from which he produced a solid white square and held it out to the visitor. "Belkin," he said, and ducked his head again. She took the card uncertainly, holding it loosely between her finger and thumb. Mr. Belkin pulled a chair away from the round table in the middle of the room and murmured, "Take a sit, please," but she stood while he rolled back the heavy plush tablecloth and set a portable typewriter and a letter file on the cleared space.

She then stepped to the table, sat down, and slipped Mr. Belkin's card furtively under the file. "What a funny typewriter!" she said.

Mr. Belkin glanced anxiously at the dark head and jutting profile bent over his beloved Oliver. "It is very convenient machine," he pleaded. "Very subteel. One may write in four languages." He leaned cautiously over her shoulder and tapped out, "Dear Sir, in reff. to yours of fifth ult." "See?" he said. "English!" He hooked the drum out with one finger and took another from a box on the table. "Now we may write French!"

"No, no! Russian!"

Obediently, he returned the French drum to the box and fixed the Russian one in the machine, then seated himself to bang out a line of mysterious hieroglyphics.

"More, more!" she cried. "I've never seen Russian letters!" He tapped another two lines. Then she wanted to see if she could change the drum herself, and after some fumbling managed to extract the Russian drum and replace the English one. "Now you can begin," she said.

Mr. Belkin drew a letter from the file, held it close to his eyes, cleared his throat, and began dictating. "Dear Sirs, In reply to yours of the 17th inst."

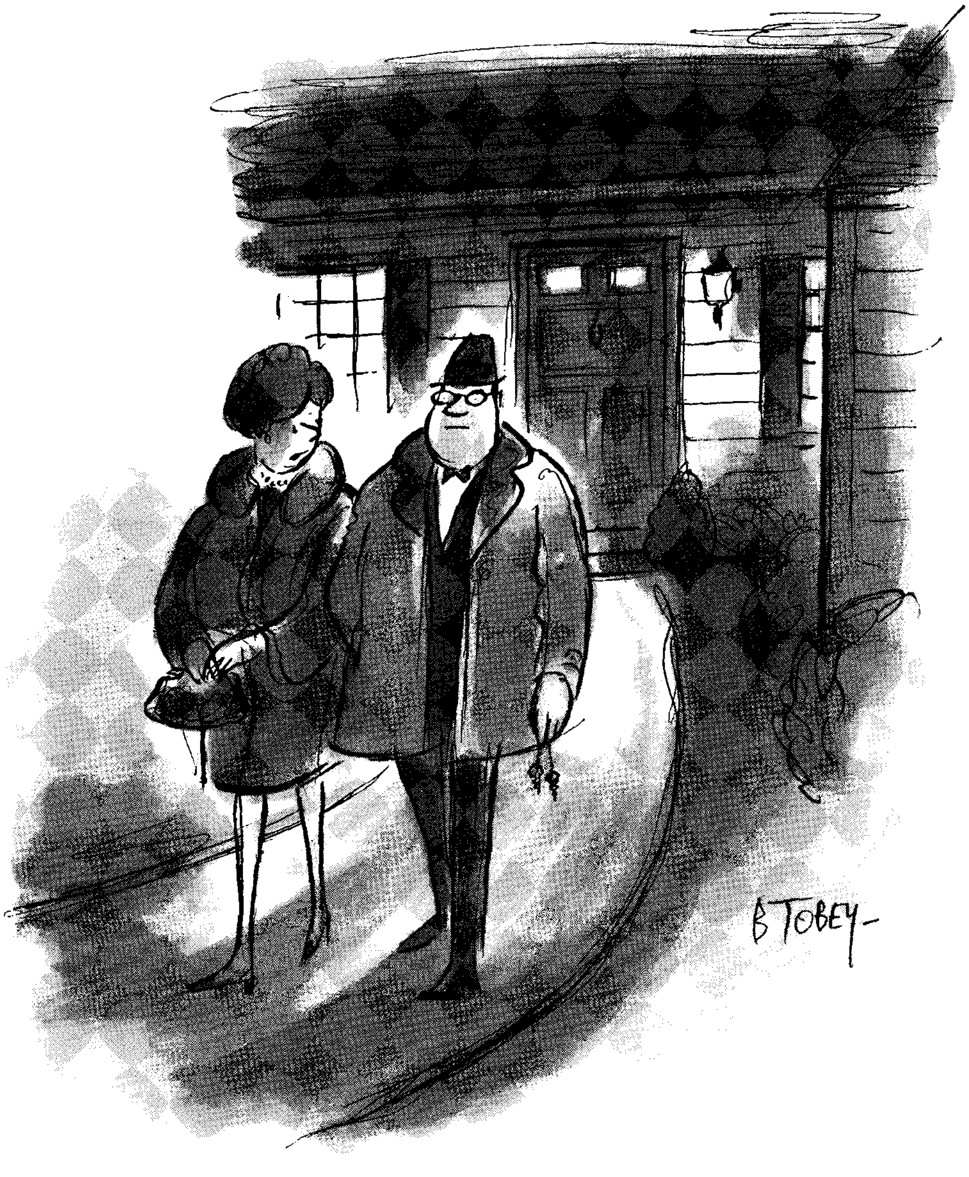
Instead of typing, Eileen Shelly sat with her wrists against the edge of the table, fingertips poised lightly on the keys of the typewriter, and asked, "Where did you learn business English?" He took a volume from a row of books on the top of the upright piano and handed it to her triumphantly. She held it with the spine toward her and read out the title—" 'How to Conduct Business Correspondence' "—ruffled the pages fastidiously, stopping here and there to read, and handed it back to him. "Of course you know there's no such thing as business English."

"Perhaps you are right. But is more convenient to make like others."

"I thought you were a revolutionary!"

He gave her a startled look but only remarked, as if to close the subject, "I did not think a little business English is so dangerous."

"I thought after the revolution there



"Notice how their eyes lit up when you stole a glance at your wristwatch?"

"Howdy, stranger!"

• •

wouldn't be any more of all this sort of thing." Her denigratory glance travelled from the plush tablecloth to the Nottingham-lace curtains, the useless chandelier. "And now you say there'll always be business English."

"There are perhaps more important things to change," he said mildly. "Shall we continue?" He cleared his throat again nervously. "Excuse, please. It must be business English. I can no other."

Mr. Belkin seemed to take delight in watching the rhythmic dance of the typist's fingers. "The touching system," he said. "I see you are a very professional." But no, Eileen told him, she was self-taught and not very quick. But she never made spelling mistakes.

When the letters—there were only six, all addressed to agricultural-machinery firms in the provinces—were in their envelopes, and while Eileen Shelly was closing the typewriter with unaccustomed movements, Mr. Belkin sat silent, his hands on his knees, gazing at the floor. All of a sudden he raised his head and stared at her over gold-rimmed pince-nez. "Who tell you I am revolutionary?"

"Beatrice Page. Miss Page, you know, who recommended me to you. She says you're a political émigré."

"And what do you know about political émigrés?"

"I've read Prince Kropotkin's 'Memoirs of a Revolutionist,' and I have a Socialist uncle and aunt."

"And are you Socialist?"

"Sort of. That's why I left home, really. I couldn't stand the atmosphere."

"Too reactionary?" he suggested.

"That's it! Reactionary!" she echoed radiantly. "My mother's quite broadminded—she believes all politicians mean well, and it doesn't matter much whether they're liberals or conservatives. But my stepfather's awfully reactionary. He made me learn the names of all the books of the Bible by heart when I was sixteen, and I felt so humiliated I resolved to leave home the moment I got hold of the money my father left me. It just about covered the move and six months' rent in advance. And I bought myself a typewriter. I still have ninety-seven pounds four shillings and sixpence in the bank."

Mr. Belkin smiled. "A capitalist!"

Before she left, he asked her for her card, reminding her with a twinkle behind his glasses which might have been quizzical that he had given her his.

Eileen snatched his card from the table and nudged it into the webbing at the top of her skirt. "I have no card," she said.

"You ought," he said. "'Miss Eileen Shelly. Very Good Typewriter.'"

She wrote her name and address for him at the top of a sheet of typewriting paper, and added, "Fairly Good Typist."

Mr. Belkin took the sheet and held it close to his eyes. "Golden Square? I think you live in Hampstead."

"I do, just round the corner."

"But Golden Square is in the center. It is little little street out of Ridgent Street."

Eileen thought it astonishing that a foreigner should know London so well, and said so. "My Golden Square is just a cobbled yard off the Grove. You know the Grove."

Mr. Belkin knew the Grove—he passed through it on the way to the Heath.

"Then you must have passed my house," said Eileen. "It has an empty garage in front of it, on the corner of the Grove and Golden Square. And an enormous tree."

Mr. Belkin made a hesitant offer to see her home, but Eileen's sharp "No, no!" intimidated him, and he did not persist. Sorry as soon as the words had escaped her, Eileen stepped alone onto the pavement, enlivening with agreeable visions the steep pull up High Street to Golden Square: appreciative Russians only waited to pay her generously for a few hours' typing and pleasant chat, with an occasional remunerative English lesson thrown in. Mr. Belkin would teach her Russian, and as soon as the war was over she would go to St. Petersburg, marry a count or a Cossack, and write her life.

WHEN a week passed without any summons from Mr. Belkin, Eileen began to think she had frightened him off by her fierce refusal of his offer to see her home. So she was very glad when a knock came at the door one morning, and even though it turned out to be only Beatrice Page she was still glad.

"I come charged with a message from the Slav," Beatrice said. "The poor man isn't sure if it would be correct to call and let you know he has some more letters to dictate. I explained the postal facilities of London as best I could, but he seemed doubtful. Shall I tell him he can call? I've never been in your digs before, you know. Rather divine!"

"Of course he can come."

"I'll tell him, then. Is that another room?"

"Just a prophet's chamber."

Beatrice lifted the latch of the narrow plank door and popped her head inside, noting a chair piled high with clothing, and a bowl of unwashed dishes on the floor. "More like a chamber of horrors," she said. "You have a magnificent view of the privies back of Heath Street, though." She drew back her head, letting the latch fall into place. "The low ceiling is sort of cozy, but it must be a bit stuffy sometimes. I should find it much too poky, of course. I couldn't expect Todd to live in such a hole."

"Who's Todd?"

"My maid, didn't you know?"

"I thought everybody's maid had been taken for war work."

"If looking after me isn't war work, I don't know what is," Beatrice roared. "Doesn't your mother keep a maid?"

"Oh, Alma's about a hundred, and she's spavined."

Beatrice laughed heartily; a kind of derisive sympathy seemed to have been established.

Beatrice's roving glance now fell on Mr. Belkin's card, which was propped against a brass candlestick on the mantelpiece. "Looks like a coal merchant's card. Only needs 'All orders punctually executed' across the corner, and a list of illustrious patrons on the back. The man doesn't even know that visiting cards have to be engraved, not printed."

"Does it matter?" Eileen said.

"Not a bit, of course, only it looks utterly putrid. I wonder what the 'S' stands for—Shadrach or Solomon?"

"It's a 'D.' His name is David."

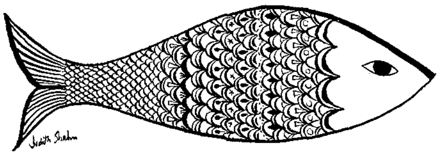
"Sorry. I was misled by the flourishes. I don't suppose Belkin's his real name anyway. They're all wanted by the police."

"I don't believe it!" Eileen said indignantly.

"I see you've taken quite a shine to him."

"I think he's awfully nice."

"Pidgin English and corporation and all? And have you seen his room? It's one of those matching rooms—two of everything but the piano."



"The usual furnished lodgings," Eileen said indifferently.

"What d'you bet he considers it the Ideal Home?" All this time Beatrice had been standing in the middle of the room, pointedly ignoring the chair Eileen pushed toward her. She now dropped abruptly on the seat of an armchair on the hearth, but got up quickly to sit on an unpainted deal stool against the wall. "Stuffed furniture has to be so awfully luxurious to be comfortable. I have nothing but an old wooden settee and armchairs molded and polished by the backsides of three generations. My mother was a Talbot, you know, or perhaps you

DRUMS WHERE I LIVE

(Across the Lake from a U.S. Army Base)

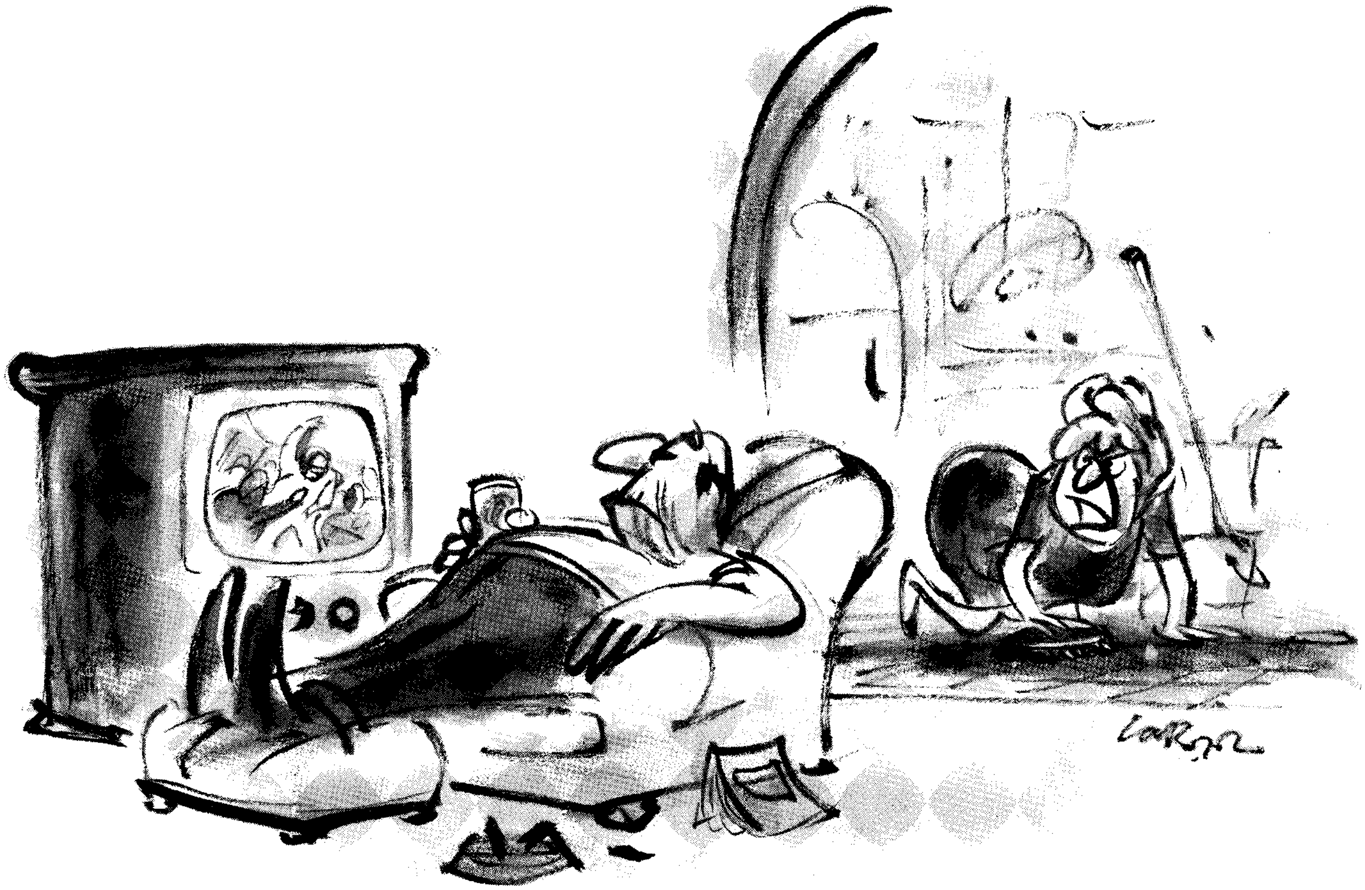
So that sleeping and waking
Drum, drum, every day the first part of the sun,
Its upper rim
And rhythm, I live here. I and my family pass, in the new house,
Into the great light, mumbling one
Two three four, marching in place like boys
Laid out, all voices of the living and the dead
To come and hovering
Between brought in
To cadence. It is not
A heart, but many men. Someone said it is
Comfort, comforting to hear them. Not every
Sunup, neighbor; now and then I wish I had a chance
To take my chances
With silence. More and more
They seem to be waiting
For the day more and more as my son sighs all over the house
Intercom. I know, I know he is counting
His years. When we rise, the drums
Have stopped. But I know from the jungle of childhood
Movies what that means. There is nothing in the grenades'
Coming-closer bursts to worry
Anyone; they are Expanding
The Range. It is only in the morning
Paper that a trainee hangs himself
On the obstacle course. And it is nothing but nerves
That make something human, a cry,
Float like a needle on the sunlight
From the stockade. But every night I sleep assured
That the drums are going
To reach me at dawn like light
Where I live, and my heart, my blood, and my family will assemble
Four barely livable counts. Dismissed,
Personnel. The sun is clear
Of Basic Training. This time, this
Is my war and where in God's
Name did it start? In peace, two, three, four:
In peace peace peace peace

One two

In sleep.

—James Dickey

• •



"*Just for the record, Joe Namath isn't the only one around here with sore knees.*"

• •

don't. I must be off. I hope you get on with the Slav. He's rather a problem for me, always luring Samson to his room and stuffing him with liver sausage and stinking cheese. Samson is a scientifically fed cat, and I will not have his figure spoiled by any damned political refugee!"

Eileen put a pained solicitude into her voice that she did not feel. "You should ask him not to."

"I've *told* him not to."

"And does he go on just the same?"

"He brings Samson to my door every now and then and says, 'Receive your cat.' But I don't know what goes on when I'm out. The other day Samson was a good half hour trying to wash specks of red caviar out of his whiskers."

"I always thought caviar was black."

"They buy a red sort in Soho—bright orange. The man must be an utter cad, of course. On the other hand, I suspect he may be rather a pet. You must try and find out which preponderates."

"I'm sure he isn't a cad," said Eileen.

DAY after day came and went, with no sign of Mr. Belkin, till one evening, chancing to look out of her window, Eileen saw a burly figure standing irresolutely at the wicket gate. She watched behind her curtain for him to lift the latch and walk up the irregular flagged path to the open street door, but instead of doing this he turned and stepped rapidly away in the direction of the tube. Having spoken and thought so much about Mr. Belkin, Eileen did not like to see him slip through her fingers, and muttering, "There goes ten shillings!" she plunged down the stairs into the yard and ran after the compact, rapidly disappearing figure.

"Why did you go away?" she said, panting, when she caught him up.

He turned, showing a countenance blurry with embarrassment. "I think I make mistake."

"The street door was open. Perhaps you couldn't see the number?"

"No, I see. But I see also policeman coming out."

"It was only Mr. Lambert going on point duty. He's my landlord."

"Foolish of me. Excuse, please."

"Do you want me to come and take some letters?"

"If it is convenient."

They crossed Heath Street into High Street. "Is it because you're a revolutionary that you don't like policemen?" Eileen asked.

"We are perhaps too ready to see everywhere surveillance. Our life make us suspectful."

Eileen opened her eyes wide. "Did you think I was a spy?"

"No, no, never could I think that."

"Then why did you run away?"

"First—I see policeman coming out of house. I don't like. Then I see such simple house, with door open and narrow wood stairs like in slums, and I think I make mistake."

"Don't you like my corner? All my friends envy me. They say, 'Hasn't Eileen placed herself well?' "

"No, I like," said Mr. Belkin politely, but he obviously could hardly believe that a young lady of good family lived in a workman's cottage from choice.

"This is very nice, too," Eileen said, as they turned off High Street into Perrin's Court. "I love that peep into the old cobbled square. And that old tree in the middle. So peaceful."

Mr. Belkin looked doubtful. "*My* friends think I found me very poor place to live."

"Where do they live themselves?"

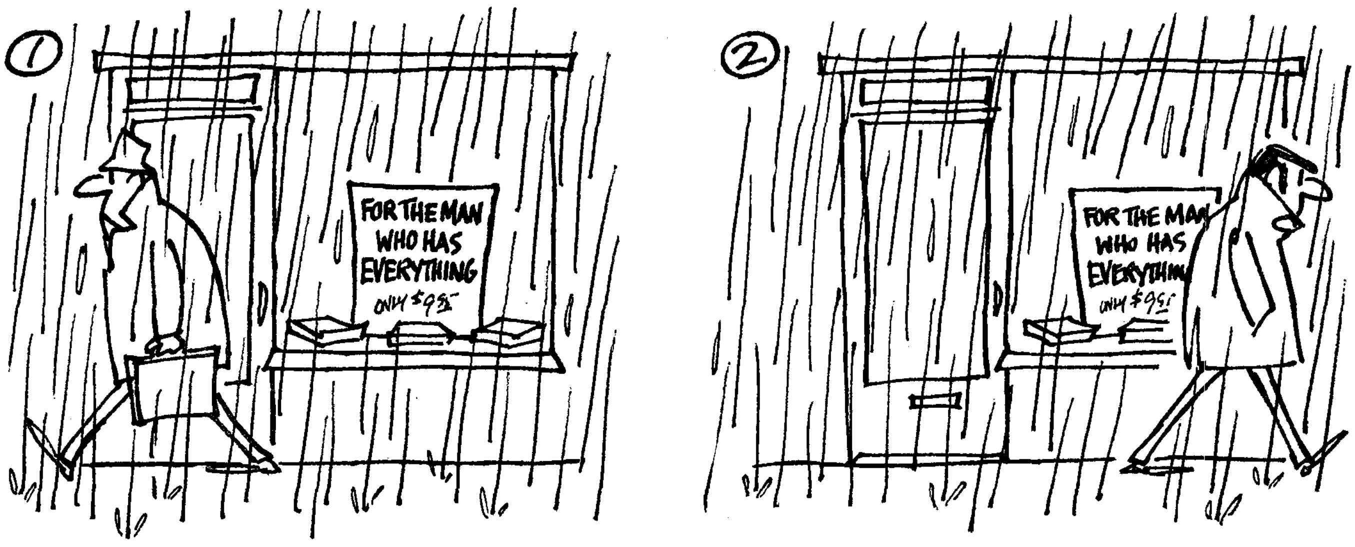
"West Hampstead. Parliament Hill—"

"Parliament Hill! Horrors!"

"They have every convenience. Do *you*?"

"I have a gas ring, and there's a tap in the garage."

Mr. Belkin pointed to the screened


1
FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING
ONLY $9.95
2
FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING
ONLY $9.95

window of the veterinary dispensary at one side of the entrance to his house. "What is so nice about living over an animal doctor?"

"It's very convenient for Miss Page when you make her cat sick."

"Ah, Samson! You know Samson?"

"I know you lure him with foreign foods."

They were by now on the first-floor landing, at the door of Mr. Belkin's room. He fitted a clumsy key into the lock and admitted Eileen, with a smile that she found enigmatic, therefore attractive.

There were not many letters, but Mr. Belkin said they were urgent. When they were typed, folded, and enveloped, Mr. Belkin produced from one of the twin mahogany whatnots at either side of the fireplace a tea caddy and a metal coffeepot with a mistletoe pattern stencilled on the lid and down the curved handle, and a medallion with a smiling woman's head on each side. Eileen was surprised to see him fill it with water from a carafe and place it carefully on a gas ring in the fender. "Haven't you got a kettle?" she asked, and blushed at her own tactlessness.

Mr. Belkin explained that the coffeepot had been more expensive than a kettle. "My principle is—buy the best. Coffeepot three and six, kettle half crown. I buy coffeepot."

"You can't always go by that," Eileen said.

He looked hurt. "Is it—'horrors'?"

"A kettle might be more convenient for making tea."

From the same whatnot Mr. Belkin took a chubby britannia-ware teapot. "I hope you like teapot."

Eileen was beginning to say that teapot was a very fine teapot when a loud knock startled them both. Before Mr. Belkin could get to the door, it was pushed from the other side and Beatrice Page's head appeared in the opening. "Sorry if I'm *de trop!*" she sang out, flashing quick glances round the room. "I'm looking for Samson. I thought you might have been seducing him again."

"I do not seduce her," Mr. Belkin said with dignity. "She seduce me."

"*He!*"

"In my country is cat 'she.' "

"The vet downstairs could tell you Samson's been an 'it' for years, but we still say 'he,' not to hurt his feelings."

Mr. Belkin obviously had no idea what she meant, but invited her to take a sit and have a glass tea. Beatrice thanked him curtly, withdrew her head, and slammed the door.

"Does she always burst in like that without even ringing?" Eileen asked.

"Bell does not ring. It never ring again after you come."

"D'you mean to say I broke it?"

"It never ring again after you come," he repeated, smiling.

When, after drinking two glasses of tea and lemon and eating two Garibaldi biscuits, Eileen got up to say goodbye, she was surprised to feel the light brush of a cat's body against her legs. "Samson was here all the time! And you never said a word!"

"I am not informer," said Mr. Belkin.

Mr. Belkin began to feel a need for Eileen's professional services several times a week, and a habit of fixing the next appointment each time was soon established. She broke his typewriter when trying to change the drum from Russian to English, Mr. Belkin made matters worse by trying to mend it, and they were soon on the best and easiest of terms. Each session ended in tea and conversation. Mr. Belkin always had a great many questions to put, and Eileen would have been glad to answer a great many more. He was amazed to learn that not only had she never been to college, she had not even stayed in school after the sixth form. "My mother doesn't believe in school," Eileen explained, "and my father died when I was only six. His side of the family are quite different. They were always egging my mother on to send me to college."

"Your Socialist aunt," he murmured.

"Do you go to the Russian Club in Charlotte Street?" Eileen asked abruptly. "My uncle, Dr. Moss, has lots of patients there. Perhaps you know him."

Mr. Belkin's face brightened. "I hear about Dr. Moss, certainly. He save my comrade when all other doctors would operate for tumor on the brains. Dr. Moss say he recover without operation and he recover."

"Uncle Saul's a dab at diagnosis," Eileen said, gratified.

"And he cure another friend of mine from syphilis. He was first doctor in London to use Salvarsan."

Eileen had never before heard anyone acknowledge a friend with venereal disease. She had taken it for granted that only people one never met had syphilis. "My uncle used to be an Anarchist when he was young," she said. "Now he's only a Socialist. I wish I knew the difference."

"Shall I explain it to you?"

"Not now!" she said quickly. "Let's have tea!"

Smiling, Mr. Belkin began turning macaroons from a paper bag onto a metal dish. "My sister's favorite biscuits," Eileen said, watching his hands.

"And what are your favorite biscuits?"

"I like those squashed-fly ones you gave me the first time—Garibaldi biscuits, you know."

"I take them for name, but now

3
FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING
ONLY $995
4
FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING
ONLY $995

you say squashed flies I shall never eat them again."

"Oh, how sensitive! Do you know ginger nuts? They're my real favorites."

Out came Mr. Belkin's little notebook and silver pencil. "Spell it, please!"

"G-i-n-g-e-r . . ." Looking over his shoulder, she saw he had written in a narrow, slanting hand, "Jinjer nutts."

Loud steps were heard on the stairs. "I bet that's Beatrice," Eileen said. "Don't you ever lock your door?"

"I lock when I am alone, but when a young lady visit me . . ." He placed a hand, plump, warm, and firm, on her shoulder, smiling very kindly.

A streak of lightning leaped from somewhere inside her to meet the pressure.

"What?" he said huskily, though Eileen had not said a word.

A peremptory rat-tat on the door gave Mr. Belkin just time to remove his hand. Beatrice didn't enter a room; she invaded it. "Are you aware that it is strictly forbidden to keep people awake with clattering typewriters all hours of the night?" she barked.

Eileen was awed by the dark ferocity of her face, but Mr. Belkin was imperturbable. "She cannot clatter with lid on, I think," he said, glancing at the covered machine.

"Typewriter is '*it*,' " Beatrice rapped out. "Inanimate objects are neuter in English." But she sat down when Mr. Belkin pulled out a chair for her.

"Always I forget. But why is sheep 'she'?"

"Sheep aren't inanimate—they eat grass and have lambs," Eileen explained.

"I meant sheep on the sea, not ship which eat grass and have lambs."

"Bottom marked top to avoid confusion," said Beatrice.

Mr. Belkin reddened, but laughed with the girls.

Glass after glass of tea was drunk and the macaroons consumed to the last crumb, but conversation limped. Yawning noisily, Beatrice took off her glasses and rubbed them with a folded handkerchief. "Sorry!" she groaned hollowly through another great yawn. "Let's go, Eileen; I'll see you to the corner."

Mr. Belkin accompanied the girls to the front door, but Beatrice discouraged him from going any farther by the simple expedient of slamming the door in his face.

"Why are you so rude to him?" Eileen asked.

"It amuses me. I'm always hoping to make him rude to me one day."

"I don't think you'll succeed."

"Are you in love with him?"

"Madly," Eileen said. "I mean, I think he's awfully nice. Are *you*?"

"I easily could be," said Beatrice.

IT was not Eileen's day for dinner at her former home, but she could not wait to tell her mother about her new gentleman friend. Before she had time to ring the bell, the door opened and her sister Doris, in a pink cloak trimmed with swansdown and a candy-striped fascinator over her dark head, stepped out. "Is Mother in?" Eileen asked eagerly, and Doris waved a flannel shoe bag toward the dining-room door at the end of the hall, and made to pass down the steps onto the pavement. Eileen checked her. "You're wearing my fascinator!" Doris began tugging with a great show of energy at the scarf, but did not, Eileen observed, make any real effort to get it unwound. "Take the beastly thing!" she said, still fumbling, but hastily tucked the ends inside her cloak when Eileen, with an impatient gesture, went into the house.

Mrs. Blake was in an armchair in a black tea gown and velvet slippers, reading a Mudie novel. Eileen noted jealously that the table was laid for three. Mrs. Blake looked up, smiled, read on for a few lines, but placed the book open face downward on her knees when Eileen stooped to kiss her. Both stayed very still at the sound of the front door being opened with a key and then gently closed. After a short pause, uneven steps were heard in the hall and another door was opened and closed with the same deliberate gentleness.

"I'd forgotten how he *limps*," Eileen said. "Regular dot and carry one."

"It's the daily stampede to the tube, always holding that heavy briefcase in the same hand," Mrs. Blake said unfeelingly.

Eileen glanced again at the table. "Who are you expecting?"

"It's Gwen's day," Mrs. Blake said, raising her voice as a bell rang in the hall. "I was beginning to hope she wasn't coming. Henry makes such a fuss about having more than one person to dinner."

"I'll go!" Eileen cried.

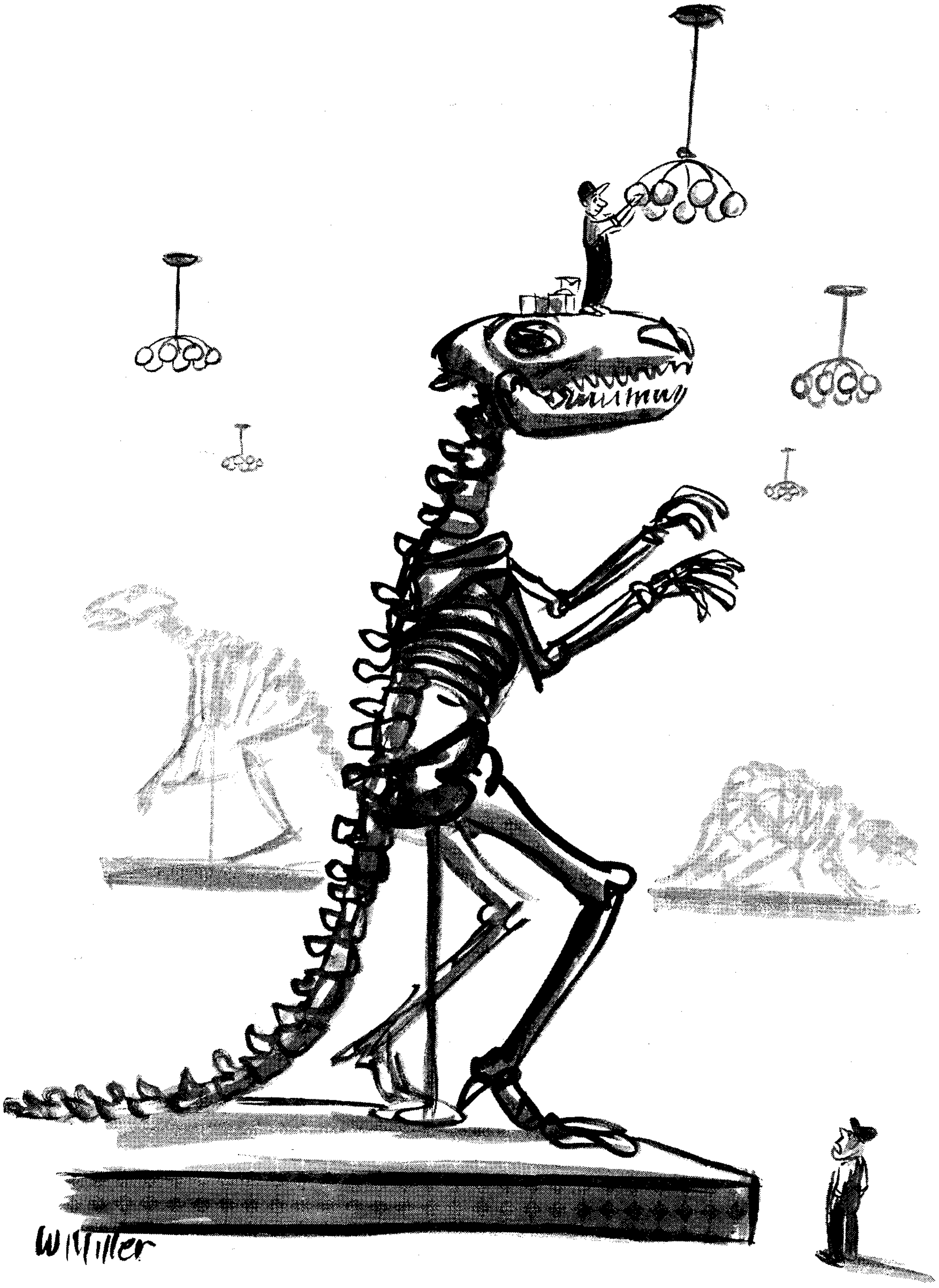
"Go?" echoed her Aunt Gwen, entering the room. "Just when I've come?"

"You can't go now," Mrs. Blake said nervously. "Henry'll have noticed your things in the hall."

"There aren't any things. I came just as I am."

Aunt Gwen was shocked. "I should feel like a housemaid sneaking up the area steps if I went out without a coat."

"I'm always telling her," Mrs. Blake said fretfully. "Of course you must stay, Eileen, now you're here. It's only that Henry likes to know be-



"If you don't mind, Hadley, next time use the ladder."

forehand when people are coming to dinner. Meat coupons, you know."

"You said I wasn't to make a fetish of coming on Wednesdays."

"I'm always glad to see you, darling. You know that."

The door opened, and a small man in a gray suit lurched into the room. "Ah!" he cried uncheerily. "Gwen! Eileen! Quite a meeting of the clans!" He thrust a scoured mauve cheek obliquely for Eileen's kiss and leaned forward with rounded elbow to offer Aunt Gwen a dry, tight-skinned hand. He then delivered a peck on his wife's cheekbone, and all took their places at the table. Eileen turned in her chair and rummaged in the middle drawer of the Sheraton sideboard till her fingers found a knife and fork and a napkin thrust into a bone ring. The flabby damask seemed to be the only thing at home to welcome her. Aunt Gwen examined her own napkin doubtfully before slipping it out of the orange celluloid ring. Mrs. Blake took hers quickly out of its threaded tortoiseshell bracelet, and Henry, with solemn ceremony, drew his out of a heavily embossed silver ring, and held up the limp square by two corners before spreading it across his knees. An elderly maid came in with a dish supporting five rissoles on a bed of mashed potatoes, which she placed before the master of the house. Henry divided the odd rissole into four minute portions before beginning to serve with precise movements.

The silence was broken by Aunt Gwen. "Is your house anywhere near Frognal, Eileen?"

"Quite near. The top of Frognal kind of debauches on the Grove."

"Surely not, darling," said Mrs. Blake.

Aunt Gwen rambled on amiably. "The Dudley-Clarkes had an enormous place in Frognal. They used to give the most superb garden parties, but cabbies said their horses foundered on the way up, so they sold it and took a villa on the Riviera."

"If you know Frognal, you can easily find the way to me," Eileen urged, as if there was nothing she so much desired as a visit from her tiresome Aunt Gwen. "You go straight up from the tube till you come to a cottage with a garage sticking out in front. You can't miss it, there's an enormous tree at the corner, it's said to be at least a hundred years old."

"An oak?" Aunt Gwen asked reverently.

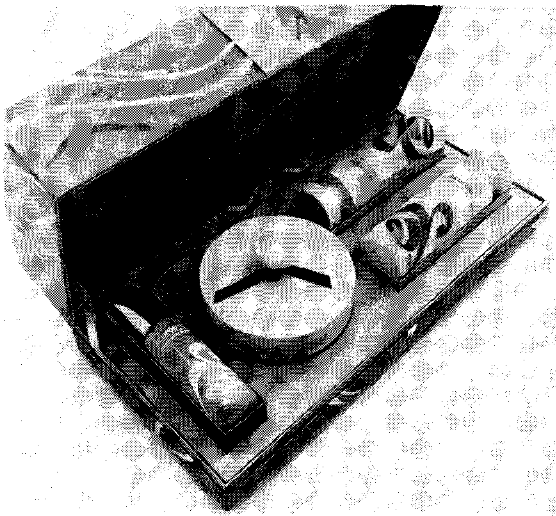
Eileen was sure it wasn't an oak. Its leaves were too light and twinkly.

Henry put down his knife and fork, propping them against the rim of his plate. All waited while he chewed the morsel in his mouth and swallowed it. Even then he had to wipe his lips and take a sip of water before speaking. "It is probably affiliated to the poplar family—*Populus tremula*, *Populus nigra*, or *Populus alba*."

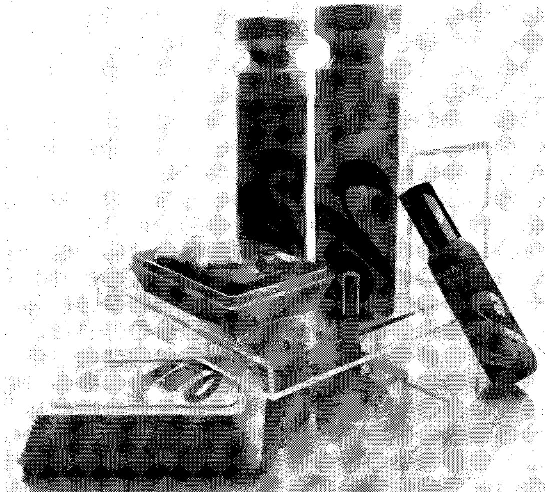
"It isn't a poplar, I'm sure," Eileen

Christmas 1969: Azurée

The newest gifts for beautiful bodies and baths from Estée Lauder.

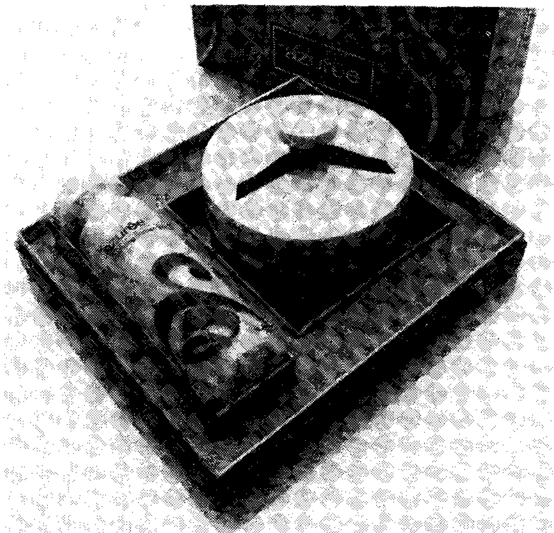


The Azurée Bath Spa,
four beauty treatments for the body, $12.50



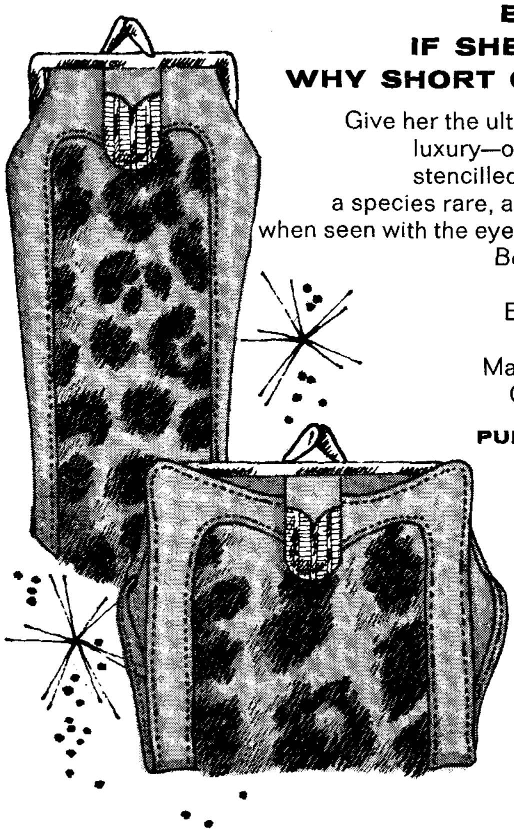
The Azurée Bath Boutique
with Lucite Bath Tray $25.00

The Azurée Perfumed Bath Crystals 16 oz. $10.00



The Azurée After-Bath, Pressed Dusting Powder,
Sparkling Friction Lotion $7.50

© 1969 Estée Lauder, Inc.



BONWIT SAYS,
IF SHE WANTS FUR,
WHY SHORT CHANGE HER?

Give her the ultimate little accessory luxury—our purse of calf's hair stencilled to look like leopard, a species rare, and simply captivating when seen with the eye-glass case to match!

Bond Street's designs,
French Purse, 12.50
Eye-glass Case, 10.00
Not shown:
Matching Keycase, 8.50
Cigarette Case, 10.00

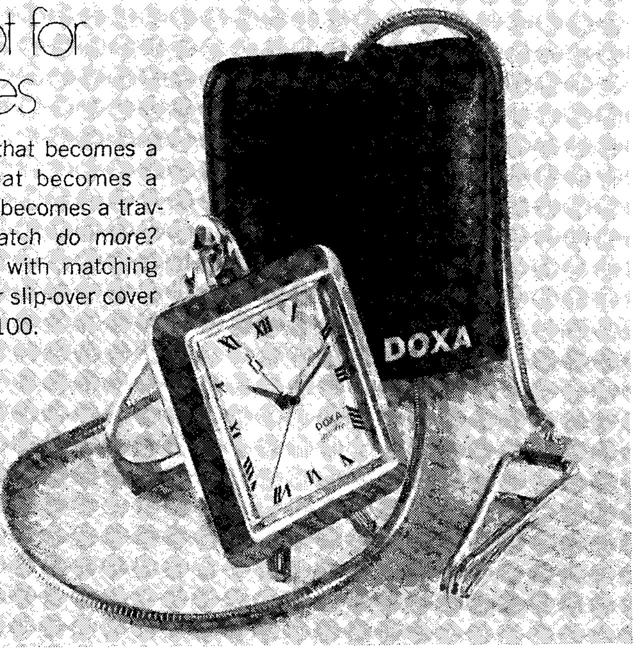
PURSE ACCESSORIES

Mail and phone. Please add .75 delivery charge outside regular delivery area.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York and all stores

BONWIT TELLER

Doxa
the watch
the Swiss
have kept for
themselves

The executive watch that becomes a conference alarm that becomes a night-table watch that becomes a travel *alarm*. Could a watch do more? Brushed golden case with matching face, in a black leather slip-over cover for pocket or purse. $100.



At Sogno, Rockefeller Center, N.Y.C.; Wm. Wise & Son, Brooklyn and L.I; Michaels, Conn.; Hamilton, Trenton, N.J.; Long's, Boston, Mass.; Bigelow-Kennard, Boston, Mass.; Stieff, Baltimore, Md.; C. Schwartz & Son, Washington, D.C.; Bixler's, Easton, Pa.; Hardy & Hayes, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Schwarzschild Bros., Richmond, Va.; Argo & Lehne, Columbus, O.; Newstedt Loring Andrews, Cincinnati, O.; Stix Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.; Krandall's, Detroit, Mich.; Siegel, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Jaccard's, Kansas City, Mo.; Schneff's, Davenport, Ia.; Sartor-Hamann, Lincoln, Neb.; Bergman Co., Omaha, Neb.; Baron's, Billings, Mont.; B. C. Clark, Okla. City, Okla.; Royal, Fargo, N.D.; Smithwick, Greenville, S.C.; Titche's, Dallas, Tex.; Joske's, Houston, Tex.; Rosensweig's, Phoenix, Ariz.; Zell Bros., Portland, Ore. or write **DOXA, Syosset, N.Y.**

said carelessly. "Poplars are tall and narrow, and it's ever so branchy."

"Only the *Populus fastigiata*—vulgarly known as the Lombardy poplar, owing to its incidence in the South of France—is tall and narrow."

Mrs. Blake put in her word. " 'With blasts that blow the poplar white,' " she said. "I suppose Tennyson meant the *Populus alba*."

But the word "*alba*," it appeared, referred to the whitish color of the bark, in distinction to the darker trunk of other species, notably *Populus fastigiata*. And since Eileen had mentioned the incessant twinkling of the leaves, her tree was probably the *alba tremula*, so frequently met with in the streets of cities.

"Don't you feel lonely all by yourself, dear?" Aunt Gwen asked hastily.

"I have friends quite near," Eileen said. "Beatrice Page lives only ten minutes away."

"One of Eileen's school friends," Mrs. Blake explained. "Her mother was a Talbot, you know."

Aunt Gwen beamed.

"Whether that is so or not," put in Henry, who had been listening intently, "it seems to me that Eileen's friend incurred a grave responsibility in encouraging her to relinquish a secure livelihood on the strength of chimerical private employment."

"I've kept myself ever since I left the Pru, haven't I?" Eileen said rudely. "I haven't asked you for help yet, have I?"

Mrs. Blake looked across the table at her daughter imploringly.

Aunt Gwen could not resist joining in. "All your relations think it was rash to leave the Pru, Eileen."

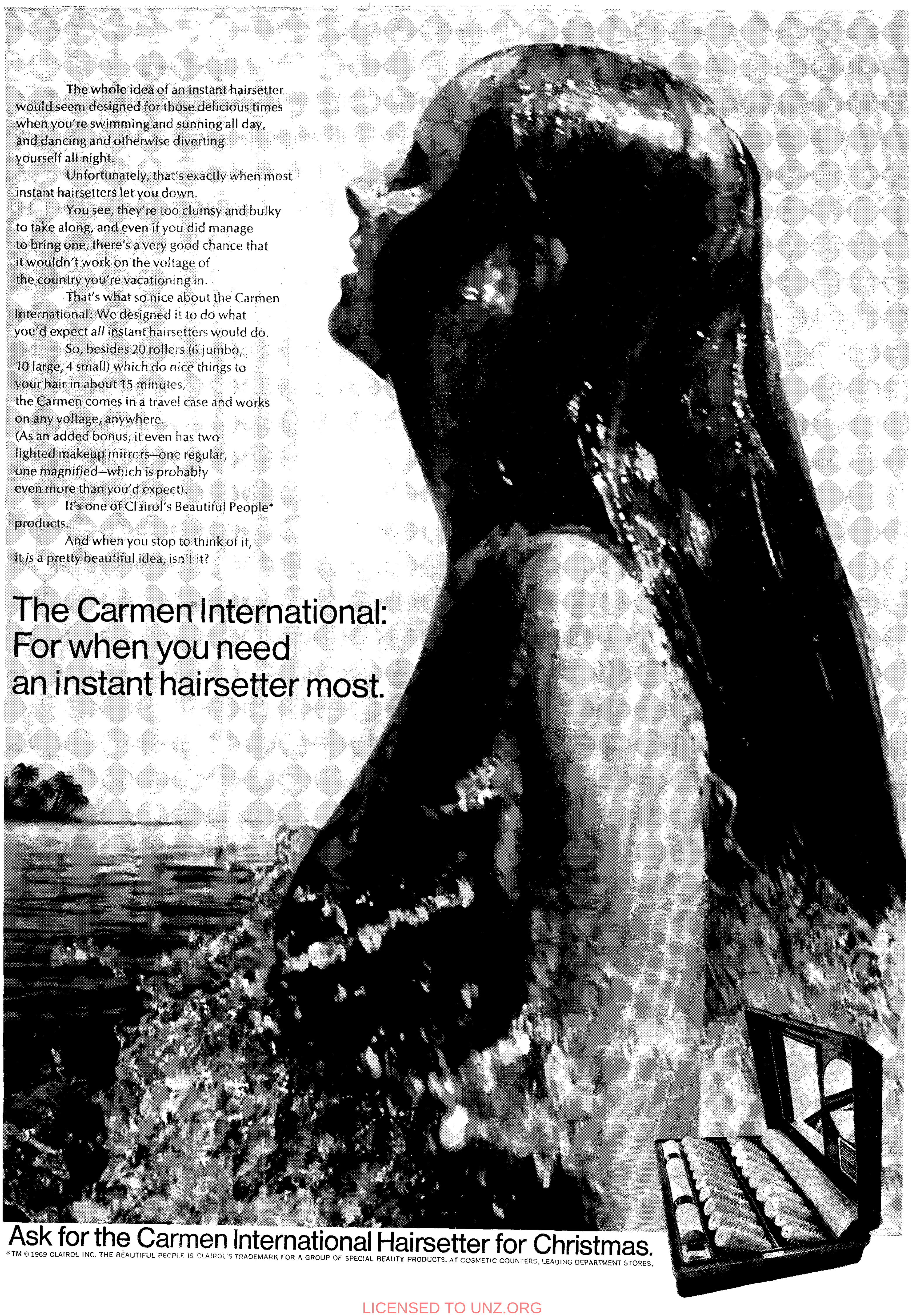
"Not all," Eileen said meaningly. "The Shellys never thought Dada's daughters would have to go out as clerks. They were sure Doris and I would go to college."

"Had there been the slightest cooperation on the part of either of you, mine would not have been lacking," Henry said gravely.

"The Shellys would like Eileen and Doris to be teachers," Mrs. Blake broke in. "Share digs with women friends, meet nothing but schoolmarms, and spend their holidays in Y.W.C.A. hostels."

"At least they earn the money they spend," Henry said.

Eileen made what she could of her work for Mr. Belkin. Her stepfather looked impenetrably grave, and Mrs. Blake said she hoped neither of her daughters would marry a foreigner. But Aunt Gwen, who would rather



The whole idea of an instant hairsetter would seem designed for those delicious times when you're swimming and sunning all day, and dancing and otherwise diverting yourself all night.

Unfortunately, that's exactly when most instant hairsetters let you down.

You see, they're too clumsy and bulky to take along, and even if you did manage to bring one, there's a very good chance that it wouldn't work on the voltage of the country you're vacationing in.

That's what so nice about the Carmen International: We designed it to do what you'd expect *all* instant hairsetters would do.

So, besides 20 rollers (6 jumbo, 10 large, 4 small) which do nice things to your hair in about 15 minutes, the Carmen comes in a travel case and works on any voltage, anywhere. (As an added bonus, it even has two lighted makeup mirrors—one regular, one magnified—which is probably even more than you'd expect).

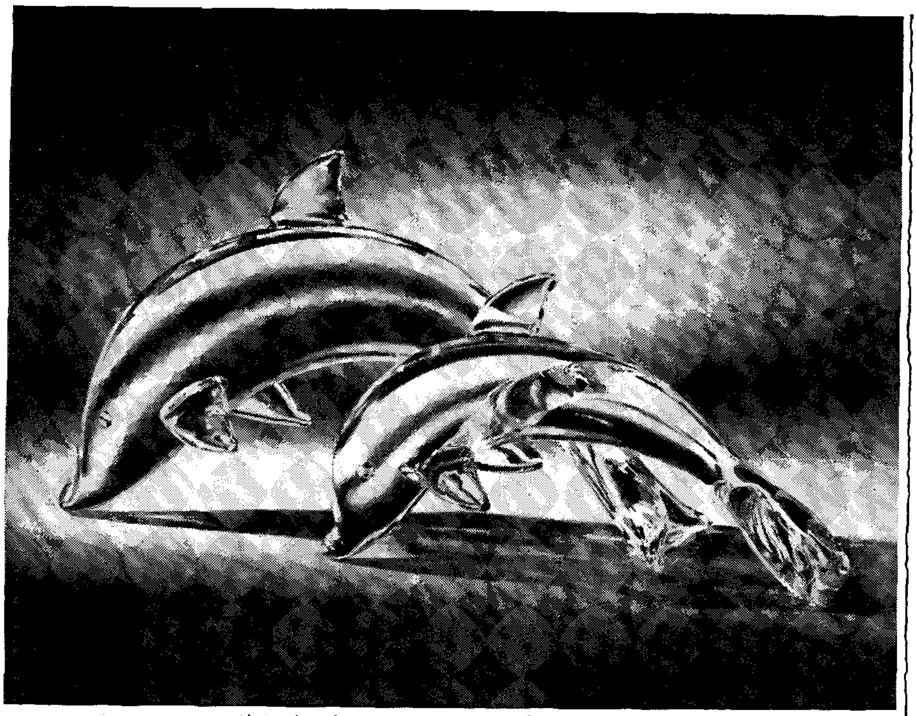
It's one of Clairol's Beautiful People* products.

And when you stop to think of it, it *is* a pretty beautiful idea, isn't it?

The Carmen® International: For when you need an instant hairsetter most.

Ask for the Carmen International Hairsetter for Christmas.

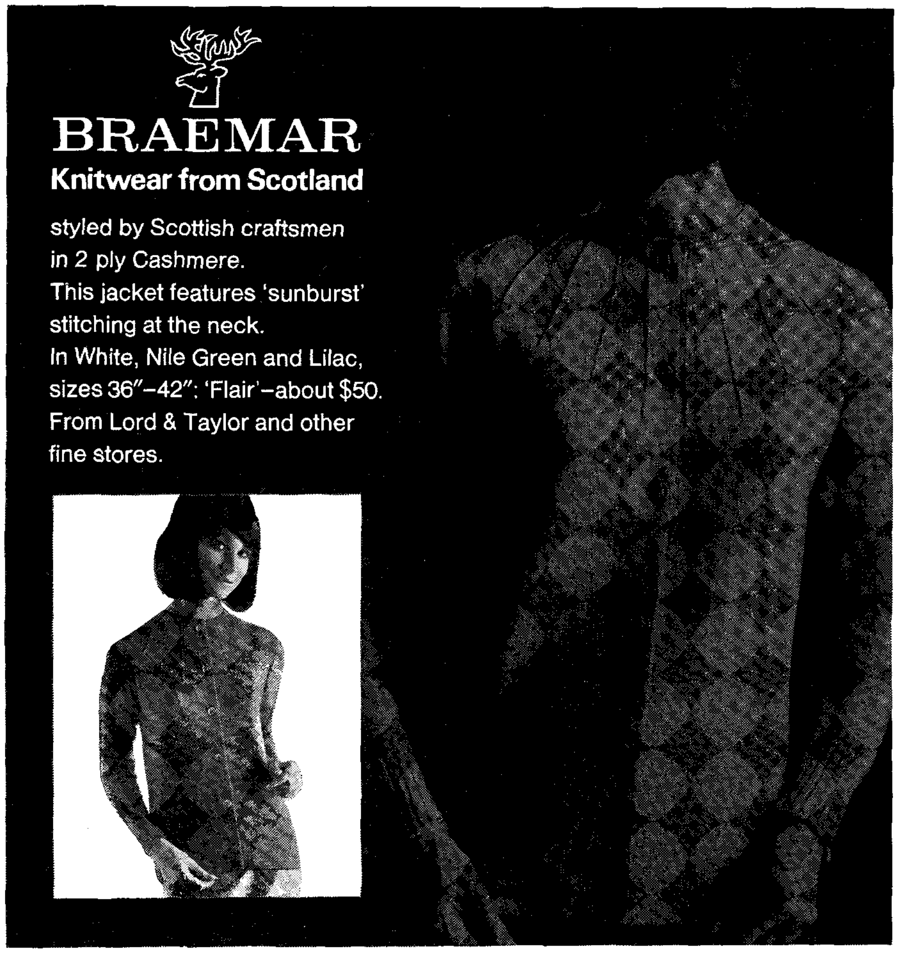
*TM © 1969 CLAIROL INC. THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IS CLAIROL'S TRADEMARK FOR A GROUP OF SPECIAL BEAUTY PRODUCTS. AT COSMETIC COUNTERS, LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES.



9¼ inches long, $145.00 • 6 inches long, $85.00

Crystal porpoises—
flashing arcs of brilliance

STEUBEN GLASS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022



BRAEMAR
Knitwear from Scotland
styled by Scottish craftsmen in 2 ply Cashmere. This jacket features 'sunburst' stitching at the neck. In White, Nile Green and Lilac, sizes 36"–42": 'Flair'–about $50. From Lord & Taylor and other fine stores.

Braemar Knitwear (U.S.A.) Ltd., 1407 Broadway, Suite 2108, New York, N.Y. 10018.

see a daughter of hers dead and in her grave than married to a Corsican, admitted to having met some fascinating Russians at a hotel in Berne.

"This one isn't particularly fascinating," Eileen told them. "But he's awfully nice."

"And what profession does this alien in our midst pursue, if I may ask?" said Henry, between prolonged bouts of chewing.

"The letters I write for him are mostly to English firms trying to sell farm equipment to Russia. But there were two people who wanted Russian lessons."

"Probably a cloak for more nefarious activities," Mrs. Blake said easily. "Well, so long as he doesn't teach you to throw bombs at the King."

"In any case, a precarious means of subsistence," Henry said. Even the sanctimonious Henry seemed to regard every new male acquaintance as a potential husband for Eileen.

Doris, who suddenly appeared in the doorway, having broken the heel of her shoe, came in for the end of the discussion. Hers was the last word. "How old is Mr. Belkin?"

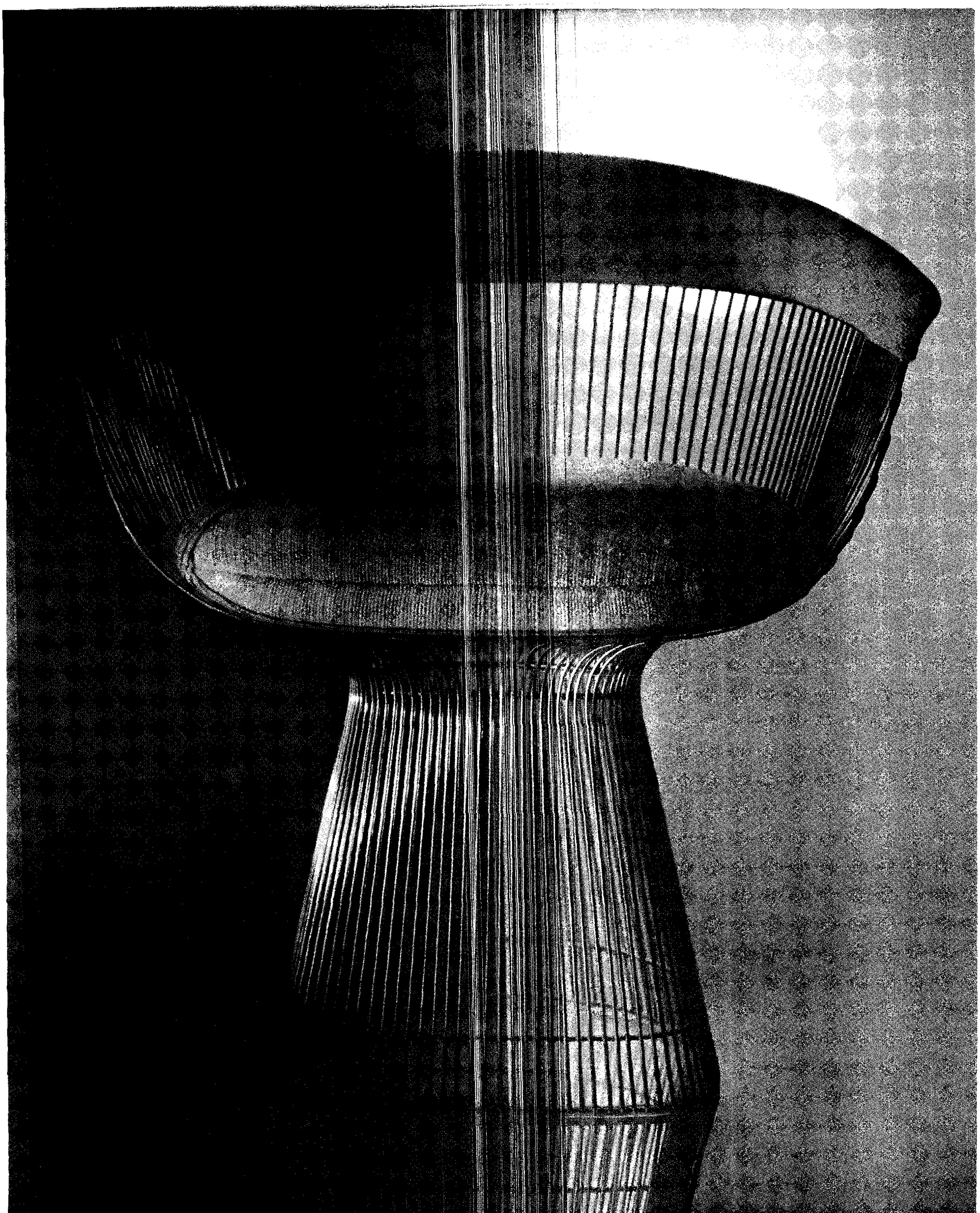
"Forty," Eileen said quickly, and Doris quickly disappeared again.

AGAIN days passed with no word from Mr. Belkin, and Eileen began to be afraid he had identified her with the insolence of Beatrice. But a week later a postcard with a Nottingham postmark came addressed in that sloping foreign handwriting she was already familiar with. Mr. Belkin wrote that he had been called away on business but would be back in a day or two and would venture to call on Miss Shelly when he got back. And two days later Mr. Belkin appeared at her door, holding his portable typewriter and briefcase, explaining that he would rather prefer to work in her room if she had no objection. "I think perhaps it will be less interruption."

He stood uncertainly in the middle of the floor, where the ceiling drooped within inches of his head. "It won't fall on you," Eileen said in reply to his nervous upward glance. She took the typewriter from him and set it on the floor against the wall. "I have my own. And do sit down."

He dropped into the armchair on the hearth. "Is like room of Russian student," he said, looking around the sparsely furnished whitewashed chamber, uncurtained and uncarpeted. He drew the familiar letter file from his briefcase. "Where can we work?" he asked.

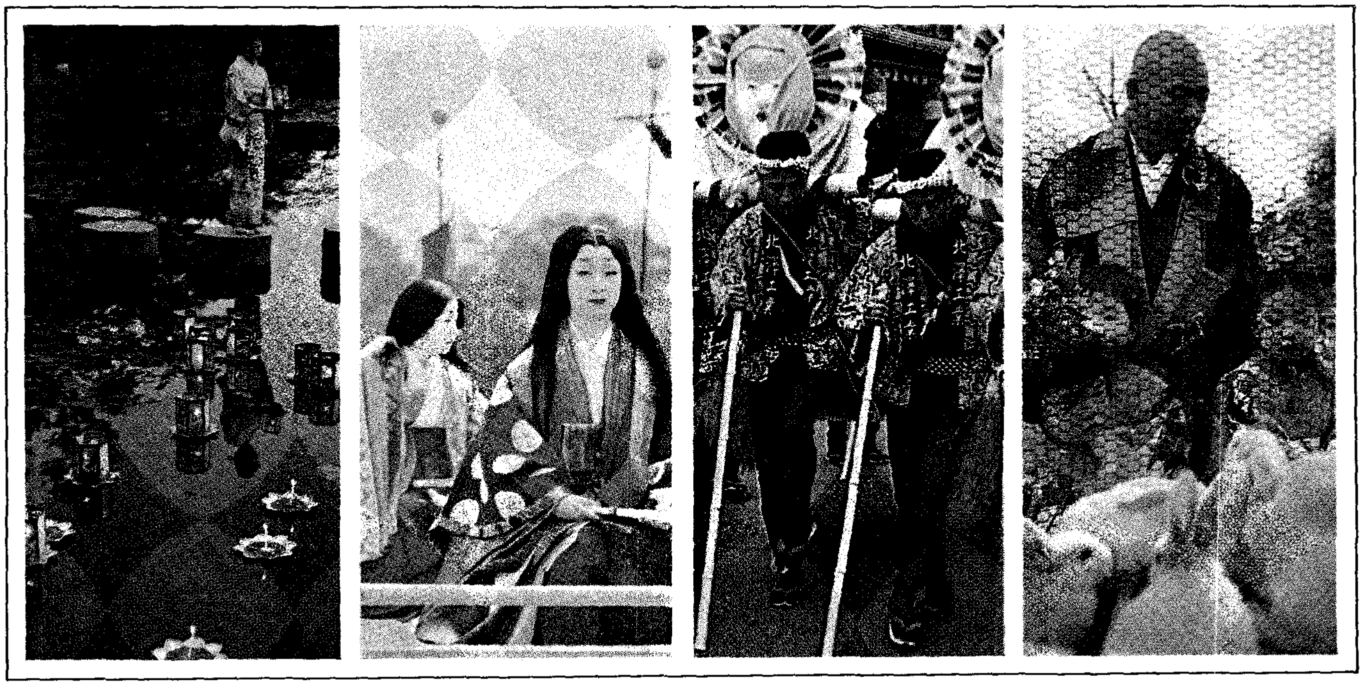
"Here," said Eileen, and lifted the



"Every genuine work of art has as much reason for being as the earth and the sun."—Emerson

This is a Platner Chair. Part of a new collection designed by Warren Platner for the great indoors. Designing it was one thing. Making it was another. For it requires a degree of skill previously unheard of in furniture-making. The Platner collection has been likened to "putting contemporary sculpture into production." The collection includes an easy chair, lounge chair, stool, side and coffee tables and dining table. In bright nickel or dark bronze finish. If you'd like to see what these other pieces look like, please write for our illustrated brochure. Knoll Associates, Inc., *Furniture and Textiles*, 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022
Knoll International operates in 26 countries.

Come for the festival season

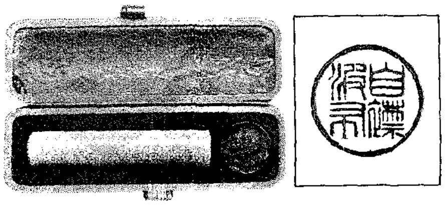


In Japan you come upon festivals everywhere. Each colored by its own delightful legend. Candlelit lanterns float on a quiet stream. Elegant pageants commemorate a page of local history. Whole villages turn out on parade. Traditionally dressed children thank animals for their fur with gifts of food.

Or perhaps you'll discover a tiny street fair around the corner from your new western-style hotel...or attend EXPO '70, where festivals of all regions will be specially staged. Big or small, you're bound to sight a celebration almost any day in Japan. With costumes and customs from another era. In delightful contrast to the bustling present.

It's all part of the charm of visiting Japan, where the old and the new happily blend. Travel by luxurious jet to a town where time stands still and the houses are festooned with bright streamers for the ancient Summer Star festival.

Stay in a 17th-century *ryokan*-inn and enjoy ham and eggs for breakfast. Feast your eyes on shops loaded with cameras, pearls, silks. Indulge in a unique *han* seal with your own name delicately engraved in Japanese characters. Or, just down the street, join the owner of the tiny antique shop in tea and sweet *senbei* crackers before he shows you his treasures.



For the festivals aren't the only thing that's old in Japan. So is the tradition of hospitality. You'll feel as welcome as a personal guest wherever you go.

Ask your travel agent about what's happening in Japan this year, and arrange to be a part of it. And ask us for our free new edition of "Your Guide to Japan." Then pack your bags and prepare for a real holiday—every day.

JAPAN NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION
45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10020/333 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60601/1420 Commerce Street, Dallas 75201/1737 Post Street, San Francisco 94115/727 West 7th St., Los Angeles 90017/109 Kaiulani Avenue, Honolulu 96815/165 University Ave., Toronto 1, Ontario... also in Mexico City and Sao Paulo.

Information on EXPO '70—Osaka, March 15-September 13, 1970—is available from all our offices.

It lasts all year in Japan

flap of a gateleg table pushed against the wall. He was astonished to see her turn in the chair she had fitted herself into at the table, raise the latch of the little door behind her, and thrust her arm through the opening; still more astonished when her hand came back holding a typewriter.

Mr. Belkin held a typewritten letter up to his glasses and cleared his throat, but instead of beginning to dictate he said, not looking up from the letter, "I have something to ask you."

Eileen blushed thickly.

"Will you give me perhaps English lessons?" He looked up sharply, and Eileen was sure he had observed her crimson cheeks.

"I've never given a lesson in my life," she faltered.

Mr. Belkin leaned back in his chair, even crossed his knees. "If you could explain me the use of the present perfect?"

"Which would that be?"

Mr. Belkin sighed. "We could read," he said, and sighed again, and asked permission to smoke.

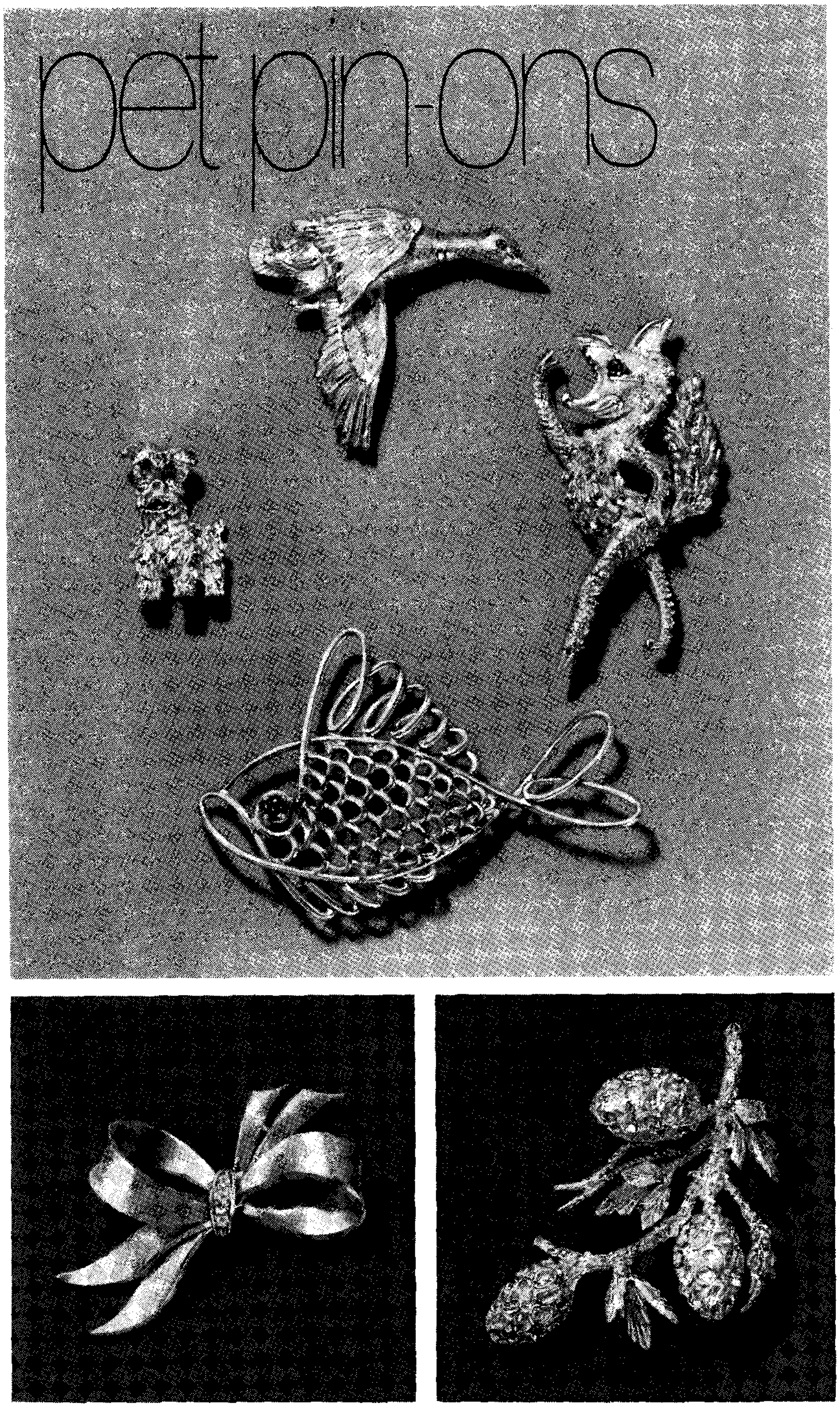
After taking out a cigarette, he laid the pack on the table, and Eileen shook a couple onto the letter file. "There's hardly any tobacco in them!" she said.

"Russian cigarettes. Together with *Mundstück*. Very hygienical."

"Can you get them in London?"

"I bring them with. They wished to take them away at Dover—too many, they told—but I say, 'I thought England would let me to smoke cigarettes of my native land.' And custom man smile and put crosses on every box. I hear him say to man next him, 'Chap homesick.' "

Eileen took the lid off her typewriter, but at that very moment a high, clear voice was heard from the bottom of the stairs asking the landlady if Miss Shelly was in. Eileen darted to the door and turned the key in the lock. The unseen caller mounted the stairs and knocked again and again, trying the handle between knocks, before giving up and clattering slowly down the stairs. Even after they heard the click of heels on the flags outside, the two in the room only ventured to speak in undertones. It was beginning to get dark in the room, and Eileen lit the gas before sitting down to nudge a sheet of paper into the typewriter. She typed Mr. Belkin's address and the date at the top right-hand corner of the paper and swung the carriage back to write "Dear Sirs," lower down. But there was to be no more typing that day. She got up and perched on the arm of Mr. Belkin's chair. Immediate-



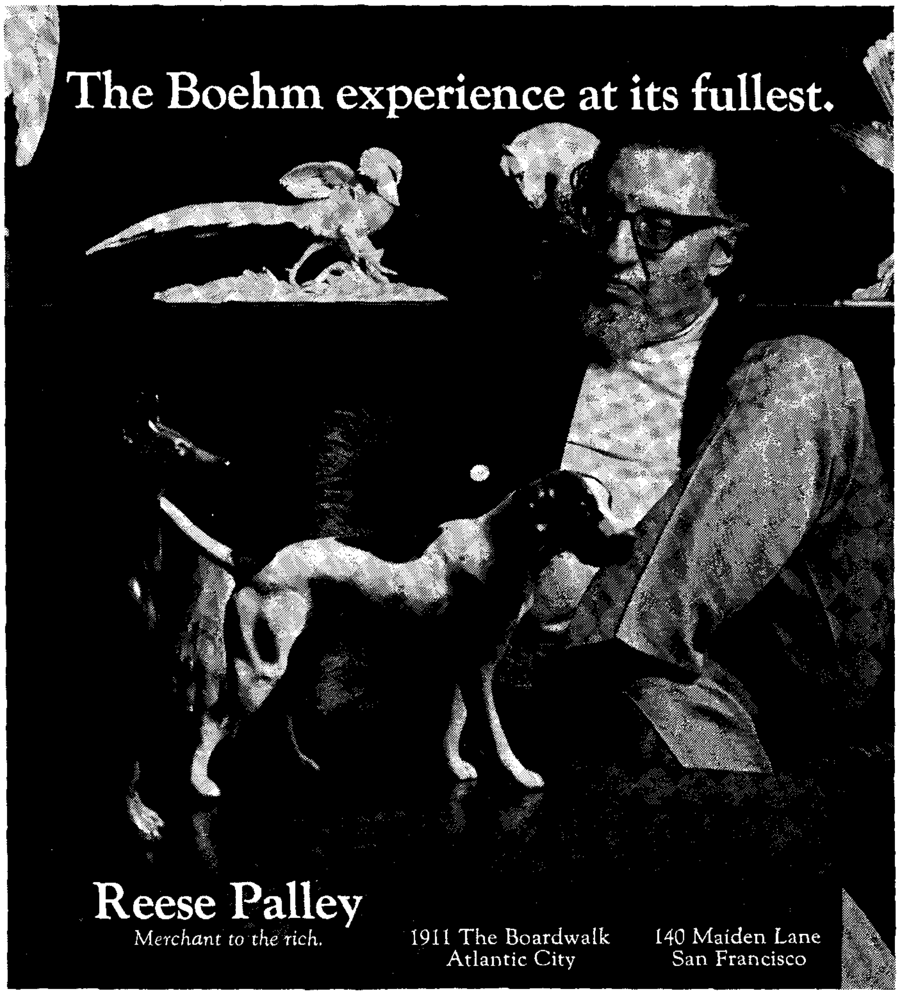
From the sparkling gift collection at Caldwell's.
Puppy, ruby eye, 14 kt. gold **$35.**
Wild duck on the wing, ruby eye, 14 kt. gold **$45.**
Proud fox with ruby eye, 14 kt. gold **$90.**
Fish with sapphire eye, 18 kt. gold **$125.**
Florentine finished bow, diamond knot, 14 kt. gold **$115.**
Pinecone branch, 14 kt. gold **$90.** Shown actual size.

J.E. Caldwell Co.
Founded 1839
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19107
Haverford, Pa. • Plymouth Meeting, Pa. • Wilmington, Del. • Moorestown, N.J.

The new edition of the Baker Album of Collectors' Choices presents more than 500 of Europe's most desirable designs. $3.00.

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
3311 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS



The Boehm experience at its fullest.

Reese Palley
Merchant to the rich.

1911 The Boardwalk
Atlantic City

140 Maiden Lane
San Francisco

ly his arm came round her waist and drew her against his hard, firm thigh. She felt urgent kisses in the very middle of her cheek, but when she turned to receive them on her lips Mr. Belkin moved his away. "Not hygienical," he said. Eileen pulled herself back and sat bolt upright on the arm of the chair. He passed a plump, white hand over his flushed face and smoothed the hair off his forehead. "In my country," he said, "girls do not kiss unless they are ready for all."

Eileen could not honestly tell herself that she was ready for All at the moment—a few more preliminaries, she thought, would have been in order—but she could not refuse something that sounded like a challenge to her integrity and slipped back into his arms. All, she discovered, was not much, but something prevented her from showing her disappointment. He still could not be persuaded to kiss her "properly." Even the most proper novels ended with the words "Their lips met," and Eileen asked in all innocence if he didn't like this.

"No, I like," he assured her, "but is not hygienical," and added with devastating realism, "Besides, I cannot breathe through the nose only. I think perhaps I have an obstruction."

"You should have it out," Eileen said.

And yet she would not mock at him as she had mocked at many a young man with far less provocation. There was a warmth and solidity in him that she had need of.

When her lover had gone, Eileen went down the wooden staircase to lock the cottage door but was tempted out into the yard by the sweetness of the night. Houses and pavements were white under a huge moon, and the branches of *Populus alba tremula* hovered over their own inky pool of shadow on the cobblestones. A light breeze came hushing through the leaves and lifted the short hairs on Eileen's temples. She stepped into the garage to wash at the faucet with icy water before going up the stairs to bed. She felt no elation, but a great calm seemed to have descended on her, and she got into bed and slept for nine hours.

THE first thing Eileen saw when she opened her eyes was Mr. Belkin's portable. "He'll have to come back for his typewriter," she told herself, unconsciously betraying her fear that perhaps he would never come back. Had not her mother taught her it was practically fatal for a girl to give all before marriage? She spent a good part of the day at her window, and by eight o'clock began planning how to return Mr. Belkin's typewriter. She was just wondering whether to take off the cover and stick a dignified note in the carriage, or get Mr. Lambert to take it back to his lodging and deliver it to him without a word, when she heard a light step on the stair, a discreet knock on the door.

Mr. Belkin greeted her with his usual grave courtesy, and kissed her hand, which she thought nice; nobody had ever kissed her hand before. His first words, after hanging up his coat and hat and seating himself at the hearth, were "My footsteps were dogged all the way home last night."

Eileen was startled. "By Beatrice?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"Not by the police, surely!"

He beamed at her. "By a dog! A little white doggy! She followed me all the way to your house, and when I went out she was waiting for me at the corner of the Grove. I think—she is like me, she has no home."

Eileen went up to him and laid her head against his shoulder, happy now to receive his warm hygienic kisses on her cheek.

"You are brave girl," he murmured. "You trust a stranger, foreigner, I like. You shall not regret. Much money, lives of many comrades have been trusted in me, and none was lost. And you will be safe."

"You make me feel ever so safe," said Eileen. "I don't know why."

"You will always be safe with me," he repeated, "but when the drum of revolution sound I shall follow it wherever I am, even if I must leave you."

"I'll go with you. So nobody will have to leave anybody."

"You will be revolutionary?" He smiled.

"You must tell me how," said Eileen.

IT is a truth not so universally acknowledged as it deserves that as soon as people are happy in one kind of relationship they are eager to change it for another. The hardened revolutionary and the rebellious daughter were soon spending an inordinate amount of their freedom discussing legal marriage. These discussions, always exciting, were sometimes alienating. They brought the world into their intimacy, and a certain fragrance of secrecy was gone forever from their relations. David considered that a revolutionary ought not to form family ties but had to admit that most of them did. He was easily brought to admit that he

From Westclox.

The clock that turns back the clock to 1910.

(A limited-edition classic.)

Pure Americana. The classic 1910 Big Ben alarm clock, handcrafted in a working, nickel-plated edition. Best gift idea of the last half century for collectors, connoisseurs and confirmed nostalgia buffs. Also nice for anyone who still has to get up in the morning. On time.

A limited edition, at leading stores. $40. Westclox Division of General Time, La Salle, Illinois.

Big Ben

Big Ben
Westclox
Big Ben

ALL PRICES ARE MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED PRICES.

would like to live with Eileen, to be spared the pain of constant partings. And this, of course, entailed marriage, because David as an alien would be forced to register any change of address with the police and a landlady would be quick to discover from his papers that they were living in sin. Having got David to this point, Eileen invariably withdrew in alarm. "Supposing we were to change our mind afterward and wish we hadn't?"

"I do not change the mind."

"Don't you ever have any doubts?"

"When the mind is made, doubts are waste time."

"So you do have them? What are they?"

David cleared his throat, put a cigarette between his lips, took it out again, crossed his legs, and began, "First, it is against my principles to marry, and I make vow never to marry bourgeois girl. And then you are so untidy. I live so long alone and am accustomed that all things have their place."

Alarmed now in the opposite direction, Eileen said, "You shall have a room to yourself. None of us ever go into my stepfather's study and it's the only tidy room in the house."

David protested that he did not want a study his wife could not go in and out of freely. He was sure Eileen could learn to be tidy if she really wanted to. All that was required was to put everything back in its place as soon as one had done with it.

Eileen did not consult her mother about getting married, but she bombarded her Socialist aunt with the tale of her doubts and desires. Aunt Enid listened with patient amiability, believing that people seldom ask advice until they have made up their minds what to do. Once, tired of Eileen's endless arguments for and against marriage, she exclaimed, "Well, then, *don't* get married! Why not just go on as you are?"

"We want to live together," Eileen faltered.

"Do you have to be married for that?"

"Well, you know—landladies, registering as an alien, and all that. David said he might be called up any day, or have to go back to Russia."

Eileen's Uncle Saul looked up from the *Clarion*. "Of course they have to get married," the old Anarchist said. "How long can people stand the emotional tension of love for love's sake?"

"Then go ahead and *get* married!" said Aunt Enid.

That same evening, Eileen told David that Dr. Moss thought they ought to get married as soon as possible. Others thought so, too. Mrs. Lambert kept asking her when they were going to church; she said the neighbors were talking about her.

"And do you care what the neighbors say?"

"We-ell," said Eileen.

"I know someone else who is greatly interested in our getting married," said David, his eyes twinkling behind his glasses. "I met your friend Miss Page on the stairs yesterday. She ask me when may she congratulate me. And if I see your parents yet. I say no, but looking forward to make their acquaintance, and she say, 'I suppose you know they're filthy Jews.' "

Eileen was appalled. "I had no idea people could be like that!"

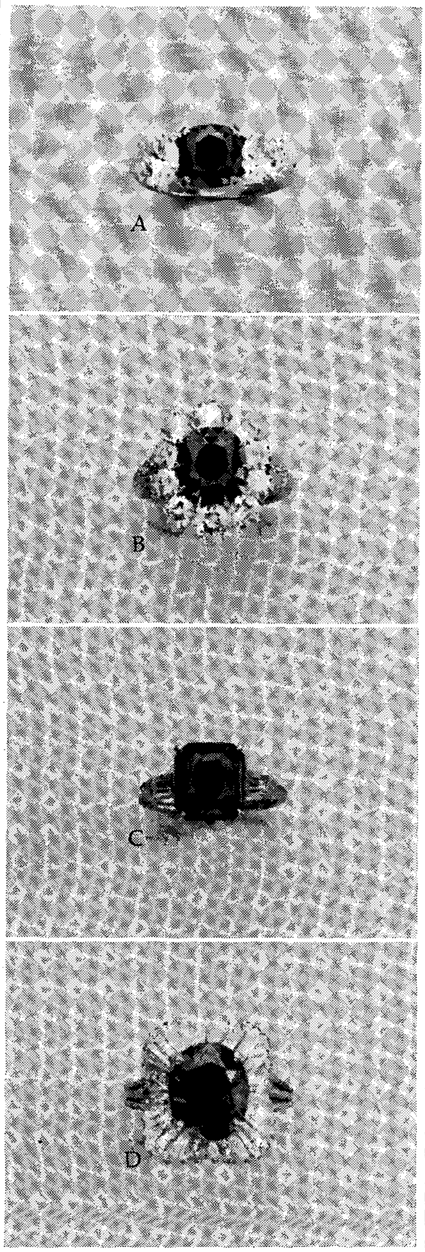
"You think it isn't any anti-Semitism in England?"

"Perhaps you'll call my mother anti-Semitic. My father was a Jew, but she sent me and Doris to school half an hour away because most of the girls in the nearest school came from Orthodox Jewish families and she said why should we brand ourselves?"

"What will she say about me?"

"I haven't told her you're a Jew. She thinks you're just a Russian, the way we think we're just English—with Jewish blood, you know. And my father died so long ago. She loves Jews herself, but she's afraid other people won't."

EILEEN had not expected David to allow himself to be so easily led to the home of her parents; she had yet to learn that no one is so conformable to the lesser social conventions as your professional revolutionary. Once having decided that he and Eileen were to be legally married, it seemed to him the most natural thing in the world that he should be shown to her parents, and he followed Eileen with imperturbable gravity into the crepuscular gloom of a small passage in which the spicy fumes from a joss stick struggled with the smell of fog and cooking. A stained-glass lantern swinging from the ceiling threw shafts of red, blue, and orange over the surface of a tall mirror, picking out a shifting network of stars on the wall. David could see nowhere to hang his coat, but Eileen stepped briskly through the stars, which immediately revealed themselves as nothing but beads in a rattling cascade of bamboo stems. Eileen held them apart for David to hang



SHREVE'S
SUPERB
SAPPHIRE &
DIAMOND
RINGS
A $6750. C $13,600.
B $9000. D $10,000.
Rings are in Platinum
Mass. Residents add 3% tax
(or if delivered in Mass.)
Shown actual size.

SHREVE
Crump & Low Company
of BOSTON
Boylston at Arlington
Boston, Mass. 02116 (617) 267-9100

It's an Old Forester kind of season.

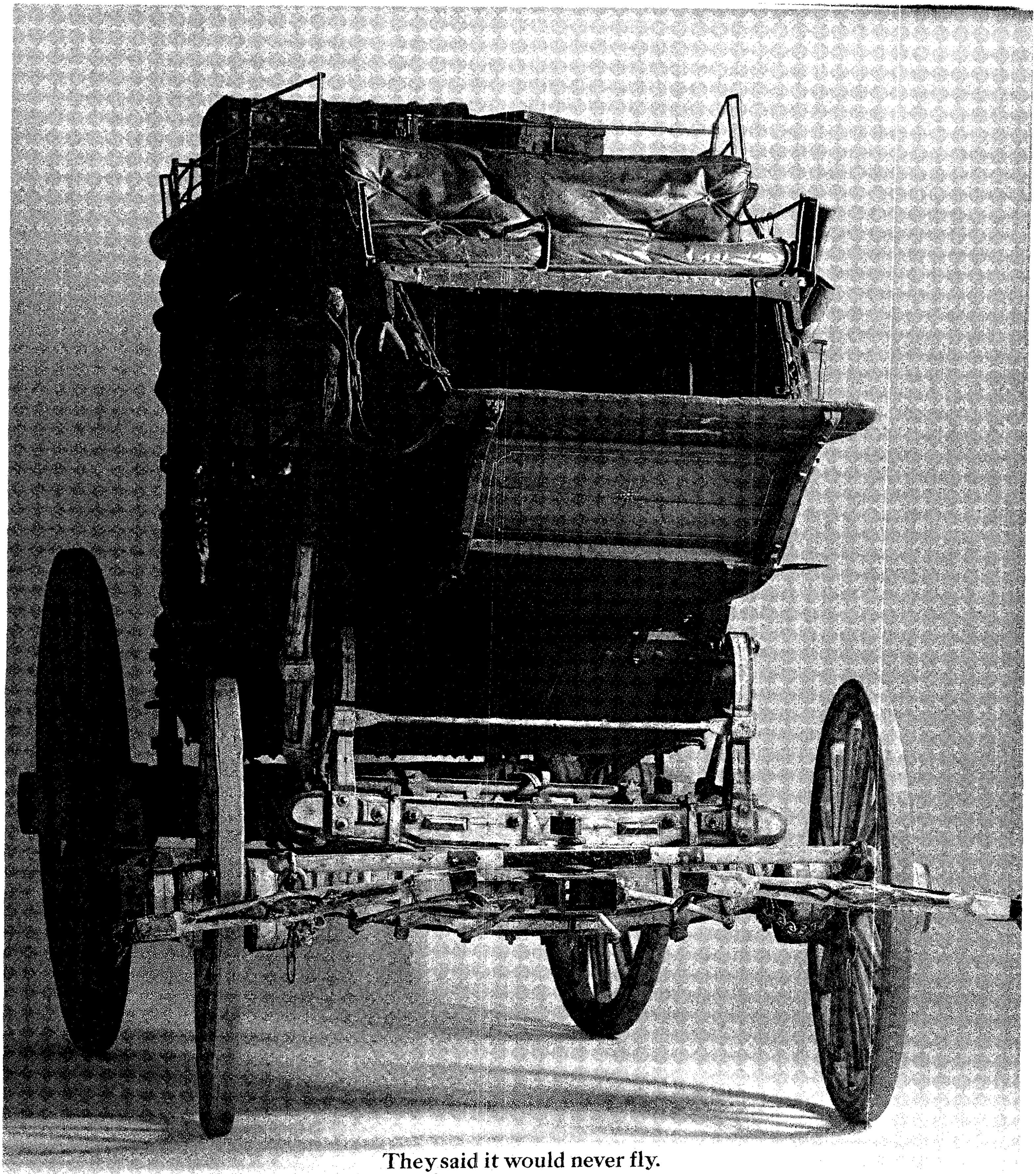
Old Forester
86 PROOF
Old Forester
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky
Old Forester
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky
86 PROOF

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky

Decanter and Gift Wrap at no extra cost.

At 86 or 100 proof. "There is nothing better in the market."

Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation. At Louisville in Kentucky © 1969.



They said it would never fly.

Back in 1852 we had an inspiration: "Let's introduce a bank with 2 doors and 4 wheels."

Well, there were plenty of skeptics around who told us we'd never get our idea off the ground.

But we'll let you be the judge.

Last year assets topped $5 billion. And we now have over 250 California branches.

That means we're not only the oldest bank in the West, but one of the nation's largest. With world-wide capabilities.

And with our ability to tailor specific services for your specific requirements, we figure the sky's the limit.

(Administrative Headquarters, 464 California St., San Francisco 94120; Southern California Headquarters, 415 West Fifth St., Los Angeles 90054. Member F.D.I.C.)

Wells Fargo Bank

their outdoor things on an empty hook and dropped them, causing another light rattle and starry panic.

Mrs. Blake was waiting for them upstairs in a corner of her drawing room, her head and shoulders bathed in the amber glow shed by a standard lamp. A Moorish table at her side held on its octagonal top a tarnished silver cigarette box, a bronze ashtray in the form of a lily pad encircled by the arms of a drowned-looking naiad, and a Mudie novel held lightly open by a crumpled lacy handkerchief. The wide sleeves of her pleated tea gown fell away from a lean forearm as, without rising, she gave her hand to David. When she leaned forward to greet him, the light, no longer filtered by the kindly lampshade, fell full on a drawn face, where rouge stood out on haggard cheeks and thin smiling lips.

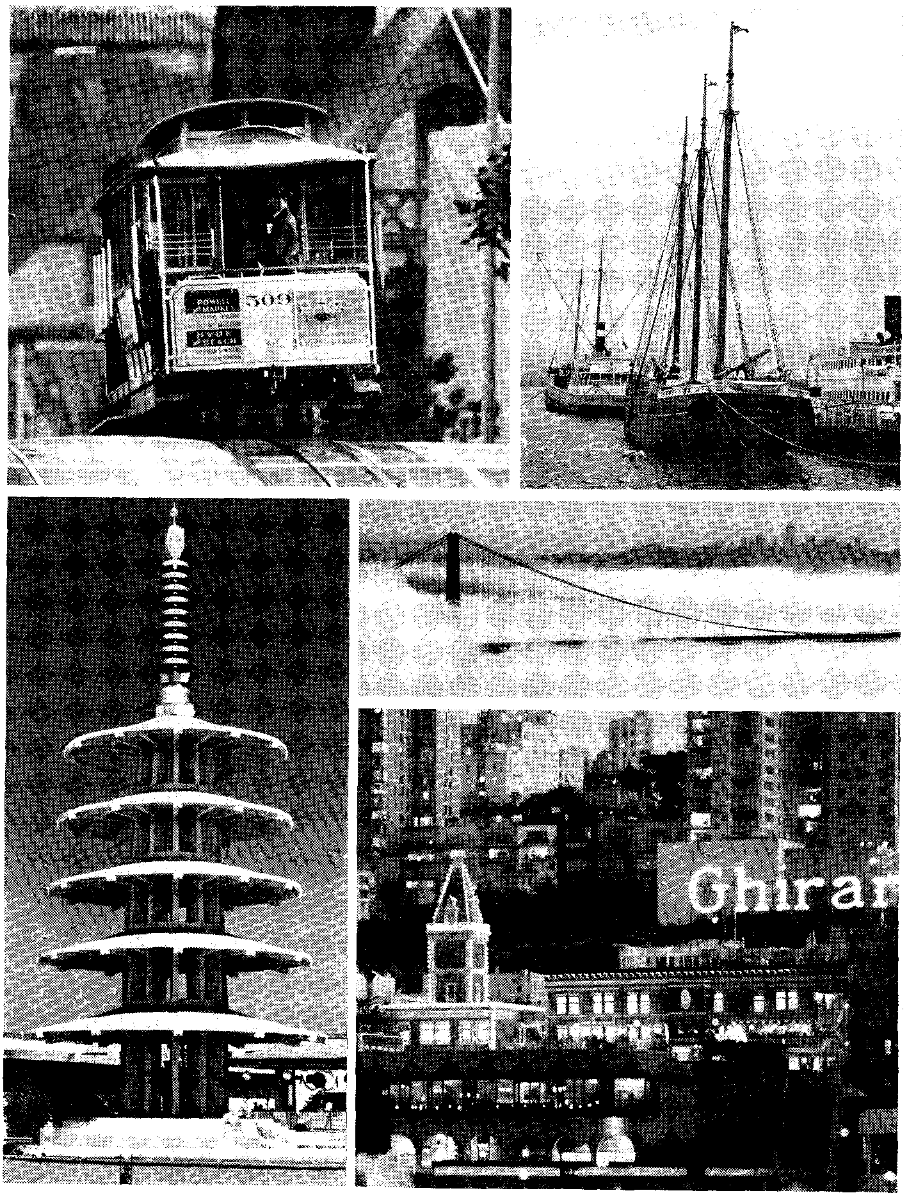
David might pass for an easygoing, simple fellow, but he had knocked about the capitals of Europe and knew a professional siren when he saw one. He took in the dense black curls ranged over the high narrow forehead, the strings of beads rising and falling in the deep V of the lace collar, the slender, carefully exposed ankle, the arched foot crushed into a high-heeled satin slipper. He surrendered his hand to a warm knuckly grasp, there was a grinding of rings in his own well-cushioned palm, a light, quick release, and his hand, slightly smarting, was his own again.

"So this is David," Mrs. Blake said tenderly. "Sit down beside me and let's get to know one another."

David ducked, emitted a resonant, respectful how-do-you-do, and sank cautiously into the armchair indicated by his hostess's gracious gesture. Below him, a wire twanged musically as the cushioned seat touched the floor.

Henry hastened in, crablike. "Don't get up! Don't get up!" But David had already struggled to his feet to meet the pumping action of his host's handshake and was looking around surreptitiously for a less engulfing seat. "What about a little light on the subject, Mem?" Henry said, and touched a switch. Everyone flinched at the harsh glare from the ceiling, and Mrs. Blake moaned and put a ringed hand to her eyes.

The room instantly lost all resemblance to a corner in a seraglio and became a comfortable London drawing room, complete with thick rugs, Oriental vases, and a Broadwood piano. All this seemed imposing enough to David, whose myopic glance did not at once take in the dingy colors of the



"San Francisco...
it has everything.
It is everything."

Dylan Thomas

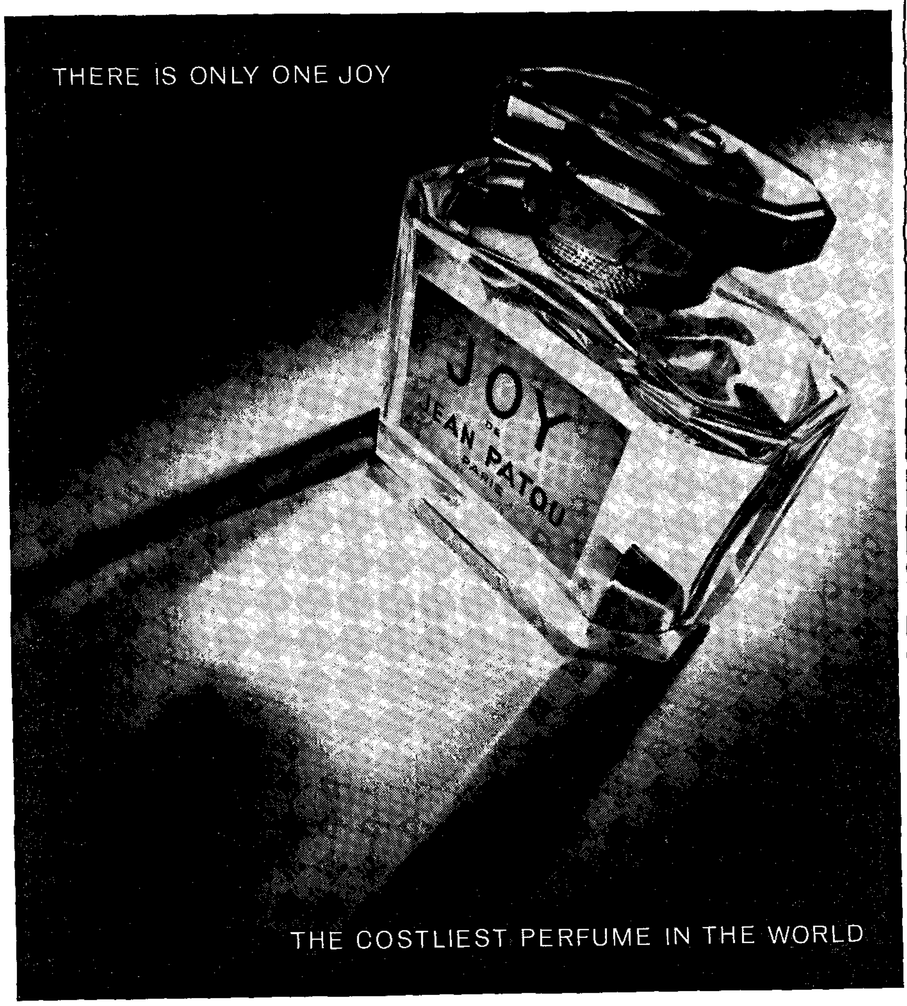
A chocolate factory that's been converted into a modern urban bazaar. A Japanese Cultural Center. A museum that's a wharf, where you can stand on the gently rolling deck of a steam schooner or handle the helm of a paddlewheel ferry. In San Francisco, past, present and future throb and breathe with life. That's why a little of San Francisco can show you more of the good things of this world than a lot of anywhere else. This year, why don't you come and discover what so many people see in San Francisco?

For a preview of what to expect, write for a free copy of "This is San Francisco."

San Francisco
CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU
Dept. NY-3, Fox Plaza, San Francisco 94102

HOW TO MEET SPRING...
in one and a half ways. Our brief jacket polyester plaid costume, with braid rulings and very update molded silhouette. 8-20, navy and red. By Carillon. 80.00

MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Columbus, Ohio
East Orange, Short Hills, N.J. **Doop's**



upholstery, the missing rings on the window curtains, the dusty Cape gooseberries in the vase of gap-toothed mosaic. Mellow sounds—a Chinese gong struck in the hall—summoned them down carpeted stairs to the dining room, where the table looked pretty in the light of a hanging lamp with rose-colored fringed shade. Here, too, David was impressed by the atmosphere of comfort and did not notice the drop handle missing from a door in the sideboard, or that the clock of black marble, like the gilt-and-ivory timepiece in the middle of the drawing-room mantel, had no crystal over its paralyzed hands.

The dinner was bad, but David disliked English cooking anyhow, and after all it was wartime. Mrs. Blake tried to draw him out with sympathetic questions, fixing a melting brown gaze on his face. Henry Blake was an assiduous host, a conventional English gentleman—a type David recognized and respected. Aunt Gwen, invited to meet Eileen's fiancé, was bright-eyed and vivacious. Doris was there, too. She was off to a dance; nothing but curiosity to see her sister's young man could have kept her at home to dinner, and after a quick gobble she pushed back her chair and rushed past the diners, whispering in Eileen's ear, "I love him!"

In devout conformity with upper-class tradition, Mrs. Blake, followed by Aunt Gwen and Eileen, swept out of the room after the melancholy blancmange with stewed prunes had been coped with, leaving the men to sit over the decanter of whiskey and the soda-water siphon. Aunt Gwen would not climb the stairs; she had a long way to go—living, as she had taken pains to inform David at dinner, "only ten minutes from the House of *Lords*." Eileen had often heard her aunt say this to new acquaintances, but the absurdity of it came home to her for the first time when she caught the malicious twinkle behind David's glasses.

Her mother lit a cigarette and nestled into a corner of the sofa, watching the blue spiral of smoke on a level with her eyes. "I like your David," she said, a shade too heartily. "He's so human. When are we to dance at your wedding?"

"There ain't going to be no wedding."

"At least you'll go to a registry office?"

"David will if I want him to, but he says it won't bind him. He says nothing can bind him but his own feelings."

"Oh, yes it can," said her moth-

$2,000
$550
$1,275
$600

By the end of 1968, few people had ever heard of us. 1969 has been no exception.

Well, we didn't do it again.

We didn't get famous.

Which is kind of strange when you consider that for the past 61 years, we've been making some of the finest timepieces in the world.

But not really so strange when you consider that someone else's name is usually on them.

The country's best jewelers are proud to put their own names on our Concord watches. And while this makes us quite happy, it also keeps us quite anonymous. Very few Concord owners know that the fine watch they wear is really a Concord.

So the time has come to tell the world that respected jewelers also sell Concord watches under the Concord name.

If you've always wanted to own a great timepiece, buy a Concord. With your jeweler's name on it. Or ours.

A Concord by any other name is still a Concord.

CONCORD

Concord Watch Company, 720 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

The World's Most Famous Unknown Watch.

If you've ever tasted a chocolate covered cherry you've almost tasted Cheri-Suisse.
Cheri-Suisse
SWISS CHOCOLATE CHERRY Liqueur
But our Swiss version isn't so sweet and innocent.
Enjoy it after dinner. Over ice. Or to perk up a parfait.
IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED STATES FOR PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVENUE N.Y. 60 PROOF

er sagely. "The law will bind him."

"I'd rather trust to David's feelings."

"Even so," her mother said, leaning forward and pausing a moment, then continuing in low rapid tones, as if a revelation had been vouchsafed her. "Even so, if you stick to conventions you have everyone on your side, but if you ignore them you have to be content with a narrow circle of cranks and eccentrics."

"But Mother, the people you call cranks and eccentrics are the only ones who interest me."

"Of course they are—me, too. But you can have them as well. Why alienate the majority—the ordinary people one has to live with? You can keep the artistic bohemian sort for amusement."

"David isn't a bit artistic, and his friends aren't half so bohemian as you are. It's simply that they've worked out principles of their own."

"Isn't that rather a waste of energy? Conformity would save them a lot of time and trouble if they only knew it." She lit another cigarette. "What ages Henry's keeping him! Boring him stiff, you may be sure."

"Oh, I don't suppose so. David's awfully conventional in some ways. Much more than you are."

"I hope your David likes me. Has it ever struck you that you and Doris are rather lucky not to have some frump for a mother? Men can see *you* won't be so bad, either, when you're older."

THE thick, mustard-colored blanket of fog, burning throats and searing the insides of eyelids, had rolled away, leaving behind it a strange blackness that dimmed the arc lights and shrouded houses to the chimney pots but no longer tasted of sulphur. The church in the middle of the square was still only a formless bulk, but its spire floated above the layer of blackness, and when their eyes got used to the murk they could even make out stars twinkling palely here and there above the rooftops. By the time they reached the long emptiness of Earls Court Road, they could see the curb and the stone coping under the railings of front gardens.

"Could you believe my mother was going on for fifty?" Eileen asked eagerly.

"Easily I could" was the ungallant reply.

"Don't you think she's . . . beautiful?"

"She has beautiful eyes. Your eyes, only not so . . ."

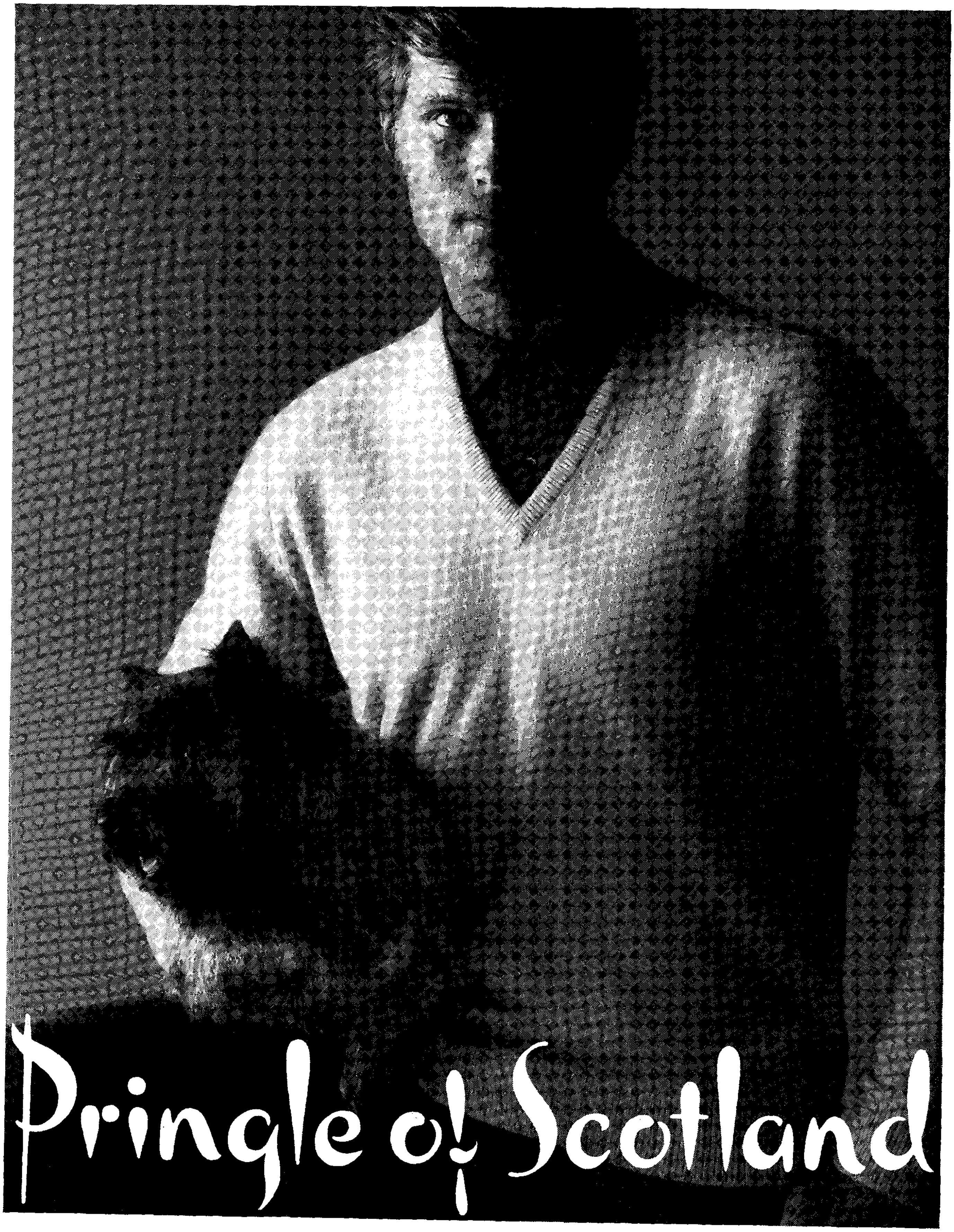
"So what?"

David did not quite know how to put

Pringle of Scotland
Available in these fine stores

Akron, Ohio	Alan Richard
Albany, New York	Flah's Inc.
Ann Arbor, Michigan	Jacobsons
Asheville, N. C.	Bell's Traditional Ltd.
Aspen, Colorado	Grassfield's
Atlanta, Georgia	Lord & Taylor
Atlanta, Georgia	A. L. Zachry
Austin, Texas	Scarbroughs
Baltimore, Maryland	Hutzler Brothers
Battle Creek, Michigan	Jacobsons
Bermuda	Archie Brown & Son
Birmingham, Michigan	Jacobsons
Boston, Mass. & Branches	Filene's
Boston, Massachusetts	Lord & Taylor
Bowling Green, Ohio	University Shop
Brooklyn, N.Y. & Branches	Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, New York	Kleinhans Co.
Burlingame, California	Robert W. Gates
Burlington, Vermont	Magram's
Carmel, California	John Grissim
Chagrin Falls, Ohio	Belmont Stores
Charleston, West Virginia	Schwabe May
Chattanooga, Tennessee	Gentry Ltd.
Chicago, Illinois	Baskins
Chicago, Illinois	Brittany Ltd.
Chicago, Illinois	Carson, Pirie & Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio	University Shop
Cleveland, Ohio	Higbee Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	May Co.
Columbia, Missouri	Woody's
Columbus, Ohio	F. R. Lazarus
Columbus, Ohio	Moe Glassmans
Columbus, Ohio	Walker's
Dallas, Texas	Canterbury Shop
Dayton, Ohio	Walker's
Denver, Colorado	Grassfield's
Elmira, New York	H. Strauss
Flint, Michigan	A. M. Davison
Greeley, Colorado	Hibbs Clothing Co.
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania	212 Man's Shop
Hartford, Connecticut	Henry Miller
Houston, Texas	Norton Ditto
Indianapolis, Indiana	L. S. Ayres
Kent, Ohio	Stag Clothiers
Kingston, New York	Yallum's
Lexington, Kentucky	Meyers
Los Angeles, California	All Bullocks Stores
Louisville, Kentucky	Fashion Post
Madison, Wisconsin	MacNeil & Moore
Memphis, Tennessee	Davis Weinberg
Miami, Florida	Burdines
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	MacNeil & Moore
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Milwaukee Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minnesota	Liemandt's
Morgantown, West Virginia	University Shop
Nassau, Bahamas	Nassau Shop
New Haven, Connecticut	White Inc.
New York, N. Y. & Branches	Bloomingdale's
New York, N. Y. & Branches	Bonwit Teller
New York, New York	H. Herzfeld
New York, N. Y. & Branches	Lord & Taylor
New York, New York	F. R. Tripler
New York, N. Y. & Branches	Wallach's
Norman, Oklahoma	University Shop
North Kansas City, Missouri	Mister Guy
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma	S. C. Orbach
Oxford, Ohio	University Shop
Palo Alto, California	Tierney's
Pasadena, California	Bayne Williams
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Bonwit Teller
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Jacob Reed
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Lord & Taylor
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Miller White
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	Joseph Horne
Portland, Oregon	Lowensons
Providence, Rhode Island	Philip Wolfe
Richmond, Kentucky	University Shop
Richmond, Virginia	Berry Burk
Roanoke, Virginia	Joseph Davidson
Rochester, New York	B. Forman
Sacramento, California	Irwins
Saginaw, Michigan	Jacobsons
St. Louis, Missouri & Branches	Boyd's
San Antonio, Texas	Frank Bros.
San Francisco, California	Jay Briggs
San Francisco, California	Wilkes Bashford
San Jose, California	Mann Haus
Scarsdale, New York	A. M. Burns
Snyder, New York	Squire Shop
Springfield, Massachusetts	Haynes & Co.
Syracuse, New York	Manny's
Tucson, Arizona	Franklin University Shop
Tucson, Arizona	Levy's of Tucson
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	University Shop
Utica, New York	Wicks & Greenman
Waltham, Massachusetts	Grover Cronin
Washington, D. C.	Lord & Taylor
Washington, D. C.	Raleigh Haberdasher
Washington, D. C.	Lewis & Thos. Saltz
Wausau, Wisconsin	Harry Heinemann
West Hartford, Connecticut	English Shop
West Hartford, Connecticut	Lord & Taylor
Wichita, Kansas	Gentry Shop

Pringle of Scotland (U.S.A.) Ltd.
24 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

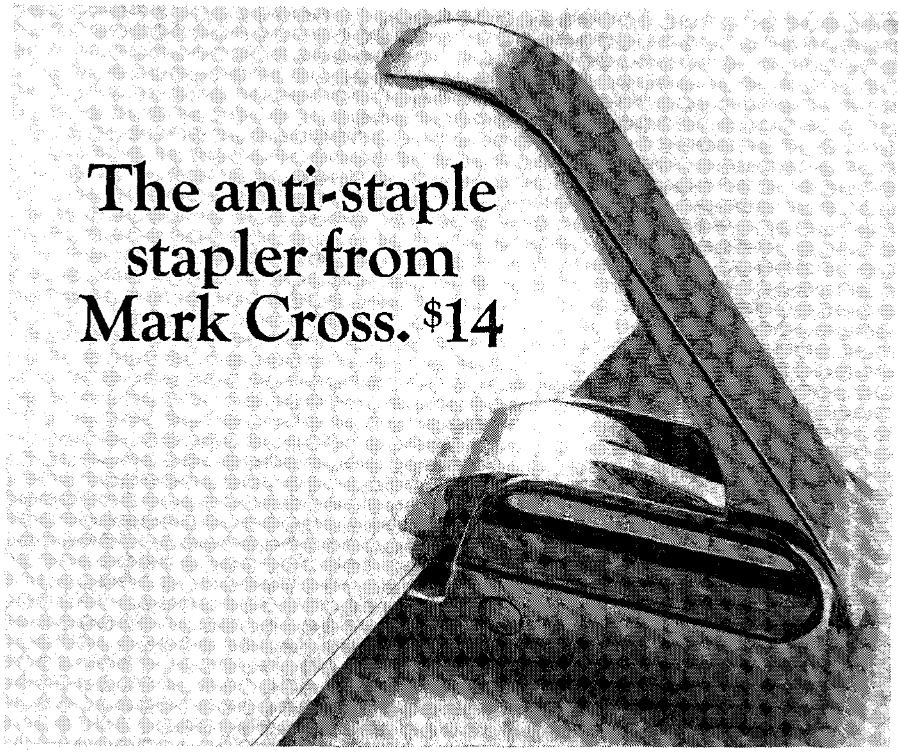


The sweater: Unmistakably Pringle, pure double weight cashmere or lambswool with saddle shoulders in a group of fashion-right colors. Made in Scotland. Sizes 38 to 46.

The sportshirt: Ask for Pringle's Ryder Cup, 100% fine Merino wool, long sleeves, machine washable. Made in Scotland in a full range of colors. Sizes S, M, L, XL.

(The Cairn Terrier, Drewfer's Decorum, of Scottish ancestry is also a champion, incidentally. Sorry, not for sale.)

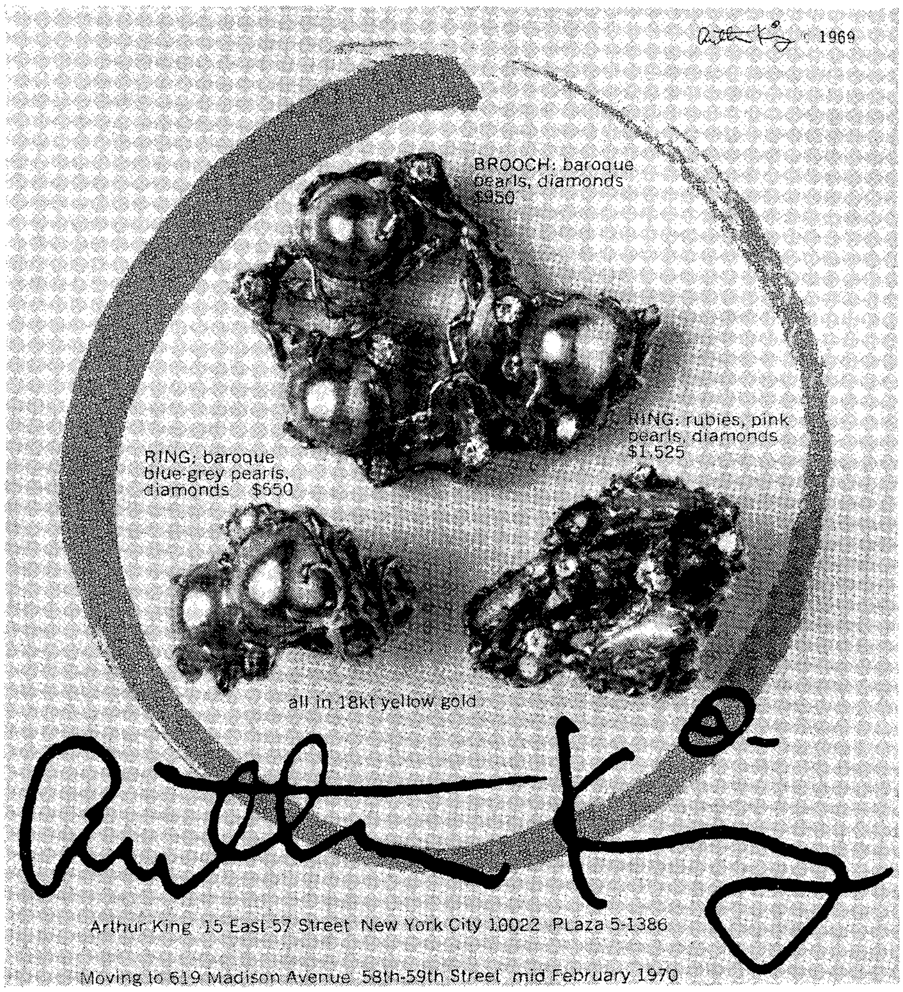
BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
MANUFACTURERS OF KNITTED GARMENTS
PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND LTD


The anti-staple stapler from Mark Cross. $14

Devilishly clever contraption. Joins papers together with a crimped seam, rather than clips or staples. (Papers can be separated without tearing.) Never needs refills. In bright chrome, 4½" long. To order, write Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C. or phone (212) 899-8900. (Add 90¢ postage beyond delivery area.) Catalog on request, 50¢.

MARK CROSS

New York / San Francisco / Beverly Hills / Atlanta / Bal Harbour, Fla.


© 1969
BROOCH: baroque pearls, diamonds $950
RING: rubies, pink pearls, diamonds $1,525
RING: baroque blue-grey pearls, diamonds $550
all in 18kt yellow gold
Arthur King
Arthur King 15 East 57 Street New York City 10022 PLaza 5-1386
Moving to 619 Madison Avenue 58th-59th Street mid February 1970

it. "Too sweet a little bit, I would say. She seems to be begging you to like her."

An empty bus trundled by, with clickings of ghostly hoofs and harness. Its lamps were mere smudges of light, and the driver passed them, heedless of their cries. So they plodded on through the gloom to Kensington High Street. There was not a wheeled vehicle of any sort in sight—even the cab rank was deserted—and David steered Eileen across the road to the steep flagged walk running between the grounds of Holland House and the garden walls of Campden Hill. An occasional gas lamp illuminated the ground for a few steps, and when they reached the top of the walk they halted under an ancient plane tree, unwilling to emerge from the leafy tunnel into the gaslit spaces of Notting Hill. The last of the fog had gone. "It stayed in West Kensington," Eileen said, leaning against the pied trunk of the plane tree, her face and neck spotlighted by the slanting rays of a street lamp through the branches.

"Did anyone ever tell you you are beautiful?" David asked.

"Artists have wanted to paint me."

Placing a hand under her elbow, he hurried her out into the street as if he had said too much. "I meant ordinary people," he said.

"Somebody once told my mother that I had moments of spiritual beauty," Eileen said, but added apologetically, "He wasn't an ordinary person, he was a poet."

"Ah!"

"What's the matter?" asked Eileen, alarmed.

"A sort of agony," he said, and stopped to pull her toward him and hold her close against him, till the footsteps of an approaching policeman seemed to wake him from a deep trance.

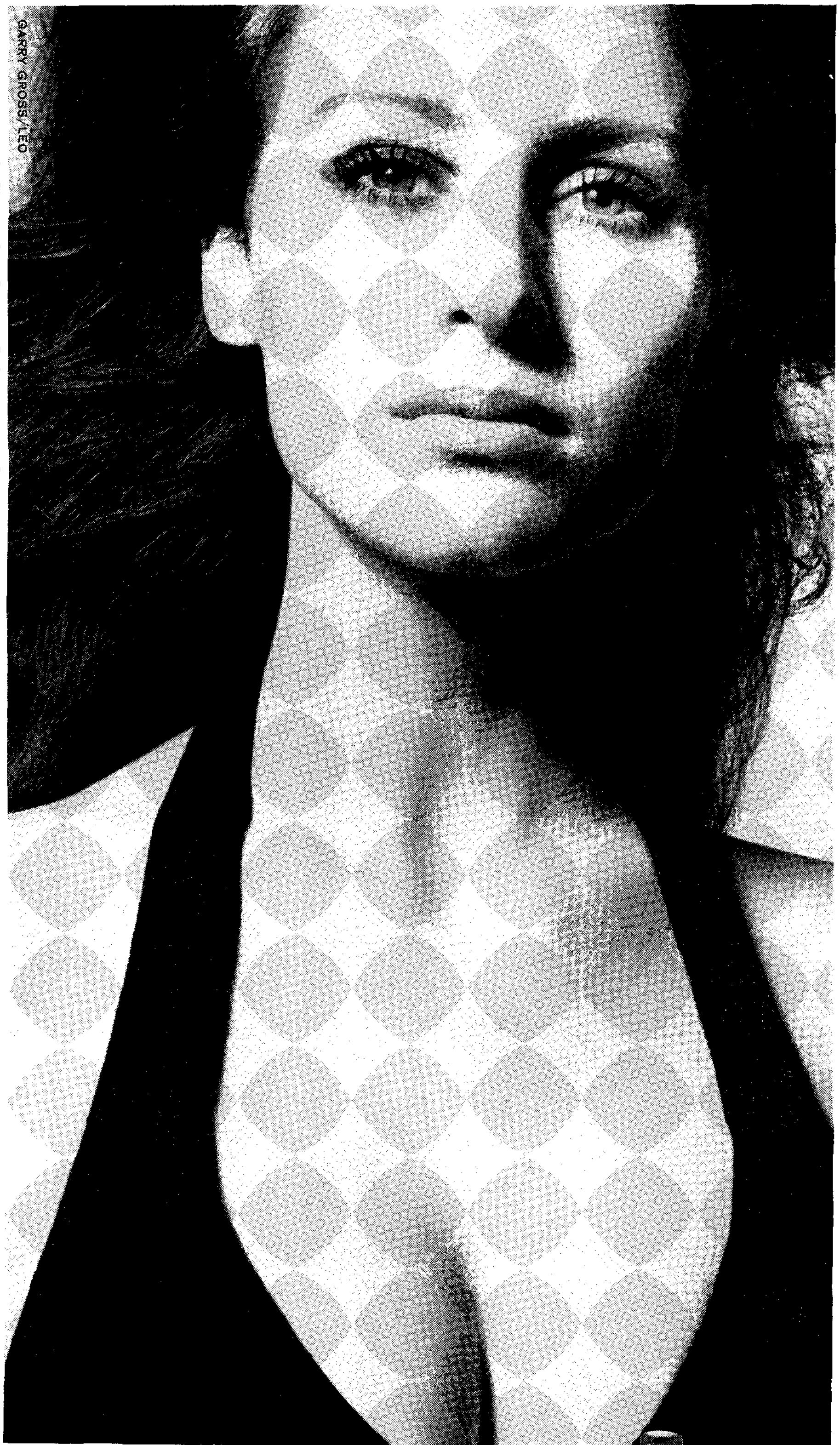
By the time they got to the Notting Hill Gate tube, houses and shops stood out as clear as day under the street lamps, and more stars showed in the upper reaches of the sky. David was not sure if they were in time to make the connection for the Hampstead line, and Eileen said she hated changing in the tube anyhow. David knew a short-cut to the Hampstead Road by way of the Harrow Road and Baker Street. If Eileen was not too tired? Nothing tired Eileen so long as she was allowed to talk, and they set off along the Bayswater Road, closely linked, meeting nobody but occasional policemen on point duty, each of whom looked at them sharply before wishing them a civil good night. One added, "And bless you!"

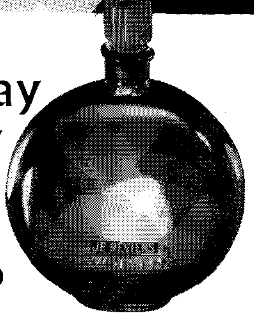
They crossed Edgware Road into Marylebone, coming out halfway down Tottenham Court Road. Eileen thought again how well David knew London—she would have gone miles out of her way if she had been alone. Now the Hampstead Road was almost in sight, and at the end of it was only a short stretch to the Hampstead tube, the Grove, Golden Square, and bed. Eileen's feet were beginning to hurt, but she hardly noticed them in the pleasure of having David where he almost had to listen to her. If they had been in a room, he would long ago have picked up a newspaper, being unaccustomed to giving or receiving confidences. She had discovered that all conversation except on political subjects or points of practical interest wearied him. But walking beside her on the resounding pavements beneath the light from the street lamps and the pallid sky, he had nothing to do but listen. Eileen's tale of a harassed suburban childhood, bullying nursemaids, a perpetually nagging stepfather, a mother who alternately dealt out ruthless punishment and exaggerated caresses, of the sudden return from boarding school to become her mother's confidante and plaything at the age of fifteen, was so far beyond anything he had ever known as to be all but incomprehensible to him. When she told him of constant anxiety about money, he was simply puzzled. "You had two servants, a house and a garden for only your family, you went every year to the seaside, you had dancing lessons, music lessons. How could you do all this if you were poor?"

"I don't know. That's the way it was. Henry was always saying we had our backs to the wall and must cut down on expenditure, and my mother could never see anything we could do without. Mother and Henry quarrelled incessantly, Doris and I were in agonies all the time. Our one thought was to reconcile them, and we were often on Henry's side—he sounded so rational, and he was the man after all."

This reminded David of his own, long-forgotten childhood—the fierce quarrels of his parents, which always ended in threats of divorce. "My blood freeze," he said. "I think what will become of me! It is the end of the world for me if they separate."

ONCE the news of their engagement was out, the lovers were in such a hurry to get married that many people were sure Eileen must be well on the way, though this was not the





If you steal away
from a Christmas party
to listen to the snow fall...
shouldn't your perfume
be Je Reviens?

JE REVIENS PERFUME BY WORTH

PERFUME, COLOGNE, TALC, BATH OIL, SOAP POWDER, ALL MADE, PACKAGED, AND SEALED IN FRANCE FROM $50 TO $5.00. FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER, WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. Y, 5 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Our personalized mittens for children are the greatest things for gifts. Kids love having their first name stamped right on, and the outside zippered pocket is a handy place for change and things. Waterproof nylon with a racer's stripe, elastic wrist, acrylic pile lining. Red, navy or brown; small (2-3), medium (4-7), large (8-11), extra-large (12 up), $3. Children's Accessories Collections. Please allow 10 days for delivery.

Dive-ettes

the honestly better swimsuit

Looks better because it fits better because it's made better... by specialists. Gone dotty in a ruffled pinafore of Kodel® and cotton in brown or pink, each with white. Preteen 8 to 16, about $14.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

At Lord & Taylor, New York; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia Jordan Marsh, Miami; Marshall Field, Chicago; Joseph Magnin, Calif. and other fine stores or write Div-ettes, 112 W. 34th St., N. Y., N. Y.

case at all. No, it was a sudden longing to live together—more powerful than any sexual drive—that made them use every spare moment of the day in searching the heights of Hampstead and Highgate for lodgings, and spend the evenings looking through the local newssheet and underlining advertisements of rooms to let. Either would have said that there had not been anything inevitable in their early relations. David might have left England as suddenly as he had arrived there; Eileen might have been sent far away on war work; each might have found someone else and never met again. But now nothing, nothing must prevent them living together as man and wife in the face of the world. Every time a landlady—put off perhaps by David's thick English and Eileen's shaggy appearance—changed her mind and refused to rent them rooms half promised the day before, he was visited by wild surmises of conspiracy or anti-Semitism; and the law's delays, though only amounting to a week or two for the establishment of residence, drove him to frenzy. Would not this interval be filled with potential danger for their union? He even contemplated fleeing London and hiding in some obscure provincial town where "they" would not be able to find him, to come back under cover of night on the eve of the day fixed for their marriage. Eileen kept looking at her pale face and insomnious eyes in shopwindows—was she going into a decline?

But nothing untoward happened. They found rooms on the top floor of a five-story house, with a view over the ponds and copses of Hampstead Heath, and were made man and wife at the Hampstead Town Hall on a day in February, 1917, when there had been no news from the Russian front for over a week. Before the month was out, the drum of revolution sounded, and it was just as they had both said: he followed its summons and she went with him. —Ivy Litvinov

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

(RULE OF THUMB DIVISION)

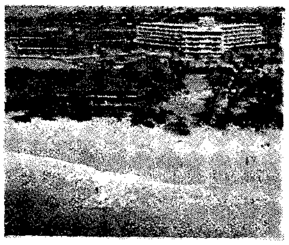
[*From the Baltimore Sun*]

A new way has been proposed by the National Safety Council to help drivers do a better, more reliable job of estimating whether they are allowing a safe interval behind the automobile they are following.

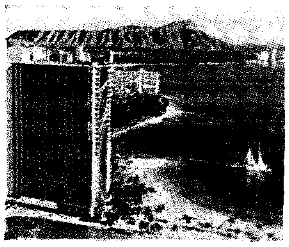
"Allow two seconds worth of space," says Harry Porter, Jr., the Safety Council's traffic safety director in Chicago. "It's as simple as that."

Next time you're in Hawaii stay with friends....... THE HILTONS

Come stay with us at the Kona Hilton on the Orchid Isle, Hawaii. We'll show you what people mean when they talk about "Old Hawaii". The Kona Hilton is a living monument to the beauty that surrounds it. When we built it, we took our inspiration from the seasculptured lava cliffs on which it stands. But even our Kona is only one side of Paradise. You can see the rest of it from the other island Hiltons. The worldly Hilton Hawaiian Village on the surf at Waikiki. The merry Maui Hilton on Kaanapali Beach, Island of Maui. It's always more fun to stay with your friends, the Hiltons. We promise you everything you expect from Hawaii. Maybe more. Your travel agent or Hilton Reservation Service will take care of all the details.



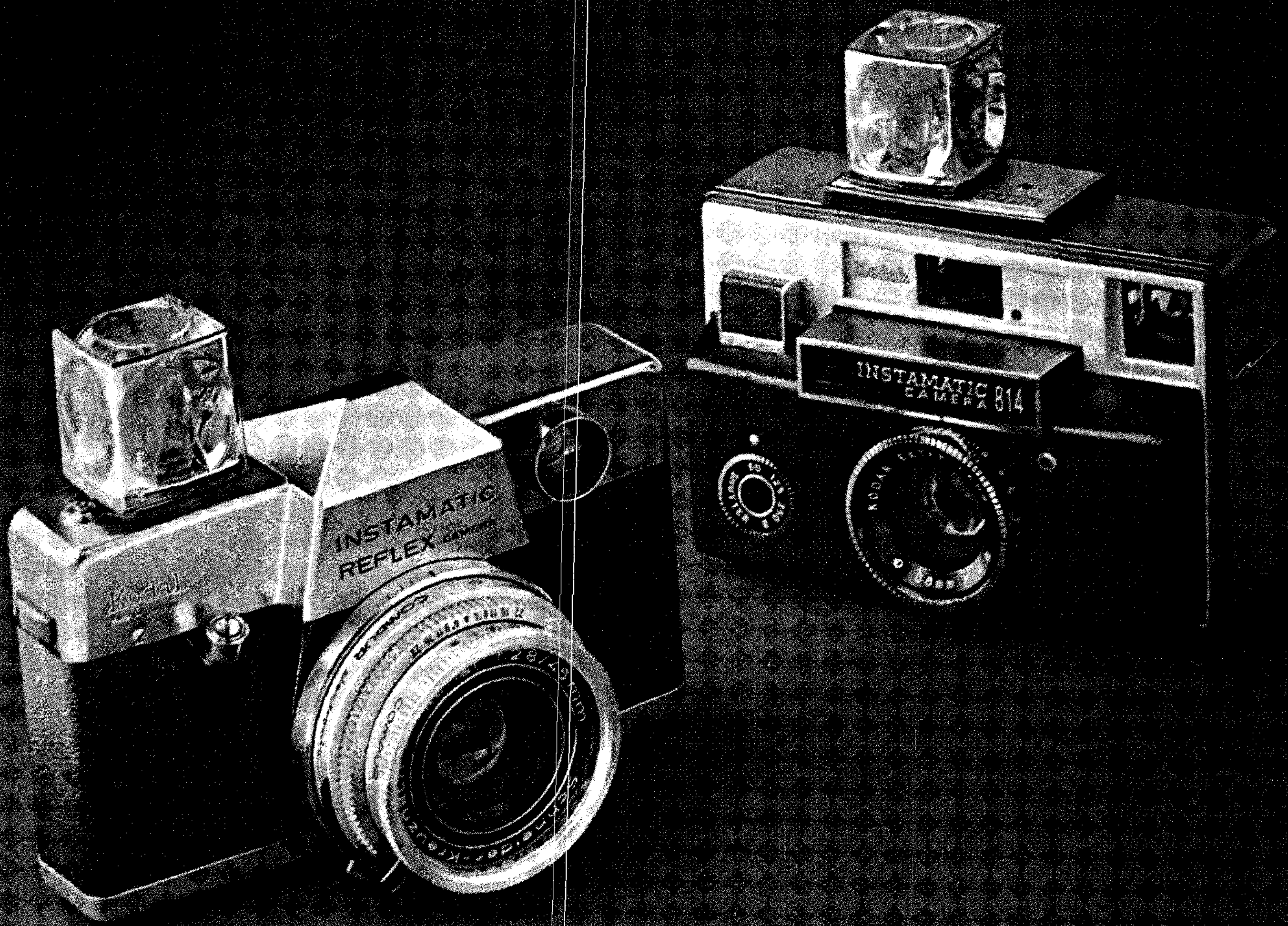
Maui Hilton



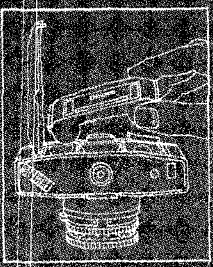
Hilton Hawaiian Village

HILTON HAWAII
the friendly world of Hilton

Shoot the works.



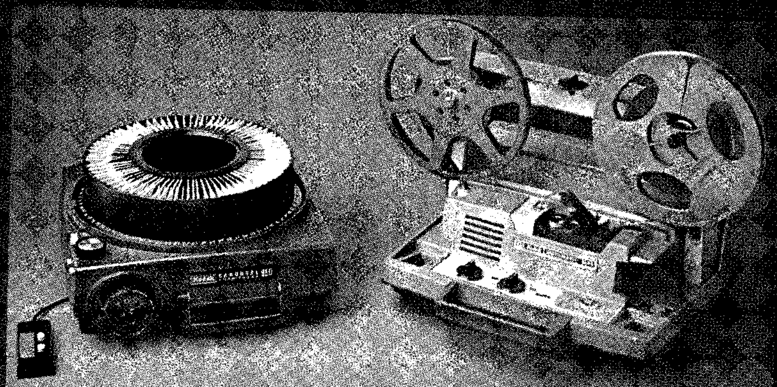
If you'd like to give a truly superb Christmas gift this year, start at the top, with the best, by Kodak. Any photographer will be pleased with a Kodak Instamatic reflex, the "24-hour camera." It combines the convenience of drop-in loading with a remarkable shutter system that times exposures electronically in any light—including moonlight—from 1/500 to 20 seconds. It has interchangeable lens capability ranging from "normal" to wide angle and telephoto. With f/2.8 lens, less than $200; with f/1.9 lens, less than $250.



The Kodak Instamatic® 814 camera is our most automatic automatic. It almost takes pictures by itself. Drop in the film cartridge, and the 814 adjusts to the *speed of the film automatically*. It sets the proper exposure automatically, and tells you when to use a flashcube. After each picture, it advances both film and flashcube automatically. All this, plus a precision *rangefinder, superb f/2.8 four-element* Ektar lens and a built-in battery checker, makes it ideal for traveling, or staying home. Less than $145.

Kodak INSTAMATIC M9

If movies move you, shoot for the best with a Kodak Instamatic M9 movie camera. Just drop in the super 8 film cartridge and let the 5-to-1 power zoom deliver the view you want, from wide angle to telephoto. No winding—of course. Reflex viewing and the big sports-type viewfinder let you capture all the action. Four shooting speeds. Through-the-lens CdS automatic exposure control, too. All this, plus super-sharp focusing f/1.8 lens, for less than $200.



The Kodak Carousel 850 projector sharpens up slide shows automatically by keeping every slide in focus. It's jamproof, too. As dependable as gravity. It also has both remote and automatic slide changing. Less than $190.

The professional touch is yours with a Kodak Instamatic M95 movie projector. It shows both super 8 and 8mm movies with a choice of 7 speeds, including "still." Automatic threading, of course. Less than $200.

Fine cameras and projectors from Kodak.

Prices are subject to change without notice.

You'll taste a lot
of the good things of life
in The Christian Brothers
Napa Valley Cabernet Sauvignon:
Pedigreed grapes of French
ancestry; long leisurely
years in cask and bottle in our quiet
aging cellars. And when it leaves our
home here, it's ready to add
pleasure to your finest fare.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.
Cellarmaster

Photographed at The Christian Brothers Winery, Mont La Salle, Napa Valley, California

the
Christian Brothers
SELECT NAPA VALLEY
CABERNET SAUVIGNON

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc., San Francisco, California

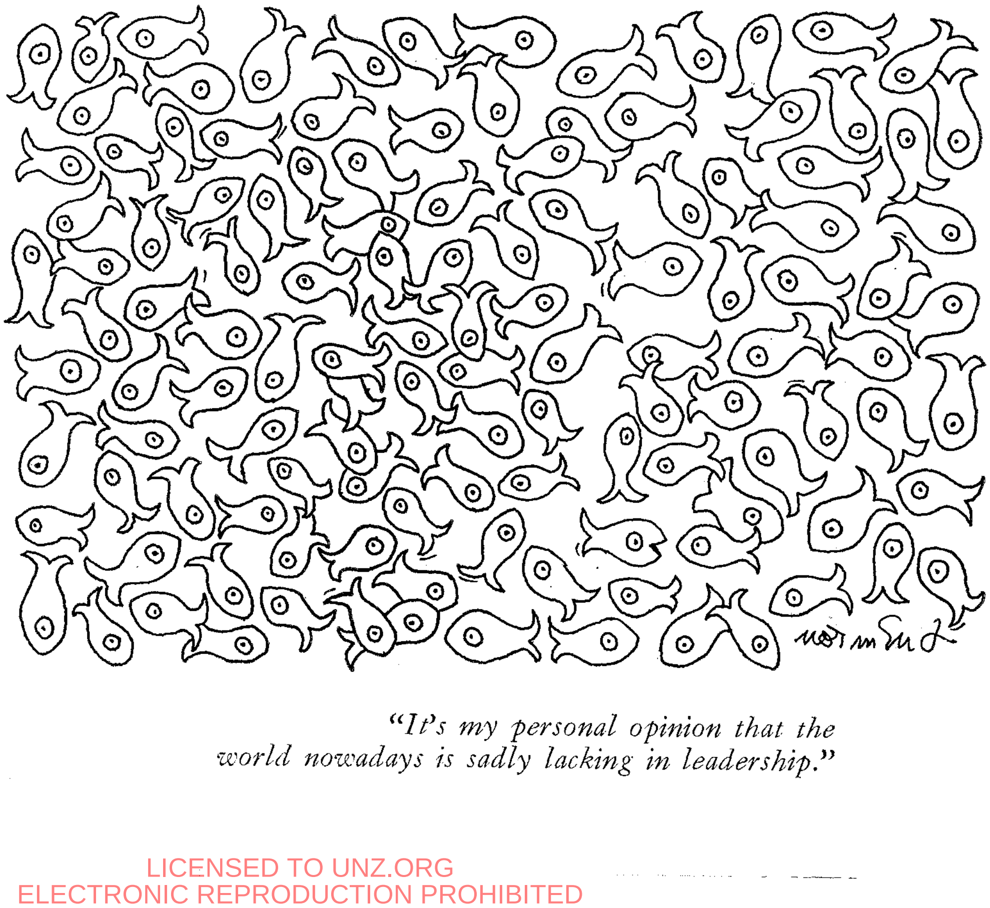
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

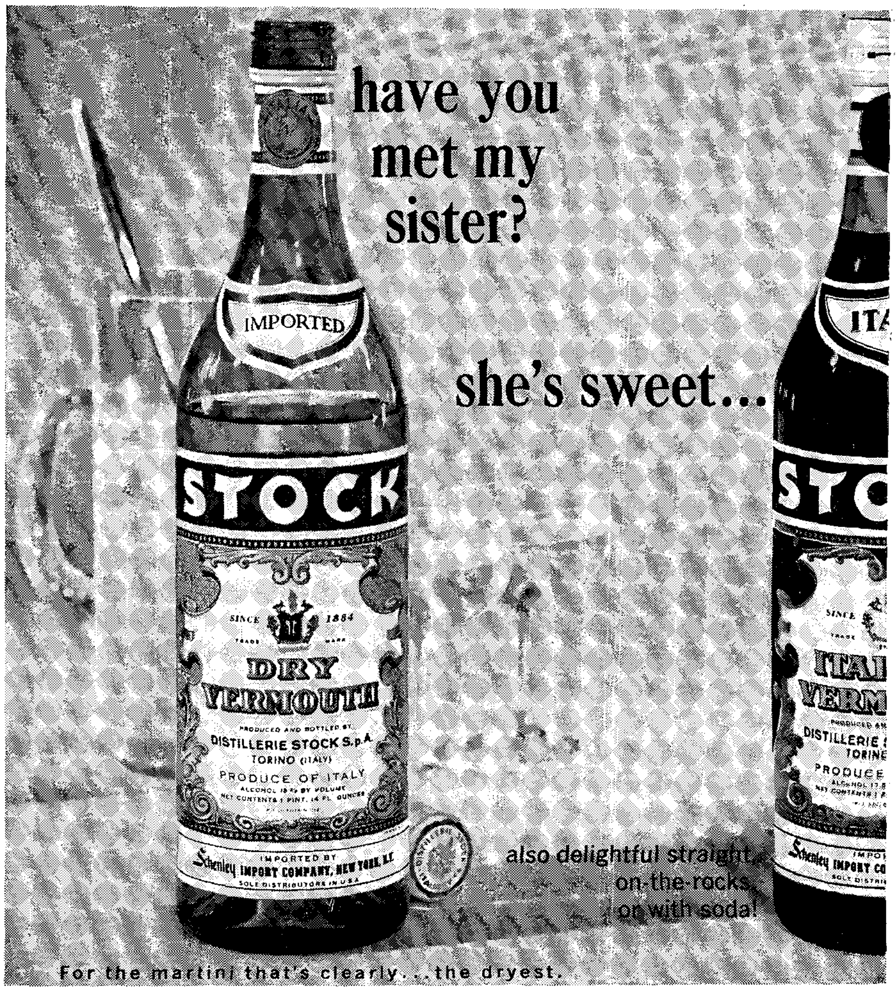
"APOCALYPSIS CUM FIGURIS," the final production of Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theatre at the Washington Square Methodist Church, with the great Ryszard Cieslak in the role of a character called the Simpleton, is a dramatic marvel, and was for me an exalting and shattering experience. The first two plays of the Theatre's repertoire here—"The Constant Prince" and "Acropolis"—were, in a sense, a preparation for this one. By now, the bodily movements of the actors and their use of their voices no longer seem astonishing or admirable, or anything else detaching; they are wonderful and, in the case of Mr. Cieslak, totally beautiful. "Apocalypsis" is the most abstract of the three plays, the richest, and by far the most affecting. The floor of the auditorium is bare—no furniture, no props. The lighting for the first half of the play is supplied by floodlights on the floor, and for the second half by candles held by the actors. The costumes are basic to the point of workclothes, and there was, as far as I could see, no use of makeup. Yet the actors make the play hypnotic. While still outside the auditorium, the forty people to which the audience is limited were given programs with full notes, in English, on the performance, and were asked to read them carefully and then leave them outside, along with anything else that might rustle and distract from the effect of the performance. It all sounded so bossy and pretentious, and yet Grotowski turned out to be absolutely right.

The characters, all villagers, whom we first see sprawled on the floor of the auditorium, done in by some local celebration, are assigned their Biblical names in the second scene—Simon Peter, Judas, Lazarus, Mary Magdalene, John, and the Simpleton, "the man who does duty for Christ." As the play progresses, each of the characters finds in himself the special quality of the prototype of his role. The episodes of the play were originally improvised by these highly trained, accomplished actors, who used any words that came to mind; then the scenes were rehearsed to perfection, and appropriate words were chosen from literature for each of the characters—quotations from Dostoevski, the Book of Job, the Gospels, the Song of Solomon, Simone Weil, and T. S. Eliot. The episodes are not dramatizations of Biblical episodes but are related to them, in a tangential way. The action consists of choreographed movements, sexual horseplay, taunting and teasing, jeering and mockery, and incantation and song. It is ritualistic, but the actors' faces are expressive—not masklike, as they were in the two other productions—and of all of them Cieslak's is the most expressive, with its look, at first, of wonder and bemused eagerness. At first, also, when he is being baited and mocked by the others, his voice is strange and quavery, but at the end, when he has come to himself, it is deep and firm. In the middle of the play, the lights are suddenly doused. We hear whistling and heavy footsteps in the dark. Then Simon Peter comes in with burning candles, which he hands out to the others. And now the mood has changed. All vacancy has gone from the Simpleton's face. After some liturgical singing, the others start to goad him again. This time, he falls, spread-eagled in the Cross position, then sits up and talks to them and cries. John, almost in tears, tries to embrace him. We hear the splashing of water in buckets as some sort of purification goes on in the dark. At the end, there is a dialogue between Simon Peter, at one end of the room, with his back to us, and the Simpleton, looking toward us from the other. Even if we had not earlier read some of what they are saying, our lack of Polish wouldn't matter a bit. Their posture and their voices on that darkened stage tell us everything we need to know, and Cieslak's face by candelight is suffused with suffering, inspiration, and beauty. How to describe this blazing, incandescent actor? Impossible. Besides, I don't believe that great acting can be described, even by the man who does it; the elements that transfix us are all secret and surprising and mystifying. What is so startling about Cieslak's performance, both as the Constant Prince and as the Simpleton, is its clarity and economy, with every movement and gesture and tone of voice making its mark. His total control of the technique of his art has yielded total freedom of expression. Antoni Jaholkowski and Stanislaw Scierski are also extremely impressive as Simon Peter and John, respectively.

As for the production as a whole, you must have read a great deal by now about Grotowski's definition of theatre as "what takes place between spectator and actor," all other things



"It's my personal opinion that the world nowadays is sadly lacking in leadership."


have you
met my
sister?
she's sweet...
also delightful straight,
on-the-rocks
or with soda!
For the martini that's clearly... the dryest.

Air Afrique. It's the zebra's stripes.

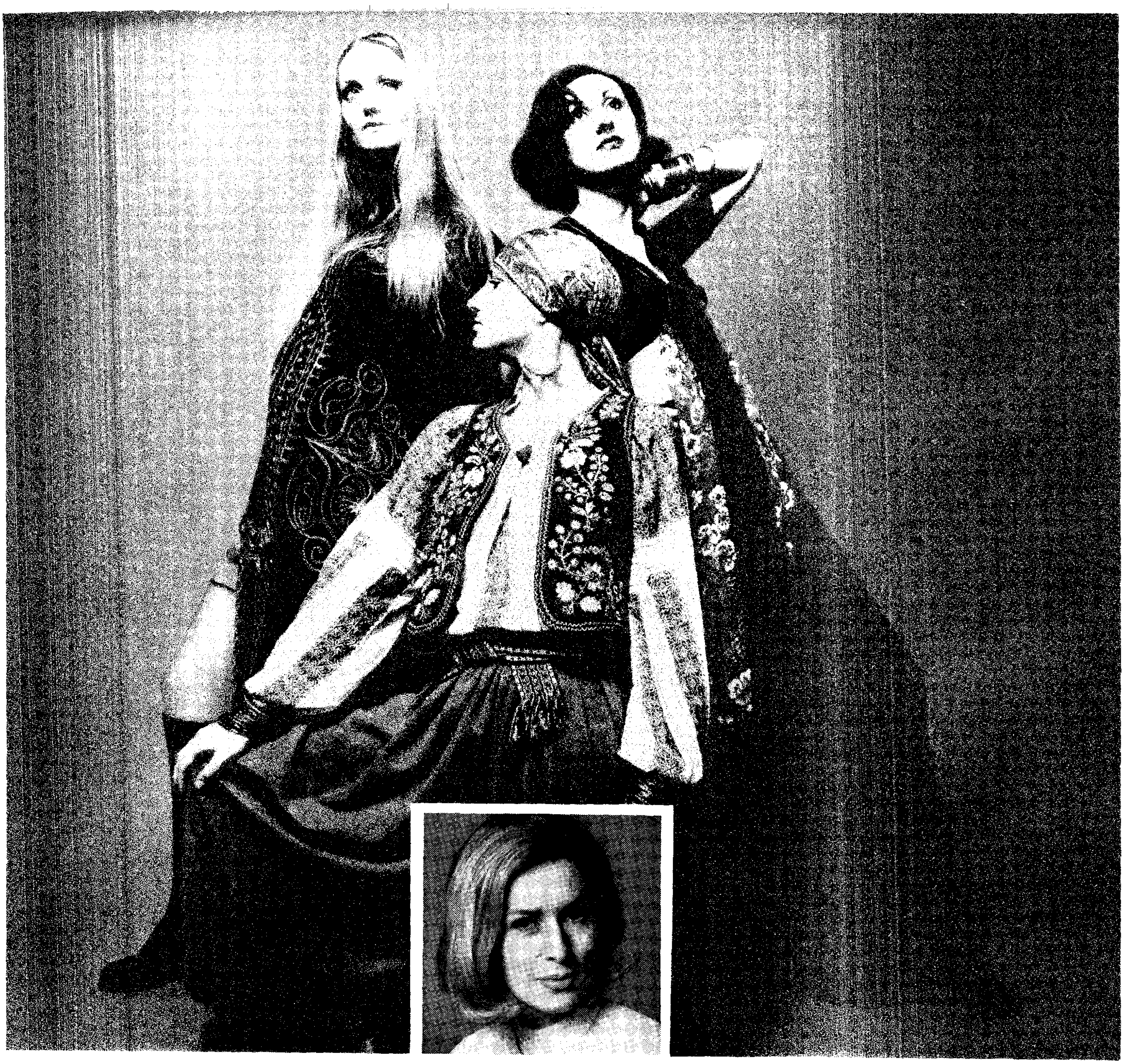
AIR AFRIQUE
AIR FRANCE

Air Afrique is Africa, all over. Take it all in top to bottom. Take a 69-day fully escorted safari including legendary Timbuktu. Expert English-speaking guides. Top hotels. All inclusive land arrangements. $2595.* We're Africa's largest network. We've earned our stripes. We're Air Afrique. Call your travel agent. Or the nearest Air France office.

*plus air fare.

being supplementary, and about his dedication as a director and the dedication he demands from his actors. It would be interesting to know whether their training has equipped them for comedy or humor—other than the grotesque—which is surely an essential component of their art. Nevertheless, there is so much fake piety and religiosity going around these days that when something with true purity and strength of spirit comes along we are nonplussed and, in my case, moved to tears. The spirit of "Apocalypsis" is the spirit of theatre itself, stripped to its essence.

OLIVER HAILEY, who wrote a foolish and tiresome play called "Hey, You, Light Man!" a few years ago, has turned foolishness to much better account in "Who's Happy Now?," a comedy that opened last week at the Village South. At the beginning, a young man standing in a spotlight at the front of the stage explains that the play is made up of his memories of his childhood and youth in a small town in Texas, and you think "Oh, yes" (or, as I did, "Oh, God!"), but you're wrong. "Who's Happy Now?" is not another piece of drifty Southern memorabilia. No wistfulness, no nostalgia. What it is exactly, besides funny, I couldn't say, nor can I furnish much in the way of synopsis, since the dramatist hasn't furnished much in the way of construction. The setting is a bar. There we find a peculiar *ménage à quatre*, if we count the boy, or *à cinq*, if we count the barman, which I think we'll do because he is very well played by Stuart Germain. The other characters are the boy's father, a dumb, touchy, roughneck butcher; the boy's put-upon but far from daunted mother; and an affable waitress who seems really to be named Faye Precious and whom the father is keeping on the side. They all meet every evening, that being the only time the father can see his son, whom he absolutely loathes, and the gatherings are as social as you please, if clenched teeth and small, violent eruptions are overlooked. There are three acts, the first taking place when the boy is six, the second when he is sixteen, and the third when he is twenty. The boy has ambitions to become a popular-song writer, and each of the acts includes a sample or two of his output. (I might point out, with some bitterness, that the song that Faye Precious rehearses for the father's birthday party is different from the song she sings *at* the party. That sort of thing drives me crazy.) There



Maybe it's square to prefer tweeds.

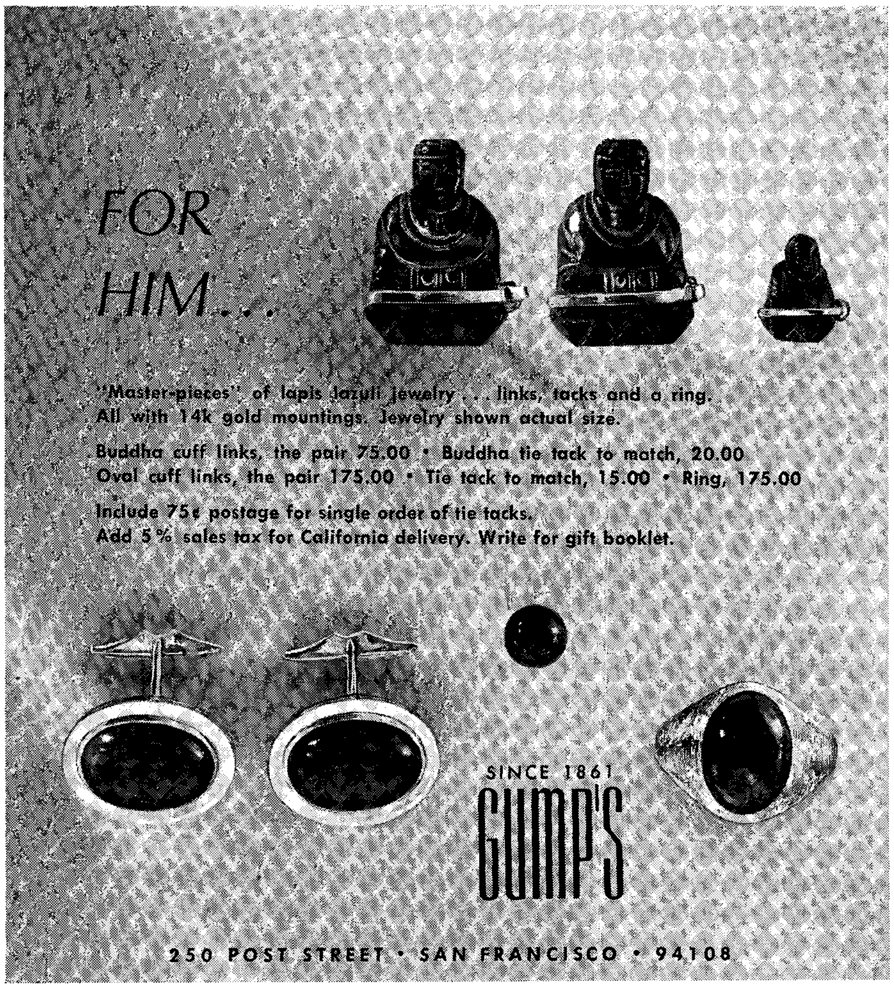
Okay, I'm square.

"I love to follow high-fashion styles in magazines. What woman doesn't? But, I'm involved in school and civic activities and have to be practical about what I buy. And quite frankly, if we're going to get the kids through college, I buy what I can wear and use."

The way a person dresses reflects more than taste, it reveals a style of life. Not being far out, perhaps square by some criteria, typifies a woman whose values revolve around home and community. The National Observer reaches this kind of person. The 1969 Simmons study reveals almost four out of five readers own their own home. Thirty per cent acquired one or more major home appliances last year, while one-third bought furniture. If your ads talk about how your product's made—not how it's mod—tell it straight through The National Observer—one of the three best-known, most-trusted newspapers in America (Time-Louis Harris Poll).

The National Observer

©Dow Jones & Company, Inc.


FOR HIM . . .

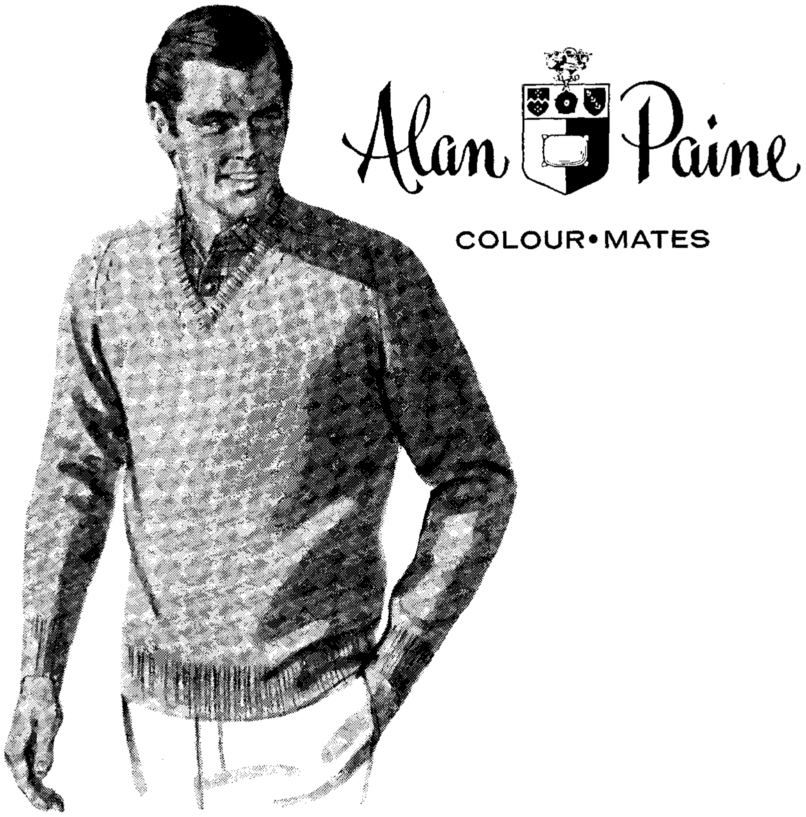
"Master-pieces" of lapis lazuli jewelry . . . links, tacks and a ring.
All with 14k gold mountings. Jewelry shown actual size.

Buddha cuff links, the pair 75.00 • Buddha tie tack to match, 20.00
Oval cuff links, the pair 175.00 • Tie tack to match, 15.00 • Ring, 175.00

Include 75¢ postage for single order of tie tacks.
Add 5% sales tax for California delivery. Write for gift booklet.

SINCE 1861
GUMP'S
250 POST STREET • SAN FRANCISCO • 94108

Magnificent 4-ply pure camelhair sweaters made in England by Alan Paine. **Ashford** pullover, fully fashioned with exclusive Alan Paine saddle shoulder, about $27.50. **Barton** two-pocket cardigan, about $37.50.


Alan Paine
COLOUR•MATES

For store names, write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

are hints here and there that the playwright may have had some serious ideas in mind about the boy's feeling for his father or about his mother's predicament, but they are easily ignored. The characters, all regional primitives, are an entertaining bunch, and Mr. Hailey has thought up many entertaining things for them to do. Teresa Wright, always a pleasure to see, is good as the spunky, intermittently defiant mother, never allowing the character to become pathetic and never letting a chance for comedy get by. Robert Darnell does well, too, as the father—that foolish, sentimental brute who means so much to everyone. Ken Kercheval is as believable as could be expected, I guess, as the boy at three ages. Most of the fun of the evening, though, is in the role of Faye Precious, the innocent, sunny, friendly waitress. Rue McClanahan gives it a first-rate comedy performance that is always legitimate—no hokum, nothing but the truth.

"Stomp" is a rock musical, or something close to it, that was written by the company of disaffected boys and girls who are now performing it at the Public Theatre. All of them renegades from Texas, they are an energetic and likable group, and would perhaps be even more so if they didn't seem to find themselves so lovable. Their show is composed of songs, dances, filmed projections, a lot of other visual and aural effects, audience participation, and a large measure of righteous indignation. Most of the complaints of the young rebels, justified or not, have become a bit dog-eared by now, the span running from parents and haircuts to the injustices of urban renewal, and through all the upheavals and pandemonium of the occasion comes the faint, celestial voice of the late Fanny Brice crying "Re-wolt!" I enjoyed a number of the songs, but since no programs were given out, I cannot tell you their titles or who sings them. —Edith Oliver

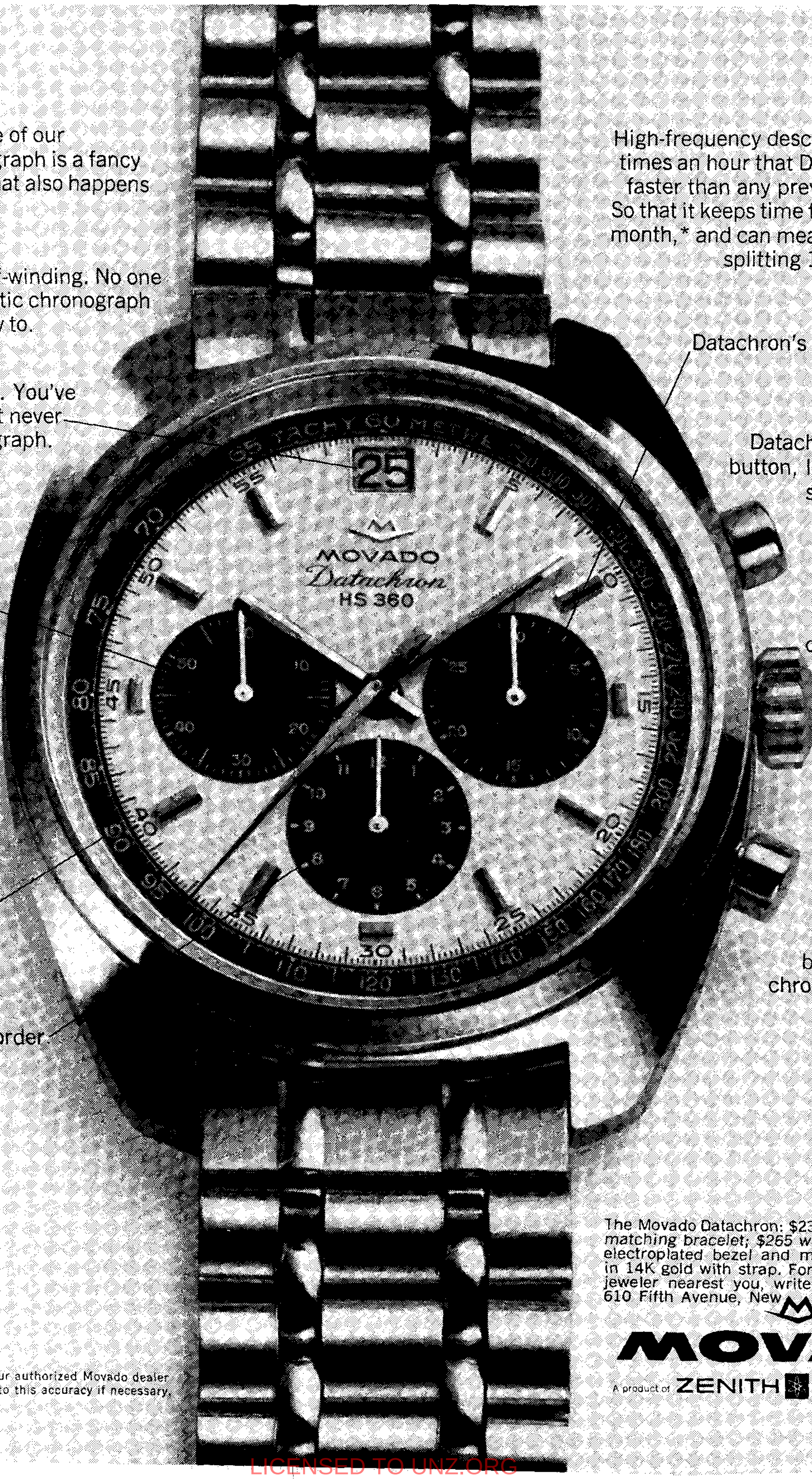
•

We Have Acquired
ADOLPH HITLER'S PERSONAL DECORATIONS
consisting of his BLOOD ORDER Medal, his IRON CROSS and WOUND BADGE with Dress Brown Shirt and Cap (Personally Labelled).
All enquiries held in complete confidence.
MILITARY RELICS
Mohawk Arms
710 West Spring Street
Utica, New York—13502
Catalog—$1.50 Tele: (315) 724-1234
—*Adv. in the Times.*

And remember, Christmas is just around the corner.

MOVADO EXPLAINS THE WORLD'S FIRST HIGH-FREQUENCY, AUTOMATIC, CALENDAR CHRONOGRAPH.

AS SIMPLY AS POSSIBLE.



1 Datachron is the name of our chronograph. Chronograph is a fancy word for a wrist watch that also happens to be a stop watch.

2 Automatic means self-winding. No one ever made an automatic chronograph before. No one knew how to.

3 Datachron's calendar. You've seen them before, but never on an automatic chronograph.

4 Datachron's continuous second hand could keep moving forever. As long as you do.

5 Datachron's tachometer will measure the speed of any moving object on any measured course. Your car on a drag strip. Or a flea on a ruler.

6 Datachron's hour recorder.

High-frequency describes the 36,000 times an hour that Datachron beats—faster than any previous chronograph. So that it keeps time to within a minute a month,* and can measure time to a hair-splitting 1/10th of a second. **7**

Datachron's minute recorder does just that. **8**

Datachron's start/stop button, logically enough, starts and stops the chronograph (stop watch). **9**

Datachron's crown. Pull it to its first position and set the hands. Pull it to its second position and set the calendar without moving the hands. **10**

Datachron's return-to-zero button prepares the chronograph for timing something else. **11**

The Movado Datachron: $235 in stainless steel with matching bracelet; $265 with stainless steel back, electroplated bezel and matching bracelet; $495 in 14K gold with strap. For brochure and name of jeweler nearest you, write to Movado, Dept. Y-4, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020

MOVADO

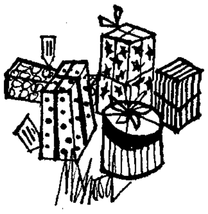
A product of ZENITH MOVADO Switzerland

---

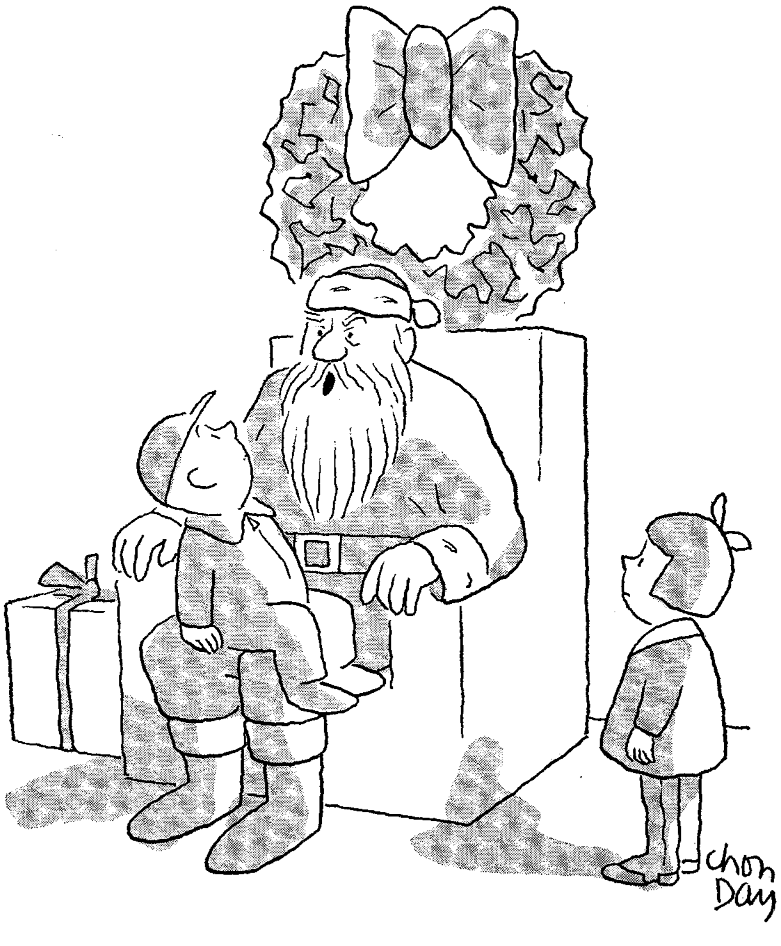
*Your authorized Movado dealer will adjust your Datachron to this accuracy if necessary.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

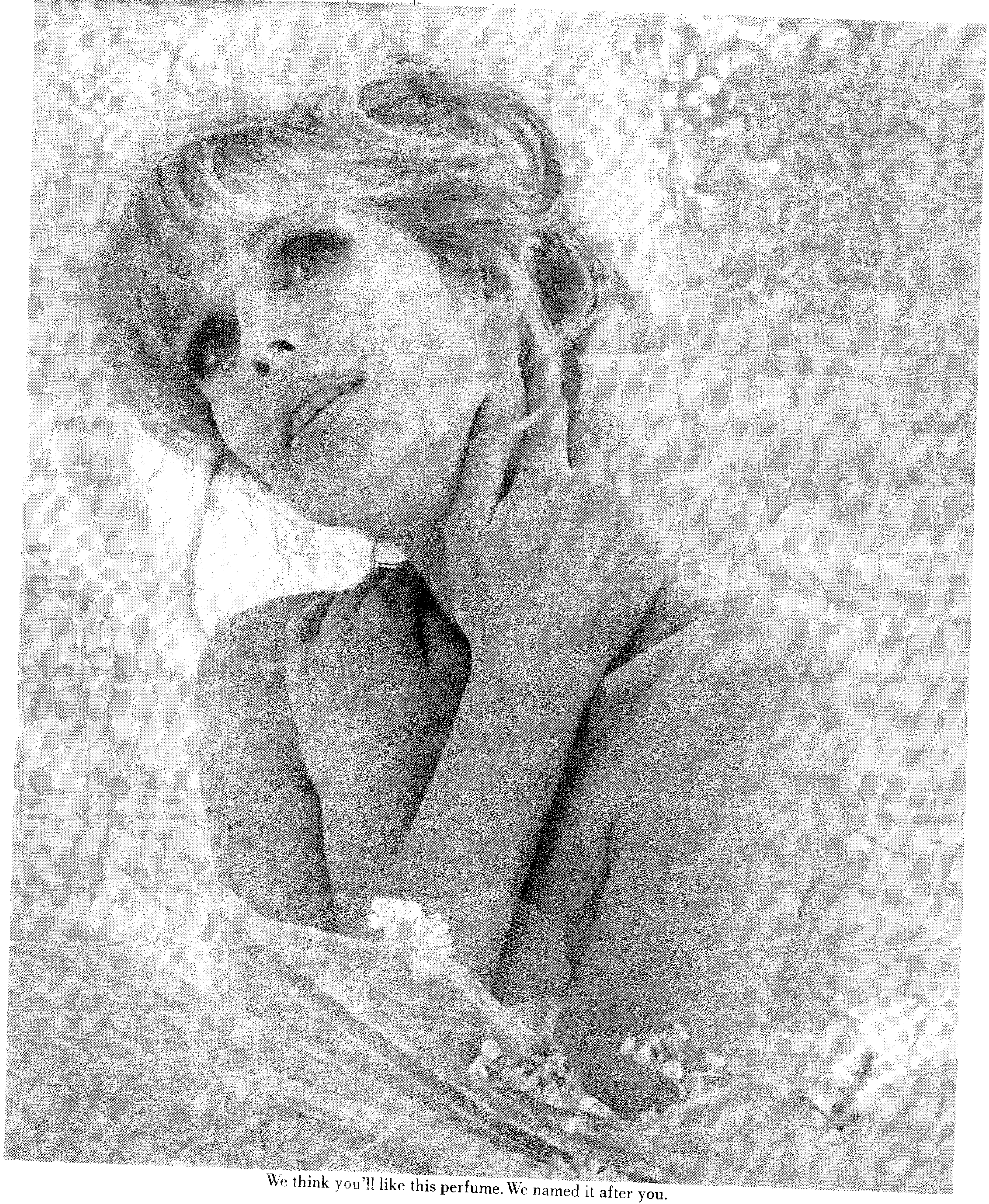
. . . AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE



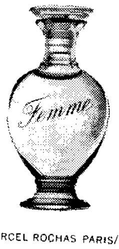
ON one of those lucid October days when the city suddenly stops feeling like the malarial capital of a decayed South American republic and starts looking brisk and purposeful again, we set out on our annual peregrinations around the town in search of Christmas presents for the house. We couldn't get a taxi, and the buses were packed with people, and our bicycle had been stolen, so we set out on foot. We hadn't walked two blocks before we saw a man scurrying down the street in his pajamas and robe, a woman getting into a cab with a bag of groceries and an annoyed raccoon on a leash, a Gauguin negligently propped against the fender of a mover's van, a young man in stylish bluejeans taking a wad of gum out of his mouth and giving it to his dog, who chewed it thoughtfully—and we momentarily felt like the proverbial smog-addled New Yorker who seriously believes that this is the only possible place to live. But is it too much to say that New York is the best of all possible cities in which to shop? One has only to think of something, anything—a noodle machine, a duck press, a stuffed jackal, Queen Victoria's wheelchair, Rimski-Korsakov's pram—and someone somewhere in the city is almost certain to have it for sale. One has only to walk a few blocks in any direction with nothing particular in mind and one is likely to discover something surprising and wonderful. We made one such discovery in a bin in a shop on Carmine Street, from which we selected one of several quite nasty-looking nestlike balls of desiccated brown-green branches and roots, paying thirty-five cents for it. We took the thing home, put it in a bowl of water, and, in a few hours, had the pleasure of seeing it unfold into a lush expanse of delicately imbricated fronds, a kind of evergreen flower reminiscent of club moss. The plant that undergoes this astonishing metamorphosis (it puts one in mind of the Japanese shells that open in water and expel flowers) is in fact *Selaginella lepidophylla*, a member of the club-moss family that grows in the deserts of the Southwestern states and is commonly and aptly known as the resurrection plant. (Other common names are Jericho flower and bird's-nest moss.) Spanish Americans have found it useful for warding off evil spirits, we're told; they sprinkle their houses with the water the plant has been enlivened in. We think it would be very nice to have around the house at Christmastime and could be a pleasant small present to take along on a Christmas call. The expression on the face of the recipient when he tears away the wrapping paper and finds so singularly unprepossessing an object should be interesting to watch. The source is Aphrodisia Products, 28 Carmine Street—a new store devoted exclusively to herbs and spices and things relating to them, such as containers for them and books about them. It is a delightful place to visit, and besides the usual cooking herbs it sells such rarities as valerian root, mugwort, horehound, dandelion root, crystallized mimosa, Roman motherwort, patchouli leaves, lavender, Angelica seed, and dried Czech mushrooms. Everything is sold by the ounce, in a small brown paper bag, and the prices range from ten cents to around ninety-five cents. A gift of herbs, common or uncommon, would be a boon to every cook. We all keep herbs too long; they lose their virtue within a year and should be thrown out. Aphrodisia sells good-looking stoppered jars in which gifts of herbs could be presented; they come in green, blue, and clear glass, and in three sizes—three-ounce, eight-ounce, and thirteen-ounce—for forty-five, fifty-five, and sixty-five cents. The shop also sells an excellent hanging cabinet for herbs and spices—twenty inches high, nineteen inches wide, and three and a half inches deep—which has three shelves and is fitted with thirty clear-glass bottles. It is made of wood stained a mellow brown, and the front of the door and the interior of the cabinet are papered with illustrated herb charts, which give it a cozy old-fashioned look. The price is $25. Among the books—some of which are of the health-nut persuasion—we were pleased to see a reprint, published by Foulsham ($4.95), of "Culpeper's Complete Herbal: Consisting of a Comprehensive Description of Nearly All Herbs with Their Medicinal Properties and Directions for Compounding the Medicines Extracted from Them." Culpeper was a seventeenth-century health nut—an astrologer-physician whose vigorous and acerb writing makes one almost disposed to believe that lettuce "represses venereous dreams" or that a cucumber "cur-



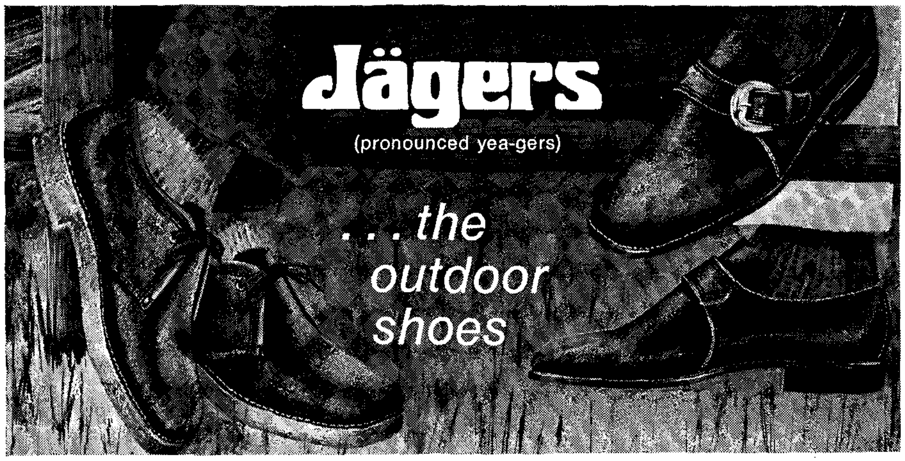
"On your feet, kid. It's my coffee break."



We think you'll like this perfume. We named it after you.



PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS/NEW YORK



If you're the outdoor type,
don't go out . . . without Jägers.
Handsome hunter brown
sueded leathers are ruggedly
styled in hi-tie oxfords with pure
gum crepe sole and heel or
buckled-down slip-ons with
leather sole and heel.
Sizes 6-13 medium. **$25.00**

Brigadiers
. . . the fitting gift, too!

Aidem & Dess	Chicago, Ill.
J. Blach & Son	Birmingham, Ala.
Bocock-Stroud	Winston-Salem, N.C.
Bonney & Gordon	Sacramento, Calif.
Boshard-Doughty	Los Angeles, Calif.
Capper & Capper	Chicago, Skokie, Ill., Detroit, Troy, Mich.
Coffman's Men's Wear	Greenville, N.C.
Field Brothers	Roosevelt Field, Rego Park, Brooklyn, N.Y.
The Finchley Establishment	New York, N.Y.
Julius Garfinckel & Co.	Falls Church, Va., Bethesda, Md., Washington, D.C.
Jacobson's	Jackson, Birmingham, Dearborn, Grosse Pointe, East Lansing, East Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Judson-Bricker	Easton, Pa.
Kolmer-Marcus	New York, N.Y.
Larrimor's	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Littler	Seattle, Wash.
Lords of Bellevue	Bellevue, Wash.
MacHugh, Inc.	Ridgewood, N.J.
McFarlin's Clothing Co.	Rochester, Greece, Camillus, N.Y.
Morville Clothes Co.	Moorestown, N.J., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. Sid's, Inc.	Newton Center, Mass.
Pack Roads, Inc.	Westport, Conn
Peller & Mure	Buffalo, N.Y.
Phelps-Wilger	Pasadena, Sherman Oaks, Los Angeles, Calif.
Polacheck's	Milwaukee, Wis.
Richard's, Inc.	Providence, R.I.
Root's, Inc.	Red Bank, N.J.
Rush Wilson, Ltd.	Greenville, S.C.
Schwabe-May	Charleston, W. Va.
Norman Stockton, Inc.	Winston-Salem, N.C.
Stuard's	La Jolla, Calif.
F. R. Tripler & Co.	New York, N.Y.
Wideman's	Palo Alto, Calif.

You may order the above merchandise from any of the fine stores listed above or write to Murphy Retail Company, a division of Genesco ®, P.O. Box 731, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

By the time it's empty, life will be full.
CANOE

Canoe by Dana. Made in France for men who make it everywhere.
COLOGNE • SOAP • TALC • DEODORANT • SHAVING FOAM • AFTER-SHAVE TREATMENT • AND OTHER FINE GROOMING PRODUCTS

eth the reddest face that is" or that lily of the valley "is under the dominion of Mercury and therefore strengthens the brain." The entries are alphabetically arranged under their common names and give a description of the plant, where and when it grows, and its "government and virtues." Culpeper's descriptions of the plants are very fine. They are nontechnical and impressionistic, and convey a real sense of what the plant looks and feels and smells like. There are a few color plates, each of which shows ten or twelve delicately drawn specimens, and the book ends with an alphabetical list of "all human diseases," which include blastings by lightning, loss of voice, hypochondria, madness, chilblains, pin and web, morphew, dullness of spirits, loathing of meat, and freckles.

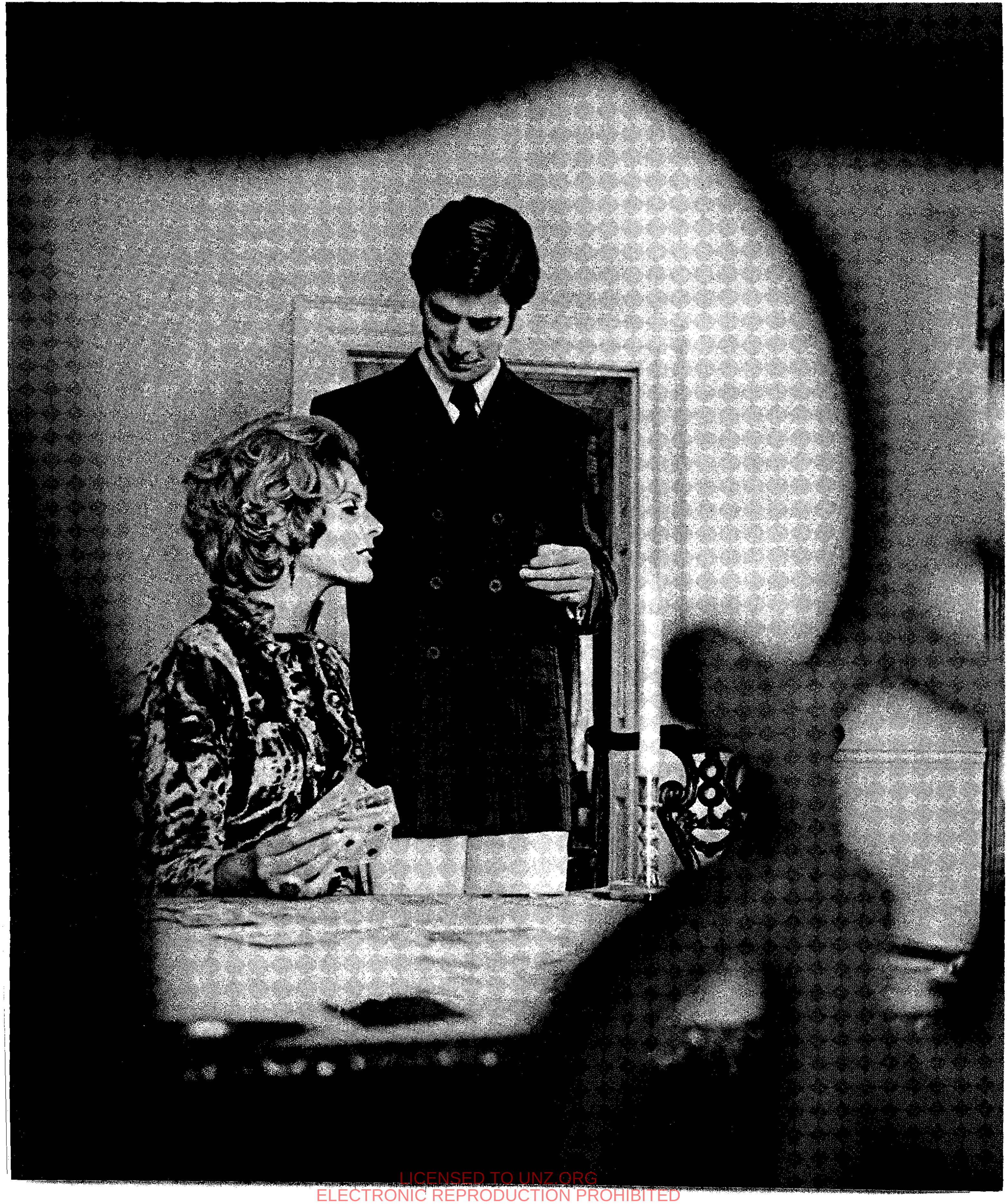
QUEEN VICTORIA's wheelchair is for sale at James Robinson, 12 East 57th Street, for what seems to us the very reasonable price of $2,500. People pay more today for a mere automobile. The chair is just what you'd expect Victoria's wheelchair to be: utilitarian, unbeautiful, rather hard, upholstered in sober green leather, with carved mahogany arms and legs, and ivory knobs on the armrests that set the wheels in motion when they are twisted—clockwise to go forward, counter-clockwise to go backward. It has the sort of historical shimmer that ordinary objects mysteriously assume at the merest suggestion that they belonged to someone great, whether in fact they did or did not. Up the street at Tiffany, there is a high-rise white porcelain sweetmeat tree that put us strongly in mind of a centerpiece designed by Prince Albert that we once saw depicted in a book and have never been able to forget, probably because of the sterling-silver dead rat that Albert saw fit to deposit on one of the tiers. The Tiffany piece has no dead animals. Its horrendousness is a matter of tier upon tier aspiring toward a culminating urn with a cover whose handle is a lady clutching at her skirts with one hand and a nosegay with the other; of fancy openwork baskets depending from arms; of wreaths, scallop shells, scrolls, and, on the ground floor, cruets and muffineers in ornate holders. The Christmas table that has this delicious horror in the center of it should be a merry one. The price is $240.

In striking contrast to the sweetmeat tree—and, in fact, to just about everything else on the china floor at

bonny.

ONE FROM A COLLECTION: THE AUTHENTIC "MENZIES HUNTING" TARTAN IN CLAN COLOURS OF ANCIENT MADDER AND HEATH RECOGNIZABLY NOBLE IN PUREST WOOL THAT SPEAKS BREEDING AND SUPERIOR TASTE WHEREVER PROMINENT ATTITUDES GATHER. ABOUT SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS. GENTEEL, PROUD AND EXCLUSIVELY BY **clubman**®

1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS • N.Y 10019



It's a shame so many people have seen San Juan and have never been to Puerto Rico.

You won't see a rain forest in San Juan.

You won't see a giant sinkhole in San Juan.

You won't see a phosphorescent bay. You really have to see it at night to believe it.

You won't see sausage trees or mangroves or pineapples or bamboo or cactus or tobacco.

You won't ride a little pasofino horse or catch a 1,000 pound marlin and win $10,000.

You won't see surfing on 25-foot peaks or beaches where there are more palm trees than there are people.

You won't see distilleries where they turn sugar cane into rum and welcome you with open vats, or cross the Rio Grande de Loíza on a hand-poled ferry.

You won't see a 700-year-old Indian ceremonial ground or a church that's older than St. Peter's or marine salt beds that look like glistening snow.

You'll want to bring your sunglasses.

You won't see a golf course carved from a coconut grove or take a short siesta on top of Toro Negro. Wake up and see the Atlantic to the north, the Caribbean to the south.

You won't see devout pilgrims climb a flight of stairs on their knees to a church on a hill or smell a coffee harvest in Yauco or get to a place where English isn't spoken.

You won't try a little seafood place named Villa Cofresí in Rincón on the west shore. There won't be any tourists at the next table because it's never been mentioned before in any travel folder.

You won't see the lair that once was the home of the pirate Roberto Cofresí or the foundations of Ponce de Leon's first house or the huge hotel built on a three-hundred-foot cliff in the middle of nowhere. To get down to the beach you have to ride a tramway.

You won't see the place where the Marines landed during the Spanish-American War or the spot Christopher Columbus dropped anchor.

You won't have the fun of the dime ferry ride from behind the post office in San Juan to Cataño.

You won't see or do a lot of things you can see and do outside of San Juan.

The island isn't that big. You can drive anywhere and back in a day.

Puerto Rico is a strange and not-so-distant land. And it's nice to know you don't need a passport or a visa or vaccinations or customs or an international driving license.

You don't even have to change the bucks in your pocket.

If you visit Puerto Rico before December 14th, San Juan isn't crowded. Puerto Rico isn't even a little bit crowded. And the hotels don't cost as much.

Go to Puerto Rico again and see it for the first time.

And you thought the only way to drink tequila was neat with salt and lime.

¡Salud!

PRODUCT OF
MEXICO
IMPORTED
TEQUILA
Mariachi

The Tomás Collins
1½ oz. Tequila Mariachi,
juice of ½ lemon,
teaspoon sugar,
add soda, garnish.

The Sangrita
(The original Bloody Mary)
3 oz. tomato juice,
dash of Tabasco & Worcestershire,
the juice of a half lemon
and 1½ oz. of
Tequila Mariachi.
Salt and pepper to taste.

The Mariachi Sour
2 oz. Tequila Mariachi,
½ teaspoon sugar or
½ oz. of Triple Sec,
juice of ½ lemon.

El Screwdriver del Sol
3 parts orange juice,
1 part Tequila Mariachi.

The Margarita
½ oz. Triple Sec,
1 oz. lime juice
and 2 oz. Tequila Mariachi.

Mariachi Tequila • The tequila for gringos.

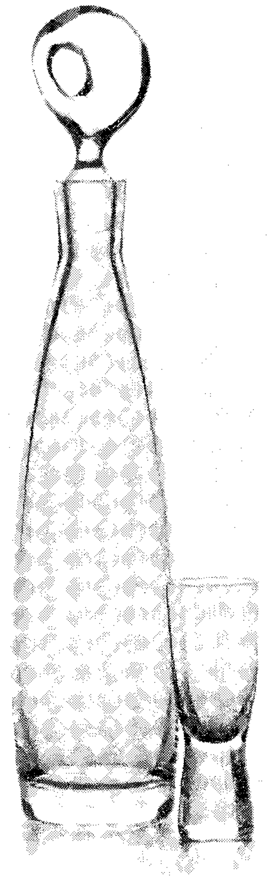
Imported Tequila · 80 Proof · Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.

Tiffany—a service called Drabware is as simple and functional as the broom closet at the Bauhaus, and it is astonishing to learn that it is a reproduction of an early-nineteenth-century Wedgwood pattern. Drab describes its color fairly; it's a sort of raincoat dun. The plates and cups and bowls are absolutely unadorned—the cups are gracefully rounded, the plates have slightly raised wide borders—though some of the serving pieces are mildly and interestingly decorated. There is a small covered dish whose shape and horizontal ribbing give it the look of a beehive; it has a little knob on top and an attached underplate, and its price is $47.50. A piece offered as a soup tureen (the original was a potpourri jar, which explains some perforations in the lid) has an Oriental quality; it is tall and shapely, and has two outthrust handles. The price is $92.50. A five-piece Drabware place setting costs $15. We relished Tiffany's Royal Cauldon Bristol ironstone dessert or salad plates decorated with dainty polychrome wild flowers that look hand-painted, though they are actually decals. Six flowers are offered—speedwell, sweet rocket, rock purslane, rock rose, pimpernel, and the cardinal flower—at $3 each. Another good buy at Tiffany is a small, straight glass beaker, for $5, and so is a somewhat larger, rounded glass pitcher from Finland displayed nearby, for $6.50. Either would be a good present for someone whose cocktail tray lacks a water pitcher. Someone whose baby merits a porcelain baby-food warmer from Tiffany could be presented with one that is decorated with a cornflower pattern ($12.50) or one that has a stork design ($14.50). A baby-food warmer, as Tiffany interprets it, is a shallow bowl covered with a plate that has a small hole near its rim, into which hot water is poured, and which is then plugged with a cork surmounted by a little porcelain bird. Matching mugs are available for $7 and $10. A ten-year-old might enjoy Walter Hoving's "Tiffany's Table Manners for Teen-Agers," which the store sells for $1.25, on the main floor. (A teen-ager would think you were putting him on.) The booklet is written in a cheerful conversational style and is illustrated with sketchy line drawings, by Joe Eula, so utterly artless that they give pleasure, rather than the offense that imperfect drawing usually does, and they have the merit of taking all sharpness and stuffiness out of the strictures they accompany. Most of the advice is sound, and even children who come from homes that have plumbing will be in-

NEW?

In 1883, when the world's
first skyscraper was built in Chicago . . .

Holmegaard in Denmark
had been making beautiful hand-blown crystal
for more than two generations . . .



. . . and they're still making it!

HOLMEGAARD CRYSTAL
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF DENMARK

Would you like to see more of our present-day hand-blown crystal? Would you like to see how we make it? Just write for a colorful free booklet. Write to Svend Jensen of Denmark, 1010 Boston Post Road, Rye, New York 10580.

KASTRUP OG HOLMEGAARDS GLASVÆRKER A/S DENMARK

STICK YOUR NECK OUT

We've got just the thing to warm it. It's our 6-foot school scarf from England (worn by the school boys over there) and it's here in striped wool. Also available, wool knit with horizontal stripes and fringed ends. Each, $10. Men's Store, Street Floor and all stores.

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

3rd Ave. at 59th St., N.Y. 10022 · EL 5-5900

terested in reading about the finger bowls that some people are still required to use. There may be someone on your Christmas list who shares our inexplicable liking for a white porcelain cream pitcher in the shape of a cow, who spews cream through a hole in her mouth and is filled through a cavity in her back. Tiffany asks $4 for it, and offers an accompanying sugar bowl in the form of a little milk bucket for $3.50. No one could be anything but disarmed by Tiffany's reproduction, in silver or vermeil, of a quart-size supermarket berry basket, copied faithfully right down to the staples and cracks of the original. It costs $325 in vermeil and $295 in silver. Tiffany has also woven a persuasive tomato basket out of strips of silver; $1,100.

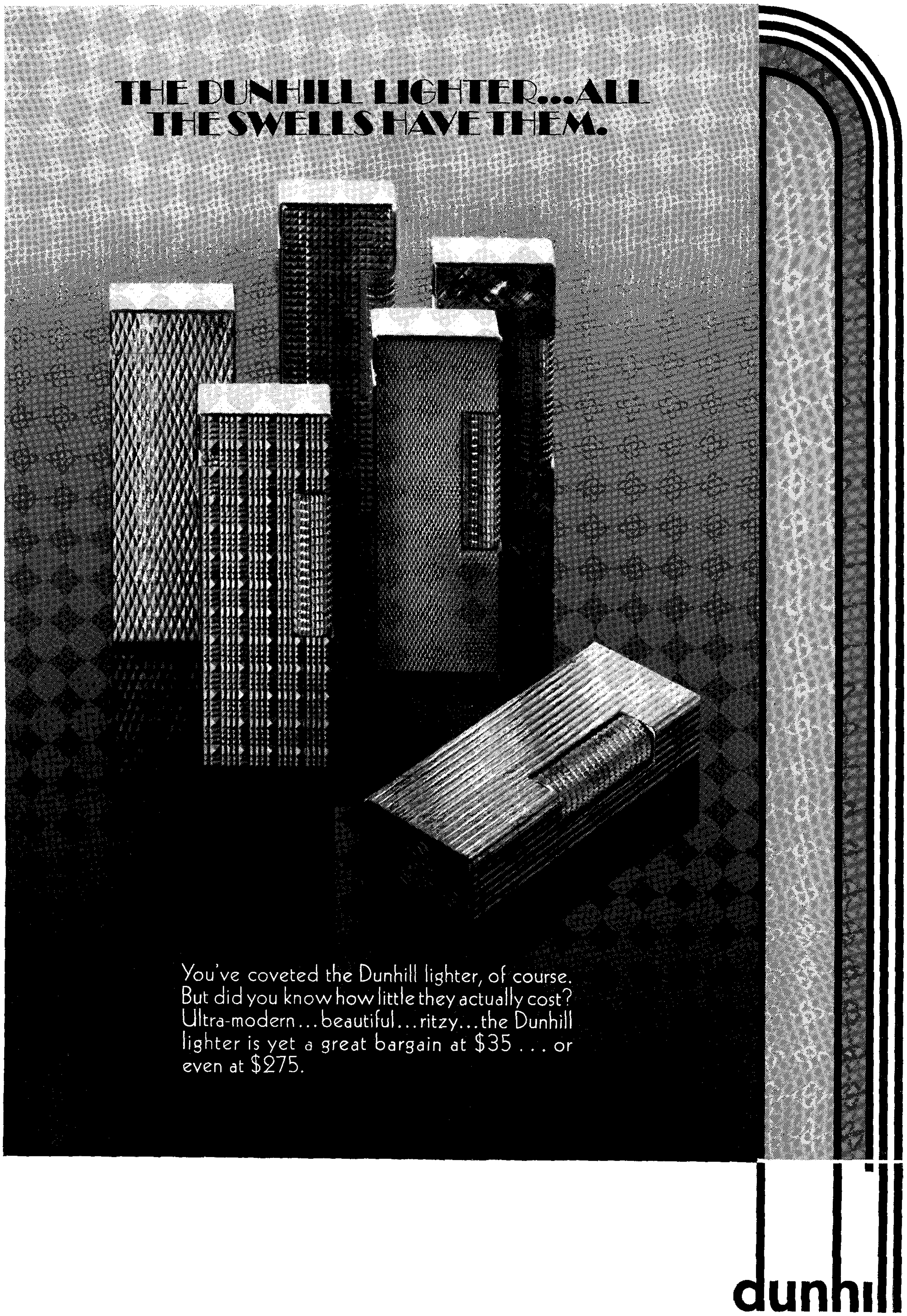
WE have good news for the people who don't use instant coffee, complaining that it takes such an interminable time to prepare. There are now three instant-coffee dispensers on the market. Each has addressed itself to the problem at hand a little differently, and choosing among them is a matter of whether you'd rather squeeze a trigger or turn a knob or press a button, and whether you want to spend eighty-nine cents, $1.98, or $7.50. The eighty-nine-cent specimen, at Macy's, is a jar lid appointed with a plastic contraption that ejects precisely one teaspoonful of instant coffee (or sugar, or anything) when the jar is turned upside down and a knob is turned. It fits five- and six-ounce jars. The $1.98 item is Gimbels' New Sanitary Instant Dispenser, which is also a lid with a thing on it, but here you squeeze a trigger. The lid mysteriously fits five-, six-, seven-, eight-, nine-, and ten-ounce jars. The back of the package is covered with lengthy directions and admonitions about matters like "the flowability of content" and ends with the arresting message "Congratulations! You have just purchased the most unique and useful housewares item on the market today. Thank you." The $7.50 dispenser, at Georg Jensen, is an elegant glass container with an enamelled-metal lid that fits over it like a lens cap, and an enamelled-metal base with a button, which, when pressed, opens a slot in the bottom and releases a spoonful of the instant coffee stored above. There is a color choice for base and lid: red, green, orange, blue, black, or white.

People who are prevented from drinking real coffee only by their disinclination for brewing it and cleaning out the coffeepot might be won over by

DUNHILL LIGHTERS CAN BE PURCHASED AT THESE STORES.

Boston
David P. Ehrlich Co.
Filene's (all stores)
Leavitt & Peirce
Thomas Long
Jordan Marsh (all stores)
Charles B. Perkins Co. (all stores)
Shreve Crump & Low Co.
Stowell's (all stores)
Chicago
Alfred Dunhill of London
Carson Pirie Scott & Co. (all stores)
Marshall Field & Co. (all stores)
C. D. Peacock Inc. (all stores)
Iwan Ries & Co.
Cleveland
Cowell & Hubbard Co.
The Higbee Co. (all stores)
Merka Jewelry Inc.
Detroit
Churchills of Birmingham
Greenstone's
The J. L. Hudson Co. (all stores)
Rose Jewelers (all stores)
Wright Kay & Co. (all stores)
Los Angeles
Alfred Dunhill of London
Bullock's (all stores)
John's Pipe Shop (all stores)
Lawrence Pipe Shoppe
Slavick Jewelry Co. (all stores)
The Tinder Box (all stores)
The Tobacconist (all stores)
New York Area
Alfred Dunhill of London
Abraham & Straus (all stores)
B. Altman & Co. (all stores)
Arnold's Tobacco Shop, Inc.
Bamberger's (all stores)
Barclay Rex Pipe Shop
Bergdorf Goodman
Bloomingdale's (all stores)
Brick Church Pipe Shop
De LaConcha Tobacconist
Hoffritz (all stores)
Macy's (all stores)
Peterson's, Ltd. (all stores)
Plaza Tobacco Shop
H. R. Scott
Wiss Jewelers (all stores)
Philadelphia
Bailey Banks & Biddle Co. (all stores)
J. E. Caldwell
John Wanamaker (all stores)
Yahn & McDonnell
Pittsburgh
Bailey Banks & Biddle Co. (all stores)
Hardy & Hayes
Joseph Horne Co. (all stores)
Kaufmann's (all stores)
San Francisco
Alfred Dunhill of London
Benaderet's
Granat Bros. (all stores)
Grant's Pipe Shop
Macy's (all stores)
Shreve & Co. (all stores)
Washington, D. C.
Camalier & Buckley
W. Curtis Draper Tobacconist, Inc.
Julius Garfinckel & Co. (all stores)
Georgetown Tobacco & Pipe
National Pipe & Tobacco Shop
Chas. Schwartz & Son

For names of stores in other cities write:
Alfred Dunhill of London, Inc.
11 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.

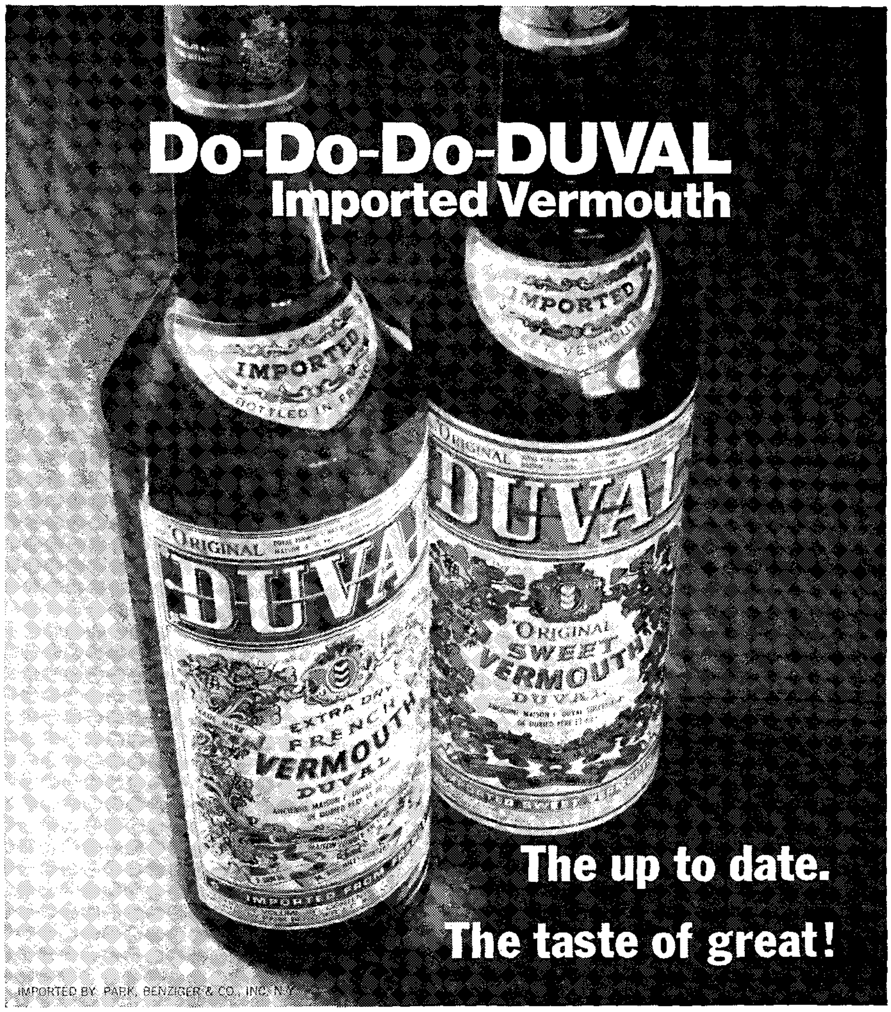

THE DUNHILL LIGHTER...ALL THE SWELLS HAVE THEM.
dunhill

You've coveted the Dunhill lighter, of course. But did you know how little they actually cost? Ultra-modern...beautiful...ritzy...the Dunhill lighter is yet a great bargain at $35 . . . or even at $275.

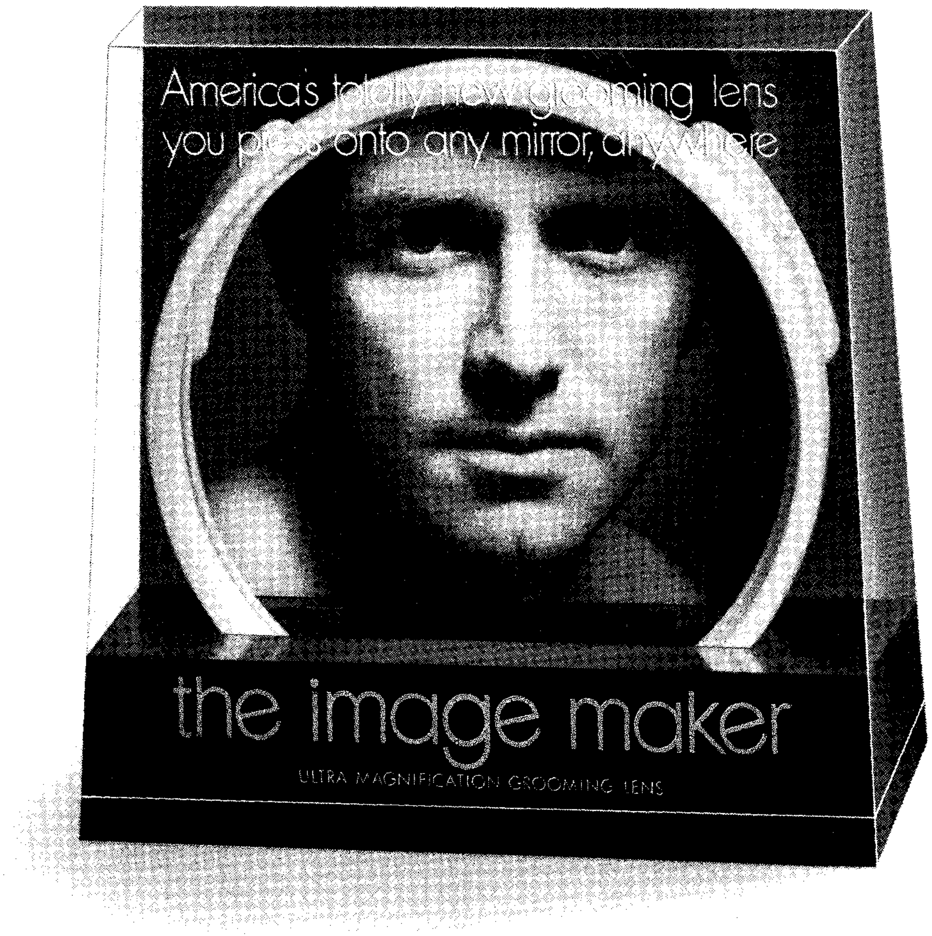
the Melitta Company's Filtermatic coffee-maker, a package set ($4.98) that includes a six-cup Corning-glass carafe, a plastic filter holder, a plastic scoop, and some paper filters. The filter holder is a cone-shaped receptacle that fits into the top of the carafe and has a small hole in the bottom through which filtered coffee descends into the carafe. The filters come already cone-shaped, the carafe has a handle and can take direct heat from the stove, and the filter holder is designed in such a way as to speed the coffee into the carafe, so that it stays hot. (Coffee made in other filter pots is lukewarm unless reheated.) None of this will be news to the people who have been using the Melitta coffee-maker all their lives in its original porcelain form—only the plastic filter holder and the glass carafe are innovations—and this version is still available, in the six-cup size, for $9.98, or for $7.98 with a porcelain pot and a white plastic filter holder. A package of a hundred filters costs $1.79. Most department stores and many neighborhood stores have the Melitta coffee-makers and accessories.

Like the instant-coffee dispenser, the Automatic Egg Cooker/Poacher, made by the Salton Company, fills a need that most people have never desperately felt, but it works, and aficionados of labor-saving devices are sure to like it very much. The labor you are saved here is that of bringing a pot of water to the boil, putting eggs into it without cracking their shells, and keeping your eye on the clock or hourglass. Instead, you put a tablespoon of water into a well in the electrified base of the egg cooker, place a metal eight-egg rack over the well, pierce the eggs with a pin on the handle of the rack (this keeps the shells from cracking), put the eggs in the rack, set a dial for soft-, medium-, or hard-boiled (a half cup of water in this last instance), cover the eggs with a domed plastic lid, and watch for a red light to go on. When it does, the eggs are done. There is an aluminum attachment for poaching eggs, with which the same steps are followed as for boiling eggs. The device costs $19.95, and there are two things the matter with it: (1) you have to hang around the cooker watching for the light to go on, and (2) poached eggs stick to the attachment and make it hard to clean. The Salton people, who became aware of these shortcomings soon after the cooker was put on the market, went back to the old drawing board and came up with a new version of the egg cooker that corrects both faults very nicely: it is equipped with a

Countess Mara®
Countess Mara designs more than ties for "one man in a million"
Sportswear, for instance, designed with the same devotion to good taste and flawless quality that distinguishes Countess Mara neckwear. And, like the ties, all CM designs are discreetly identified by the famous nine-point coronet, your assurance of individuality and authenticity. Countess Mara, Inc., 110 East 57th Street at Park Avenue, New York.

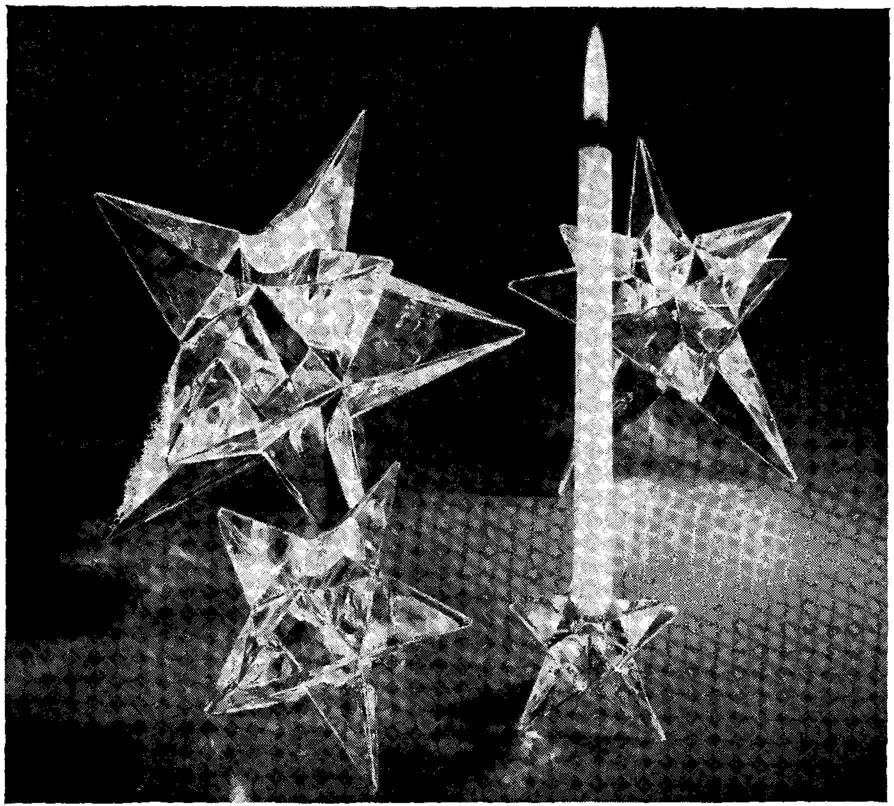


BETTER THYSELF


America's totally new grooming lens you press onto any mirror, anywhere
the image maker
ULTRA MAGNIFICATION GROOMING LENS

Maybe The Image Maker is the greatest triumph since Adam squinted in a pond to see what Eve saw in him. Formulated of miracle non-glass, it presses onto any mirror so simply you can handle it with a hangover. Brainchilded by optical scientists, it gives you fabulous, flawless 106% magnification for the Perfect Closeup that never was before. No more funky moustache trims, up-down sideburns. The Image Maker. Thus endeth the unsure shave. 10.00 at finer stores.

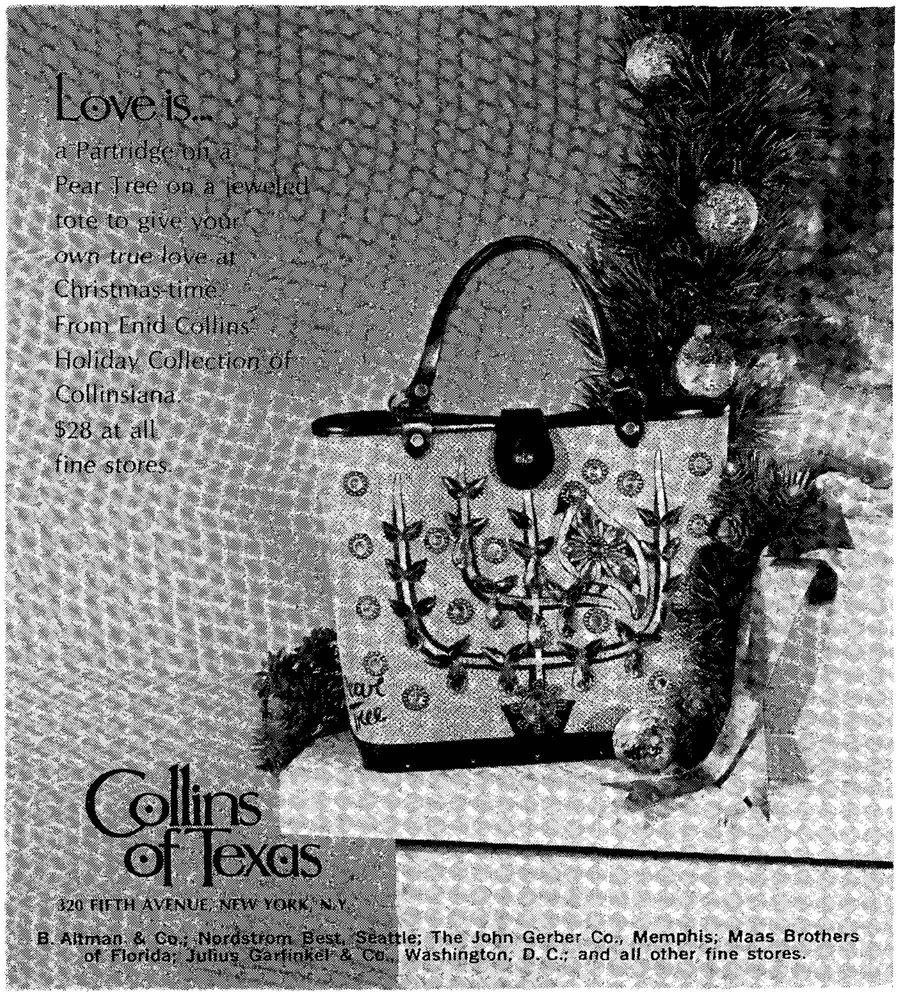
Stimulánt Products, Inc., Los Angeles, California 90064



Dinner by starshine. Twinkling around you. Catching the candleglow in elusive glimmers. Your own private galaxy of Rosenthal crystal stars for magical dinner lighting...or anywhere you want to sprinkle some starshine. 1¾", $10 pair; 2½", $17 pair; 3½", $22 pair; 4½", $18 each.

For mail orders add $1.25. Add N. Y. sales tax. Send for our illustrated packet of unusual gift suggestions.

OCINO
66 John St., N. Y., N. Y. 10038
Tel. (212) 269-3636



Love is...
a Partridge on a Pear Tree on a jeweled tote to give your own true love at Christmas-time.
From Enid Collins' Holiday Collection of Collinsiana.
$28 at all fine stores.

Collins of Texas
320 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

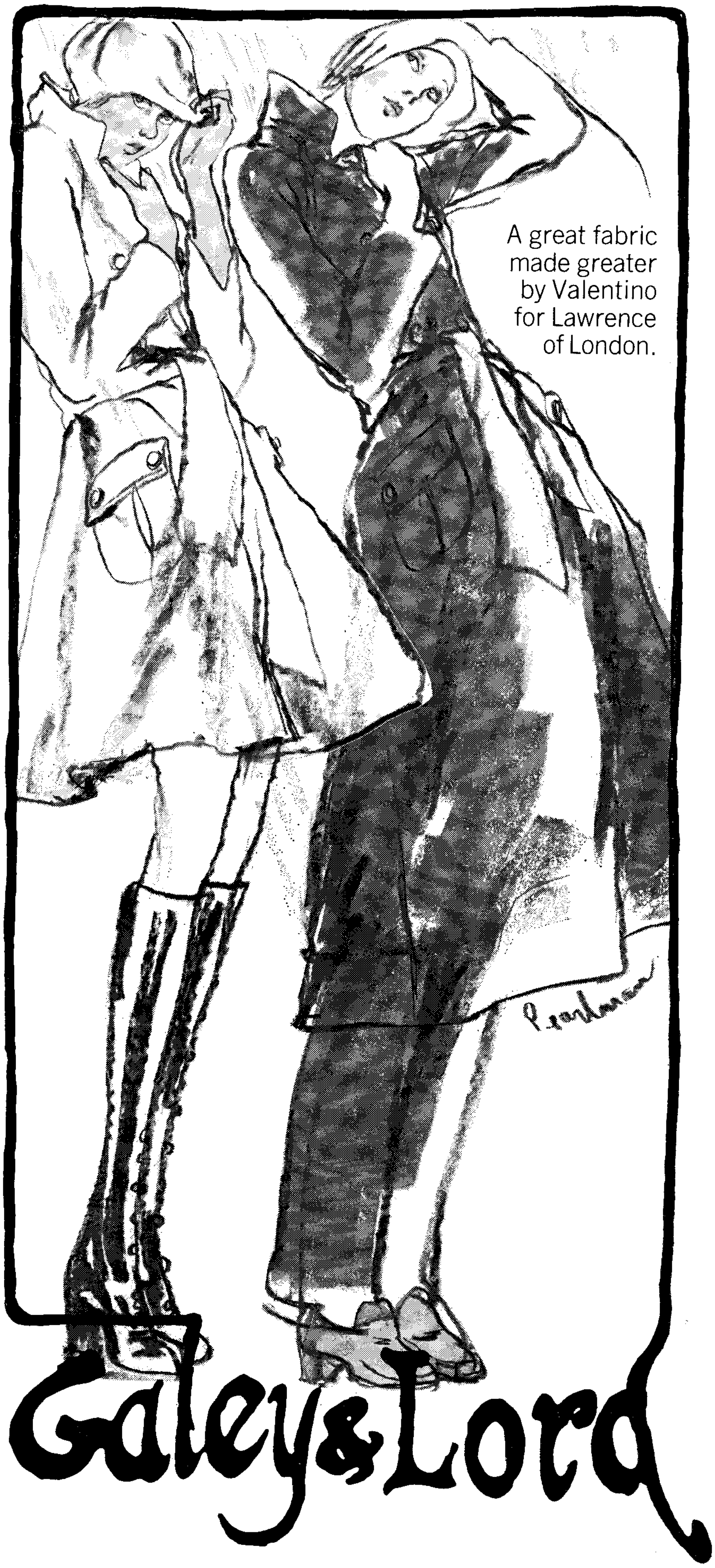
B. Altman & Co.; Nordstrom Best, Seattle; The John Gerber Co., Memphis; Maas Brothers of Florida; Julius Garfinkel & Co., Washington, D. C.; and all other fine stores.

buzzer, which sounds when the eggs are done, and with a Teflon poaching attachment, to which the eggs don't adhere. Unfortunately, the manufacturer charges five dollars more for the emended model, which it calls the Deluxe model. In time, we hope, the Salton Company will withdraw the underprivileged model and perhaps will feel that it can afford to sell the newer version for the original price. In the meantime, we can only reprovingly recommend the Deluxe model as a Christmas present. It's available at Altman's, Bloomingdale's, and Hammacher Schlemmer.

The Ronson Cook 'n' Stir blender is "the most revolutionary kitchen appliance since the electric refrigerator," according to its manufacturer, and certainly the most impressive-looking piece of cooking equipment we have ever seen. There are two switches, two lights, a thermostat dial, and six push buttons on its enormous, heavy base, from which a thick glass carafe rises. The carafe holds forty-eight fluid ounces, and has cutting blades at the bottom, a plastic handle at one side, measuring demarcations on its surface, and a stopper and a measuring cup on top. The machine, priced at around $75, purports to "crush ice without attachments, blend, shred, dice, whip, beat, churn, pulverize, grind, grate, chop, mix, stir, puree, liquefy, and mash . . . better, faster, more uniformly than any other blender in the world" and to be "the only blender that heats and cooks food." The bulk of the hundred-and-twelve-page booklet that accompanies the blender is devoted to recipes that can be prepared in it, some of which seem appropriate (zabaglione, for instance, which requires beating while being heated). Others (beef Stroganoff) seem rather farfetched. We popped a batch of popcorn according to the booklet's instructions, in a machine that the Ronson Corporation lent us, and were not taken with the results. Our control (popcorn popped in a pot over gas heat) was much better and took less than half as long to prepare. Then we made mashed potatoes, which were delicious and unlumpy, though we think we might have saved time by boiling the potatoes on the range instead of in the blender carafe. Then we wrecked the machine. We had dismantled it to wash it, and made the mistake of trying to put it together again without calling in an expert—or, at any rate, someone less mechanically schlemieloid than we are. The Cook 'n' Stir blender is for sale at Macy's, Hammacher Schlemmer, Bloomingdale's, and Abraham & Straus, and we think it would be a gratifying present for a family that has a feeling for machines and an infinite capacity for reading instructions.

After our unhappy dealings with the Cook 'n' Stir blender, we were relieved to find that another appliance the Ronson Corporation had lent us was virtually indestructible and so simple to operate that even we were able to work it. The device is called the Varaflame Table Chef (it is available at the same stores as the blender), and it is a portable butane-gas range. The active unit is a small metal pot with a burner on top and a long black plastic handle that terminates in a dial with the words "ON" and "OFF" written above it. It comes with a separate round cast-iron grille that fits over the burner and holds pots and pans of all sizes. To work the burner, you simply turn the dial in the direction of ON until you hear a faint hissing sound, then hold a lighted match over the burner. A small ring of flames appears, becoming higher as the dial continues to be turned, and diminishing if the dial is turned in the other direction. The burner cooks for "up to twelve hours," whatever that means, on one filling of gas, and when it runs out you can refill it by holding a can of pressurized butane gas ($1.98, wherever the burner is sold) against an opening in the bottom. The Table Chef cooks as well as a regular gas range, if not better, and can be used at the table or in the kitchen as an extra burner. It would be a handy thing to have in the country during a power failure. The price is $29.95. A two-unit version is available for $44.95, and a one-unit model with a lightweight wrought-iron grille is $24.95.

Another gift for a power-failure-prone country household might be a nicely proportioned small oil lamp, for sale at Pierre Deux, 369 Bleecker Street, that is a reproduction of a nine-



Polyester/cotton woven by Galey & Lord—
a division of Burlington Industries at Burlington House, New York, N.Y. 10019.

teenth-century lamp called the Pigeon lamp, after its inventor, M. Pigeon. The lamp is nine and a half inches tall, and its brass base has a square-cut handle that can be used for attaching the lamp to the wall, and has holes in it for that purpose. There is a gracefully rounded chimney and a knob for adjusting the flame. This is a most appealing fixture, and the price is $10. At Pierre Deux we also saw some antique long-stemmed absinthe glasses that resemble those in Impressionist paintings and may have been the very ones their subjects used. They are thick, solid, and capacious, with simple cut-glass decorations at the base of the conical bowls. They cost $4 each, and they would be fine wineglasses for outdoor luncheons.

Mexican glass has long been a favorite of summer hostesses; its rough-hewn character and rich, lovely colors seem right for the outdoors. The thoughtful people who replenish the glass cupboards of their friends at Christmastime (even the thick Mexican glass breaks) might go down to the colorful establishment of Fred Leighton, 177 Macdougal Street, just off Washington Square, where a collection of hand-blown Mexican glass is on permanent display in a great variety of sizes and shapes and hues; namely, turquoise, blue, green, brown, and clear glass tinged with green. A very big tulip goblet costs $3.25, a small Old-Fashioned glass is sixty-five cents, a medium-sized tumbler is eighty-five cents, and a large highball glass is $1.25. Bloomingdale's has some gray stoneware ornamented with blue or blue-and-green flower or fruit patterns which looks like the old-fashioned salt-glaze stoneware crocks one used to see in country stores before the decorators came and took them all away. A two-quart pitcher painted with a few blue flowers done in broad, free strokes is $5, a small pitcher with a more concise pattern—a cluster of blue grapes and green leaves—is $7, and a mustard pot with the same grape pattern is $3. La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Avenue (72nd Street), has some nice Staffordshire-earthenware measuring pitchers decorated on the outside with plush English roses in baskets and marked with measurements within. The pitchers are white with a choice of brown, blue, or red roses, and come in three sizes: eighteen ounces, for $4.50; twenty-four ounces, for $5.50; and forty-eight ounces, for $6.50. La Cuisinière also sells oval soap dishes in the same flower pattern and colors, for $1.95 each.

Bonniers' clay cooking ware from

Altogether, now...the bra and slip combined into one lacy nylon figure-shaper. Olga gives it fit with hidden shell cups, adds light security with **Lycra*** spandex to hug the back. In white and un-pale pastels, Sizes 32 to 36, A-B...13.00. At stores with fashion spirit.

*DuPont's Reg. T.M.

behind every
OLGA®
there really is an Olga

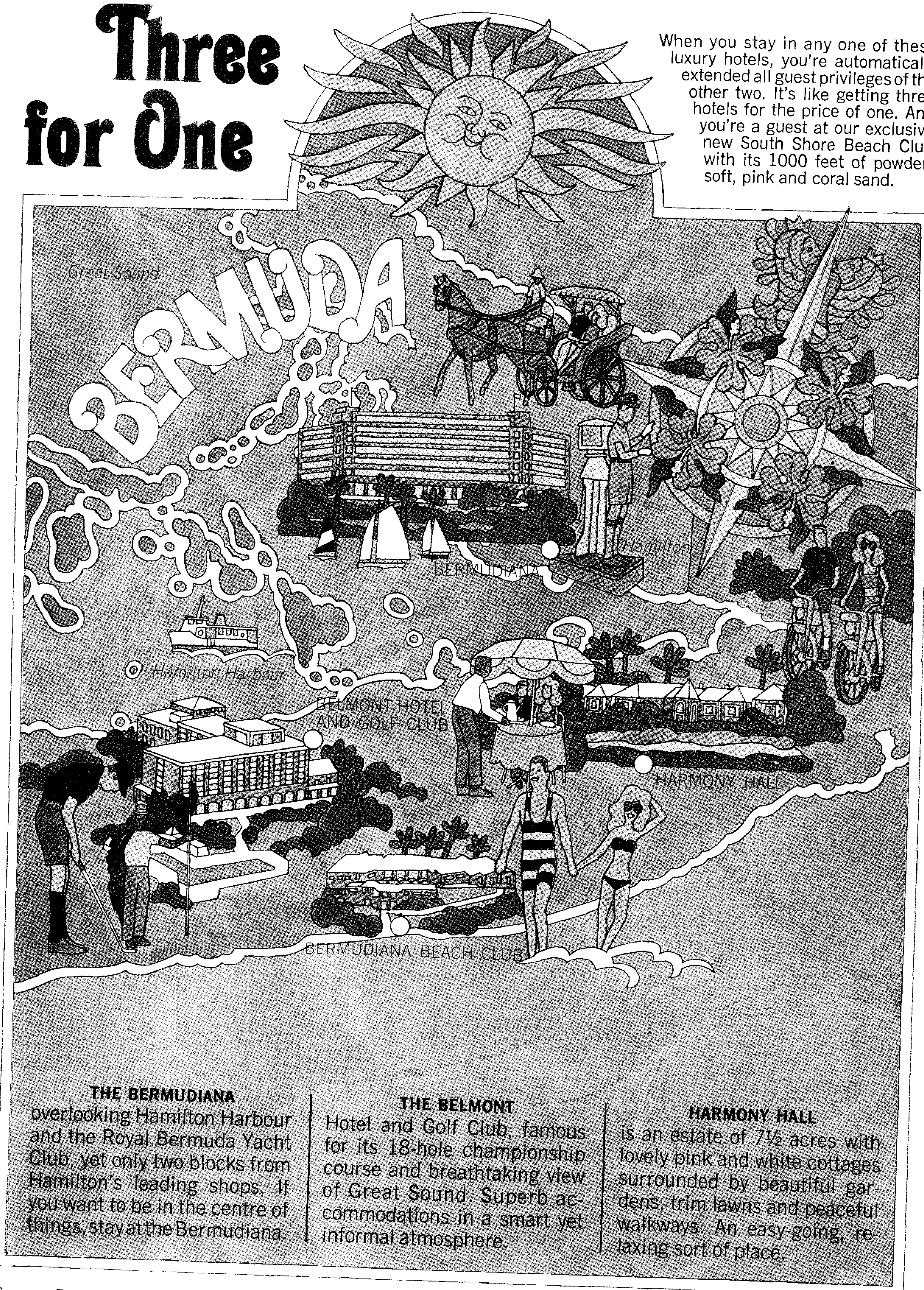
WILLIAMSBURG · C W · RESTORATION ®

Does The Hallmark Make It Any Better?

In value, yes.
The Williamsburg Hallmark on a piece of pewter, or any Williamsburg Reproduction, is your assurance of quality and authenticity.
On this classic tankard, the Hallmark tells you the pewter is made from an ancient formula of tin, copper and antimony—no lead. You know that no two tankards are exactly alike. Each one is cast, turned, burnished and polished by hand.
The Williamsburg Hallmark is reserved for those products that are crafted by one of the 17 licensed manufacturers of home furnishings and furniture.
For a colorful 144-page book full of Williamsburg® Reproductions, send $2.50 to Craft House, Dept. A-2, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.
®Identifies trademarks of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Three for One

When you stay in any one of these luxury hotels, you're automatically extended all guest privileges of the other two. It's like getting three hotels for the price of one. And you're a guest at our exclusive new South Shore Beach Club with its 1000 feet of powder-soft, pink and coral sand.


Great Sound
BERMUDA
Hamilton
BERMUDIANA
Hamilton Harbour
BELMONT HOTEL AND GOLF CLUB
HARMONY HALL
BERMUDIANA BEACH CLUB

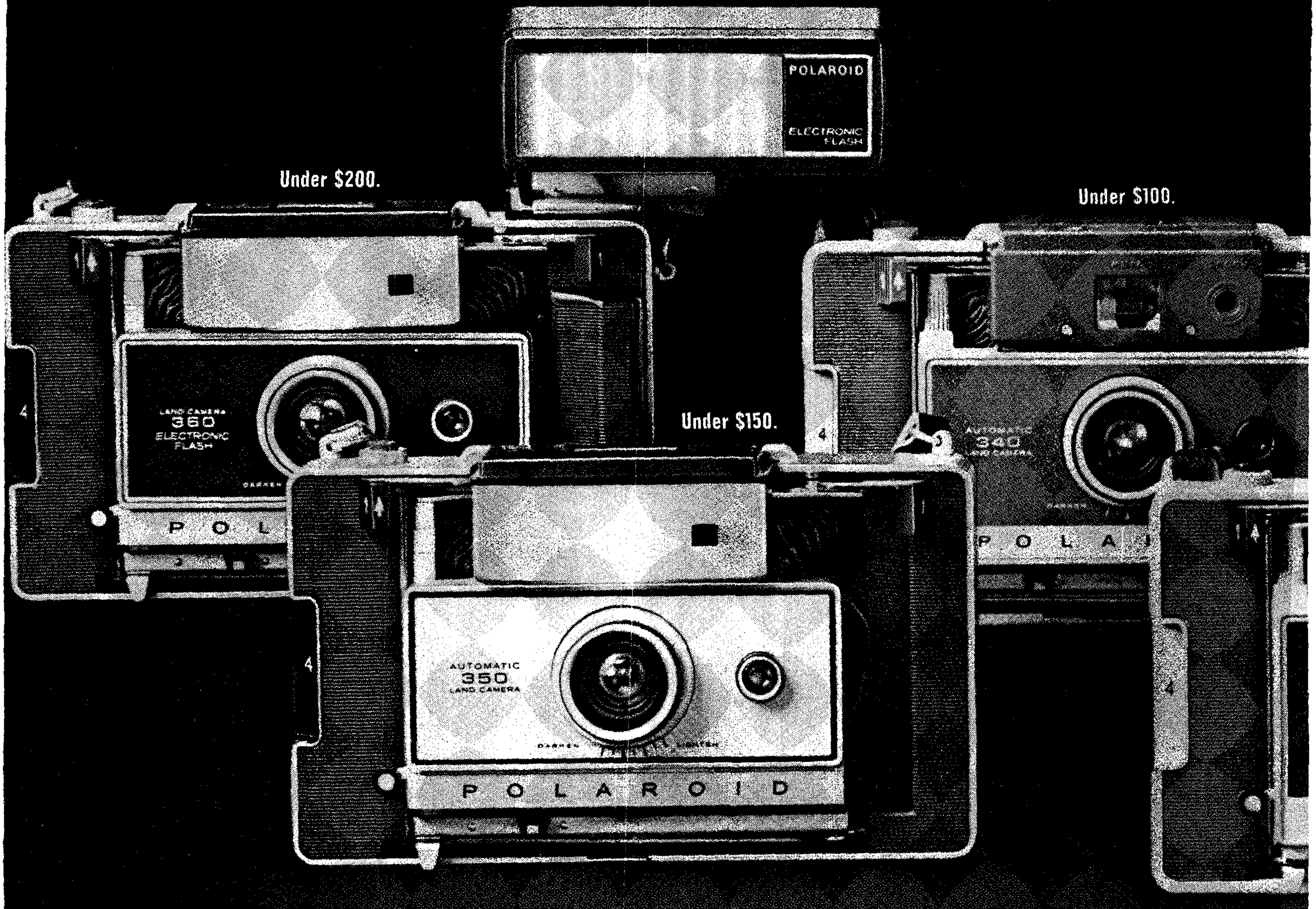
THE BERMUDIANA
overlooking Hamilton Harbour and the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, yet only two blocks from Hamilton's leading shops. If you want to be in the centre of things, stay at the Bermudiana.

THE BELMONT
Hotel and Golf Club, famous for its 18-hole championship course and breathtaking view of Great Sound. Superb accommodations in a smart yet informal atmosphere.

HARMONY HALL
is an estate of 7½ acres with lovely pink and white cottages surrounded by beautiful gardens, trim lawns and peaceful walkways. An easy-going, relaxing sort of place.

See your Travel Agent or contact: ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC., International Representatives
DEPT.N-11,1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020 • Telephone: (212) 757-2444
Offices in Chicago • Miami • Toronto • London, England

This is the season to know


Under $200.
POLAROID
ELECTRONIC FLASH
LAND CAMERA 360 ELECTRONIC FLASH
Under $100.
AUTOMATIC 340 LAND CAMERA
Under $150.
AUTOMATIC 350 LAND CAMERA
POLAROID

The Polaroid Land camera. It'll tell you what happened on Christmas Day on Christmas Day.

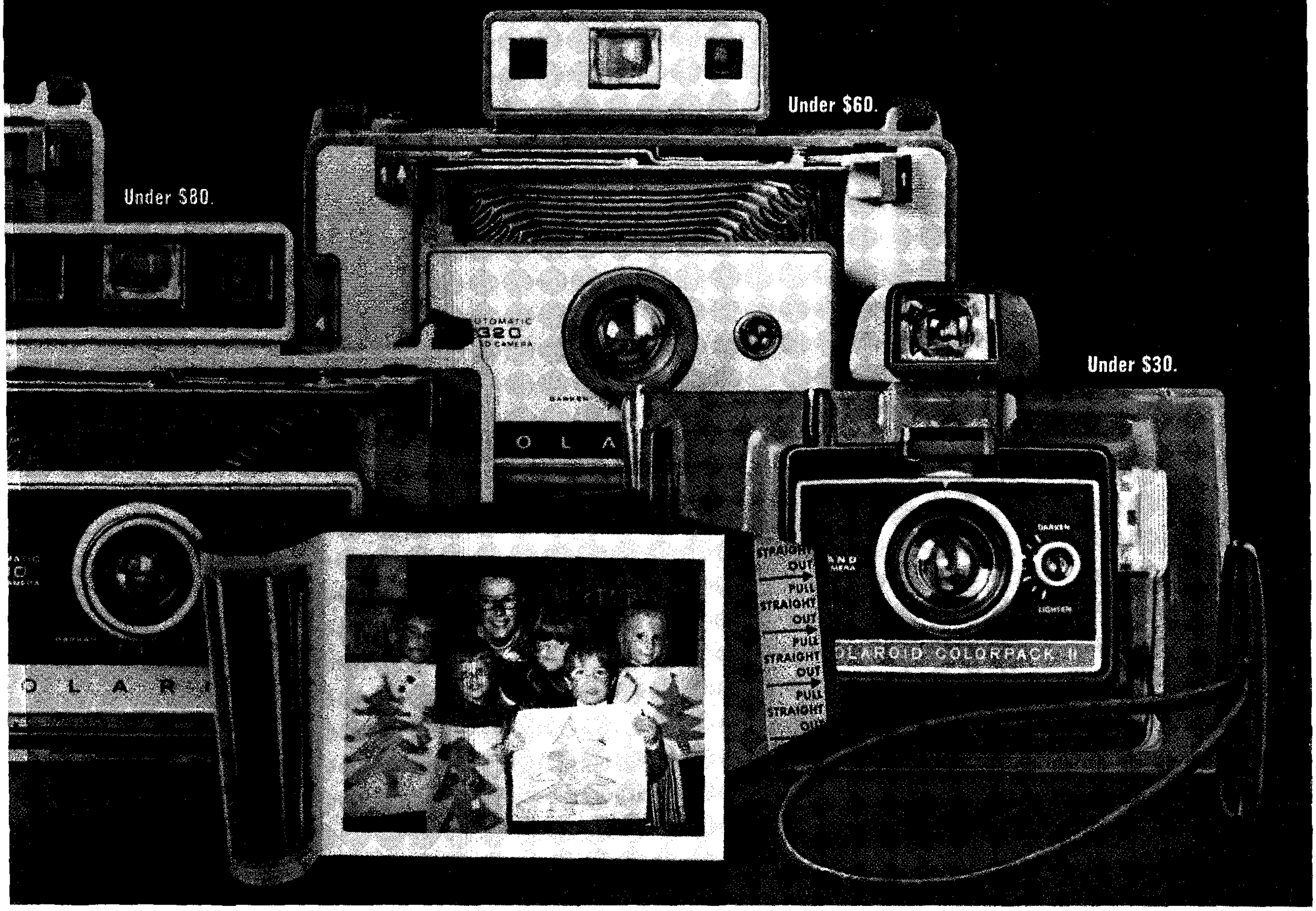
Under $200. The Model 360. Snap-on electronic flash. Freezes wildest action at 1/1000 second, recharges on house current (no more flashbulbs). Electronic timer lights up, counts, beeps when picture's perfectly developed. Electronic shutter, electric eye set exposures automatically. Single window Zeiss Ikon rangefinder-viewfinder. The most self-sufficient camera in the world.

Under $150. The Model 350. Electronic timer lights up when you pull out film, beeps when picture's perfectly developed. Electronic shutter and electric eye automatically set correct exposure outdoors and indoors (even flash). Single window Zeiss Ikon rangefinder-viewfinder. Same all-metal body as Model 360, brushed chrome finish.

Under $100. The Model 340. Mechanical timer. (Set it, pull out film, push button. Timer cuts off when picture's ready.) Same electronic shutter, electric eye as more expensive cameras. Dual image, fold-down coupled rangefinder - viewfinder. Takes same accessories as more expensive cameras. Lightweight, high-impact plastic body.

Under $80. The Model 330. Mechanical timer. (Set it, pull out film, push button. Timer cuts off when picture's ready.) Electronic shutter, electric eye automatically set correct exposure. Dual image, non-folding rangefinder-viewfinder. Sharp triplet lens (same design as ex-

which one does what.



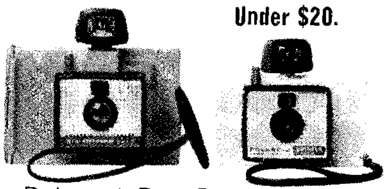
pensive cameras). Lightweight, high-impact plastic body. Detachable camera cover and carrying strap.

Under $60. The Model 320. Electronic shutter, electric eye automatically set correct exposure, make flash pictures as perfectly as daylight pictures. Dual image, non-folding coupled rangefinder-viewfinder. Lightweight, high-impact plastic body. Detachable camera cover and carrying strap. (Same as more expensive cameras.)

Under $30. Polaroid Colorpack II Land camera. Electronic shutter, electric eye automatically measure exposure (even flash). Built-in flash uses flashcubes (shoots 4 times in a row). Signals when flashcube is used. Has sharp 3-element lens. Ingenious viewfinder acts as 5-foot rangefinder. Quick-loading pack film (same 3¼" by 4¼" pictures as more expensive cameras, color or black & white). Picture taking almost as easy as opening your eyes.

Under $25.

Under $20.



Polaroid Big Swinger, left. Black-and-white 3¼" by 4¼" pictures (same pack film). Photometer says "Yes" when exposure's right. Built-in flash. No focusing. Polaroid Swinger. (Black-and-white 2½" by 3¼" pictures in 15 seconds.) Great budget gifts.

"Polaroid" and "Swinger"®.

©American Tourister, Warren, R.I.

American Tourister

"We were flying along at 70 mph when suddenly it flew off the car..."

"We saw our suitcase hit the highway, bounce, and fall all over."

We think that when a suitcase goes traveling, you shouldn't have to kiss it goodbye.

So we take sixteen different strong materials and mold them into every American Tourister.

We tie the whole thing together with a tough stainless steel frame.

We reinforce it with fiber glass.

And we give American Touristers non-spring locks that won't spring open on impact.

"My wife thought our clothes would be all over the place, but the suitcase didn't open. Everything inside was fine."

If you're traveling around with an ordinary suitcase, maybe it'll never fall from a car going 70 miles an hour.

Or smash into a concrete overpass.

Maybe, if you're lucky, things like that will happen only to other people.

"I just thought you'd like to know how pleased we were."

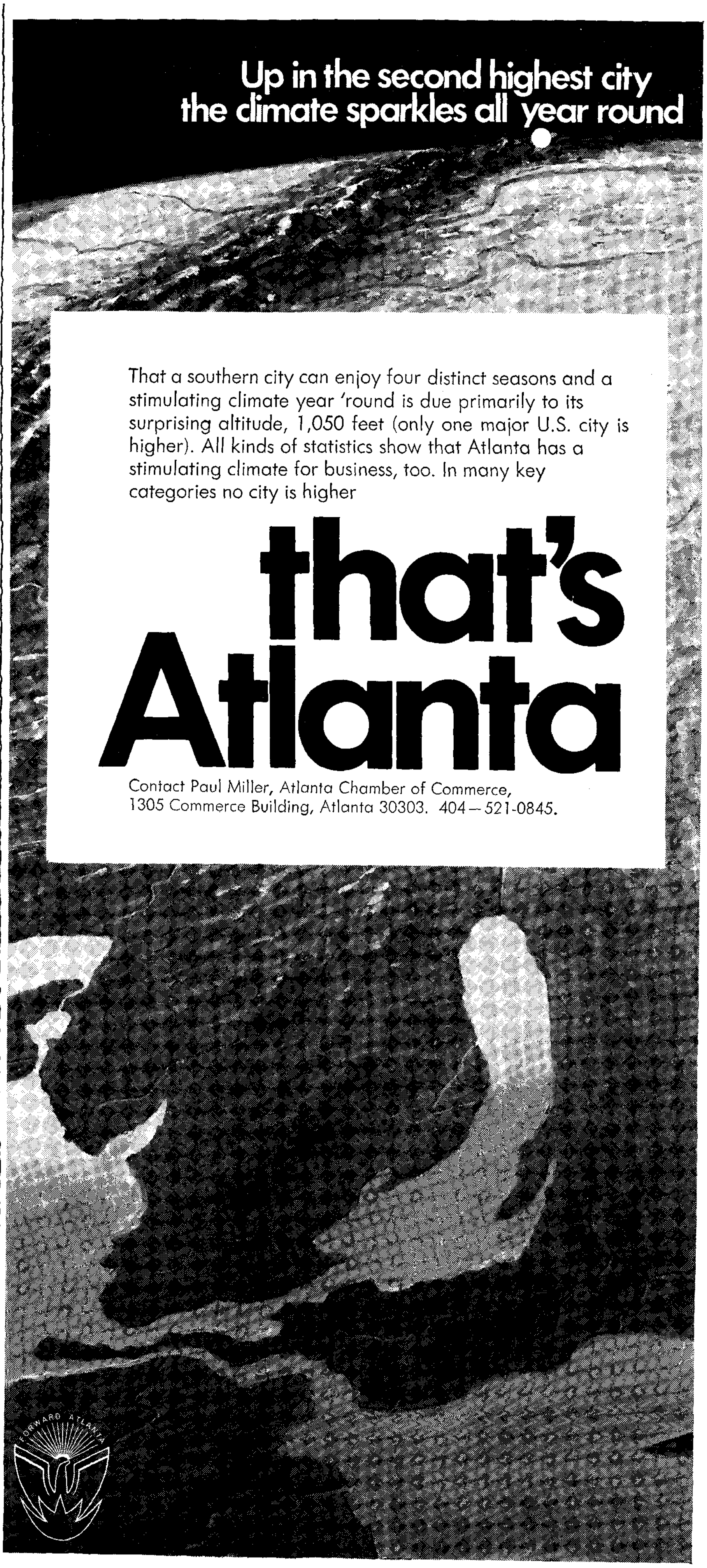
Mr. R. E. Benson
Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

American Tourister

American Tourister

France would be a welcome addition to a country kitchen. The vessels, which come in a great many forms and sizes, are glazed within and left unfinished on the outside, like flowerpots. According to Bonniers' literature, "this clay enhances the natural flavor of foods so that stews, soups, casseroles cooked in these pots have a rich hearty flavor." The ware is ovenproof but not rangeproof. A tall, covered four-quart pot, called a Marmite Haute, costs $7.75; a shallow casserole with a handle and a cover (it's called a Poêlon à Bec) is $5.50 in the one-quart size and $6.50 in the two-quart; a soufflé dish five and a half inches in diameter is $3; and a three-inch ramekin is $1.25. Bonniers recommends this curing procedure for the pots: "Rub inside and out with garlic. Fill to brim with water. Bake slowly in moderate oven about six hours." At Seabon Scandinavian Imports, 54 East 54th Street, we saw a natural-wood serving spoon from Sweden, gouge-carved by hand, with a bowl five and a half inches long and five inches wide that would be a good implement with which to dish out the rich, hearty, garlicky stew made in Bonniers' casserole. The spoon has a handle that curves back on itself so that it can be hung, and the price is $4.50. Seabon has some remarkable rugs, which look like hand-loomed Scandinavian woollen rugs from a distance but turn out to be made of plastic. Close up, they look like what they are; they have a mild sheen and they feel like plastic—but not repellently so—and we think they would be excellent for children's rooms and country bedrooms. There are tasteful bicolor and tricolor striped designs, and also plain tweedlike specimens. A rug twenty-six inches by thirty-five and a half costs $9.95, and one forty-seven inches by sixty-seven is $22.50.

In the Carrier Cookshop, at Macy's, we found a nice small soup tureen of beige glazed earthenware made in England with two side handles and a graceful rounded body; it holds a quart and costs $1.99. Macy's Couscous Cooker, from France, might, if it were given to the right person, be used to make *couscous Algérien*. (Other people use gift couscous cookers for making donations to thrift shops.) It's a tall, rounded aluminum double boiler, whose top compartment has a perforated bottom; Macy's six-quart specimen is $9.99. White fluted-porcelain soufflé dishes are welcome in every kitchen; the Cookshop sells a boxed set of three of these redoubtable baking dishes in graduated sizes for


Up in the second highest city
the climate sparkles all year round

That a southern city can enjoy four distinct seasons and a stimulating climate year 'round is due primarily to its surprising altitude, 1,050 feet (only one major U.S. city is higher). All kinds of statistics show that Atlanta has a stimulating climate for business, too. In many key categories no city is higher

that's
Atlanta

Contact Paul Miller, Atlanta Chamber of Commerce,
1305 Commerce Building, Atlanta 30303. 404–521-0845.

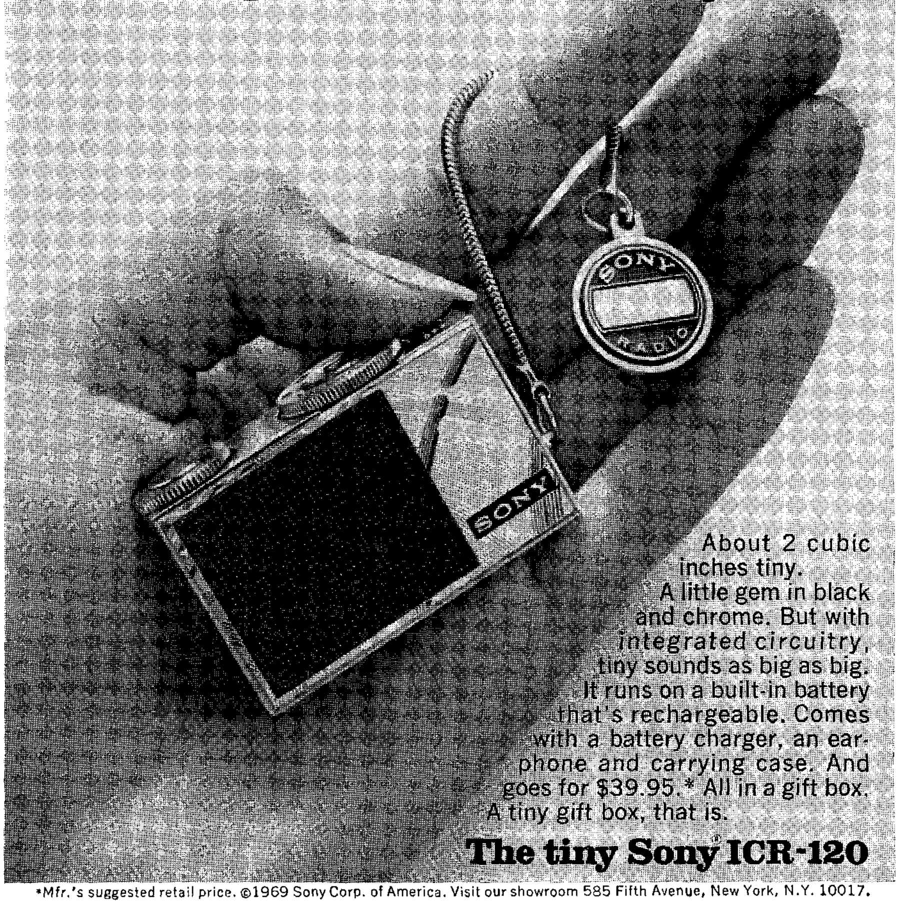
The taste that makes SBF Santa's Best Friend

You'll eat us up! Here is our own idea for an exciting Christmas gift . . . this sparkling Waterford compote of hand-cut lead crystal with our elegant chocolate mini-mints from Godiva. We'll send it in a golden box tied with red ribbon and chic Godiva rose, $23. Mints alone, $5 per lb. SBF Glassware. May we send you?

Add $1 shipping charge

Stix, Baer & Fuller
ST. LOUIS

It's not a giant hand. It's a tiny radio.



About 2 cubic inches tiny. A little gem in black and chrome. But with integrated circuitry, tiny sounds as big as big. It runs on a built-in battery that's rechargeable. Comes with a battery charger, an earphone and carrying case. And goes for $39.95.* All in a gift box. A tiny gift box, that is.

The tiny Sony® ICR-120

*Mfr.'s suggested retail price. ©1969 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our showroom 585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

$11.99. And its conical aluminum strainer ($5.95) might please a serious saucemaker.

A CHAIR has just come over from Italy, for sale at Macy's, that blossoms in something of the same manner as the resurrection plant we mentioned at the beginning of this report. It—and its fellow-members of what is known as the Up Chair series—is made of polyurethane (a molded plastic that feels like foam rubber but should not be confused with it) and arrives in the form of a very heavy, hard, flat vinyl-covered disc with a little ruffle around its edges. When the vinyl is cut off, one can scarcely believe one's eyes, for a full-size, soft, plump chair materializes within thirty seconds. Its flat manifestation is achieved by exsuction in a vacuum chamber, the idea being to save on shipping costs. The Up Chairs have a very modern look and are deliciously comfortable. A model called the Spherical Chair looks like a puffball with a dent in the middle. It is thirty-nine and a half inches wide, thirty-nine and a half inches from front to back, and twenty-six and a half inches high, with a seat height of sixteen and a half inches. The price is $200; a child's size is $70. A settee that is an elongated version of the spherical chair and is somewhat harder (polyurethane can be made in any density) is sixty-seven inches long and costs $400. The Dona Lounge Chair, a rather massive Up seat ($599), has a strange, statuesque appearance (a person sitting in it looks as if he were sitting in the lap of a Moore sculpture) and seems a little far out for a living room, but the rest of the series would be fine in most modern settings. They are covered with a wool jersey that feels pleasant and that comes in wide red-and-beige stripes. John Gloag, the British author of a book entitled "The Chair," observes of modern ones that "the established conceptions of comfort in seating have been amplified by what is now aptly called 'dimensional abundance,' which takes account of the tendency of modern people to fidget and constantly change their position when seated, and the large luxurious chairs which accommodate this habit will, if they last long enough, disclose to our descendants the measure of our restlessness . . . but today few things are made with posterity in mind, so the modern Englishman's chair may not survive to reveal the truth about him." Fortunately or unfortunately, the Up Chairs will survive to tell the truth about us. Polyurethane, according to their manufac-

ISAMU NOGUCHI "WHITE SUN" 1966 COURTESY OF CORDIER & EKSTROM, INC., NEW YORK

For the next few months Aristotle will have something besides Homer to contemplate.

It's the Metropolitan Museum's hundredth birthday celebration.

And just for openers, the Met has moved Rembrandt, Botticelli and friends out of their usual corners—and moved in a unique exhibition of 43 contemporary masters.

Each is a key member of the "New York School." What they painted, sculpted or exhibited in New York during the last 30 years turned this town into the world's art capital.

In all, over 400 works are included from A (Josef Albers) to W (Andy Warhol).

As a company that came of age during the years the exhibition covers, Xerox is proud to sponsor this salute to New York Art.

And to salute the Met for being the Met.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art presents New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970. Now through February 1.

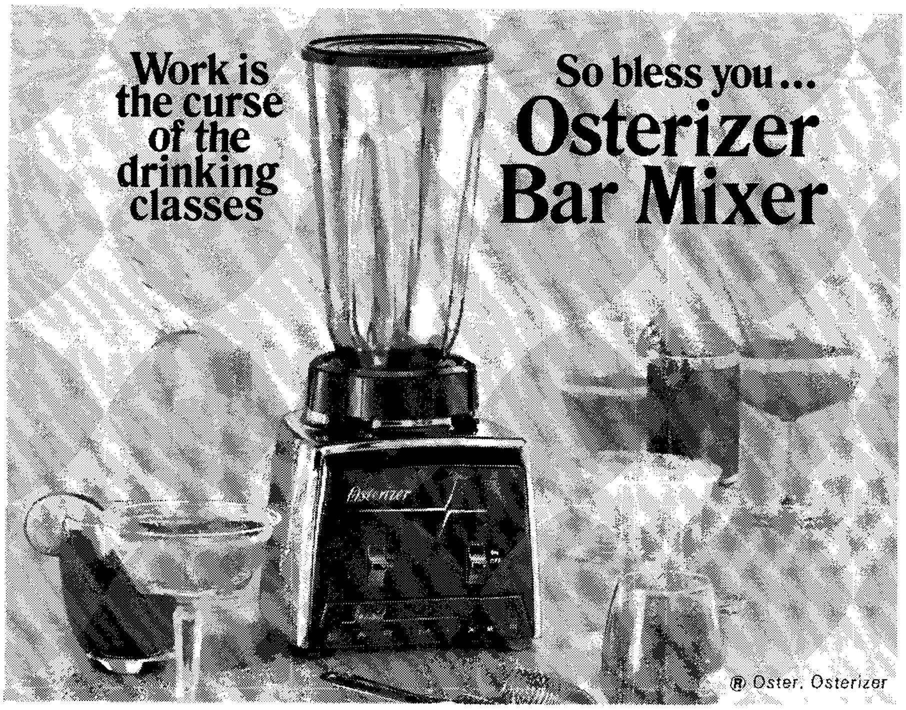
XEROX IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF XEROX CORPORATION. XEROX

turer, doesn't sag or dent or disintegrate, and the chairs can be expected to outlast their owners.

Another measure of our restlessness may be read in the brief duration of each of our fads and fashions. One has scarcely caught the name of the latest thing in vogue before its little day is over and something new has pushed its way into the forefront of the public consciousness. Art Nouveau, which enjoyed a recent revival, is all washed up again, and Art Deco is the thing that up-to-the-moment people are momentarily stirred up about. By the time this piece is printed, Art Deco may be passé, too, but in case anyone still cares an excellent little book on the subject, entitled "Art Deco," by Bevis Hillyer, has been published by Studio Vista/Dutton; $2.45. Art Deco is a term that was coined to characterize the hideous style of design that developed in the twenties and thirties (other coinages have been "modernistic," "jazz modern," and the delightful "Aztec Airways"), and was derived from L'Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs et Industriels Modernes, which took place in Paris in 1925. Mr. Hillyer offers this "working definition" of Art Deco:

> An assertively modern style, developing in the 1920s and reaching its high point in the thirties, it drew inspiration from various sources, including the more austere side of Art Nouveau, cubism, the Russian Ballet, American Indian art, and the Bauhaus; it was a classical style in that, like neo-classicism but unlike Rococo or Art Nouveau, it ran to symmetry rather than asymmetry, and to the rectilinear rather than the curvilinear; it responded to the demands of the machine and of new materials such as plastics, ferro-concrete, and vita-glass; and its ultimate aim was to end the old conflict between art and industry, the old snobbish distinction between artist and artisan, partly by making artists adept at crafts, but still more by adapting design to the requirements of mass-production.

Mr. Hillyer, who is not yet thirty, writes of "the period's weird attraction for our generation . . . already in the mid-sixties these things have the romantic, slightly sinister appeal of antiquity." The hundreds of photographs of Art Deco furniture, architecture, household objects, jewelry, Hollywood sets, and graphics with which the book is illustrated let one see just how weird this attraction is. Some of the pictures make one laugh (a bizarre green onyx clock surmounted by a figure called the Bat Dancer, for instance), and others make one shudder (Fascist propaganda works). Mr. Hillyer's chronicle takes Art Deco from the silly twenties



NO MORE need you dilute the drinks with hot, salty tears of frustration at your failure to mix.

NO MORE need you skulk away when someone asks you to whip up a frappé.

NO MORE need you mutter, "How about a bourbon and water?" when guests order exotic drinks.

NO MORE! Our Osterizer Imperial Bar Mixer makes perfect Drinksmanship simple—with Hi and Lo speed control. 5-cup stainless steel container opens at both ends. Recipe book included. Use it to whip up great hors d'oeuvres, too. Even when it's not doing anything, it adds an ineffable distinction to your bar.

It's one of the full Osterizer blender line, among other Oster products designed to make you a hero in the do-it-yourself-and-drink-it set. At better stores everywhere.

© 1969 John Oster Manufacturing Co., Dept. NY 5055 N. Lydell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53217

If you drink Canadian whisky you're already half a Tiedy's drinker, too.
IMPORTED FROM CANADA
GEORGE M. TIEDY'S CANADIAN LIQUEUR

...Geo. M.Tiedy's*Canadian Liqueur.

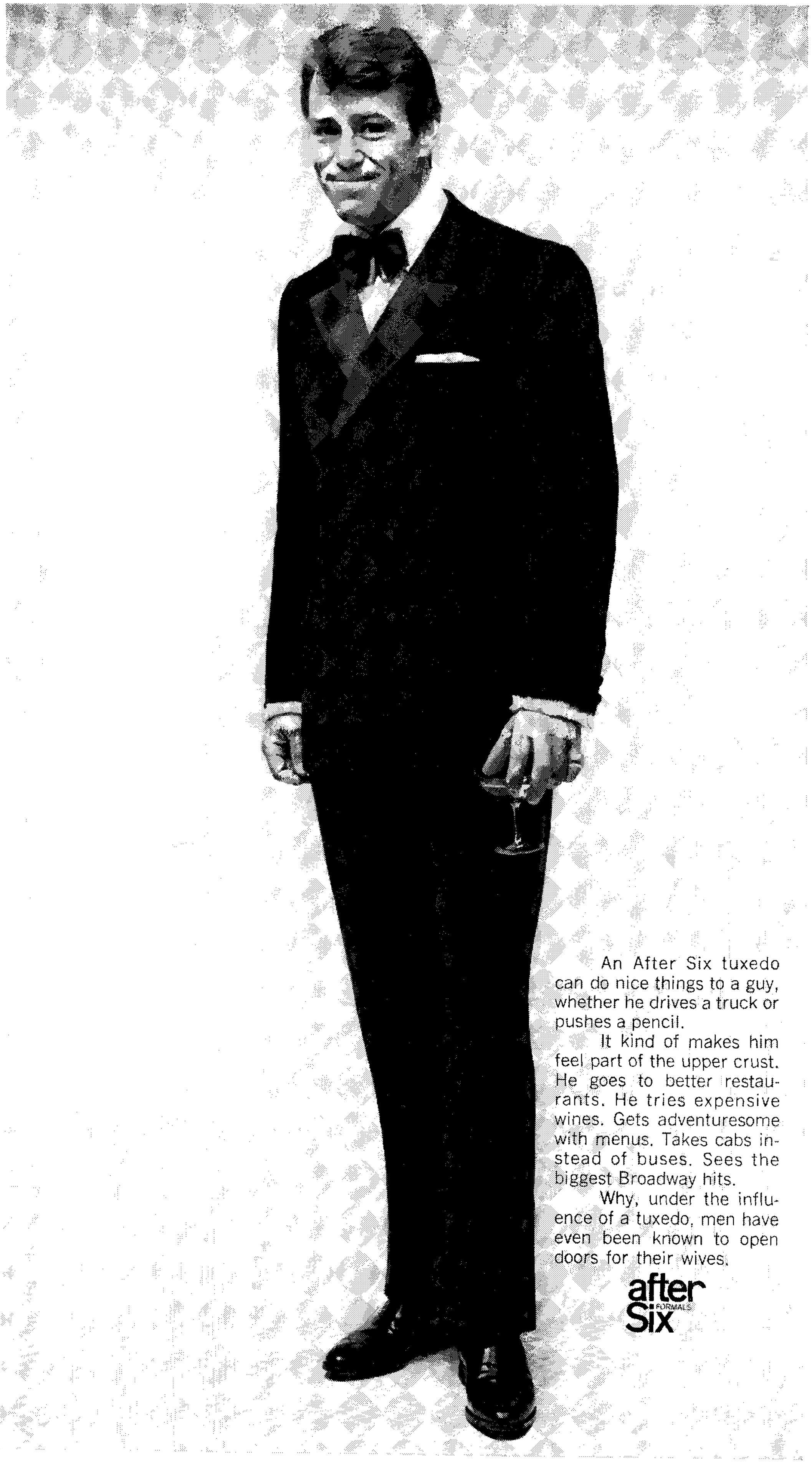
Why? Because Tiedy's is made with your favorite whisky. Smooth Canadian whisky...subtly blended with an old French liqueur recipe.

And you don't have to be a Canadian whisky drinker to appreciate this beverage extraordinaire.

*(Pronounced Ty-dees)

87 PROOF. ANOTHER FINE BRAND IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N. Y., N. Y.

Connoisseur, bon vivant, raconteur, patron of the arts, truck driver.



An After Six tuxedo can do nice things to a guy, whether he drives a truck or pushes a pencil.

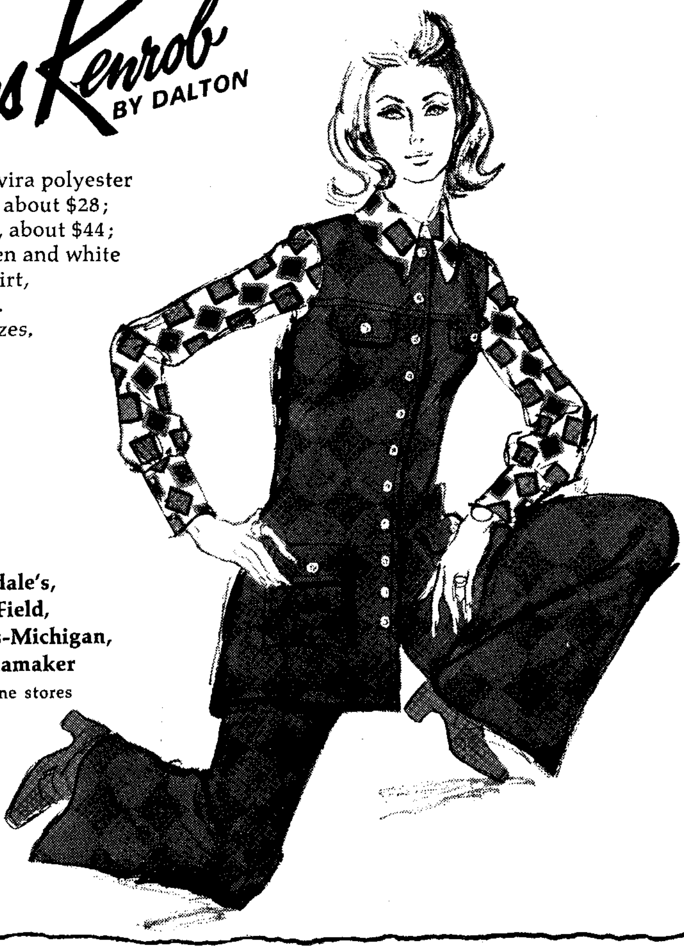
It kind of makes him feel part of the upper crust. He goes to better restaurants. He tries expensive wines. Gets adventuresome with menus. Takes cabs instead of buses. Sees the biggest Broadway hits.

Why, under the influence of a tuxedo, men have even been known to open doors for their wives.

after
FORMALS
Six

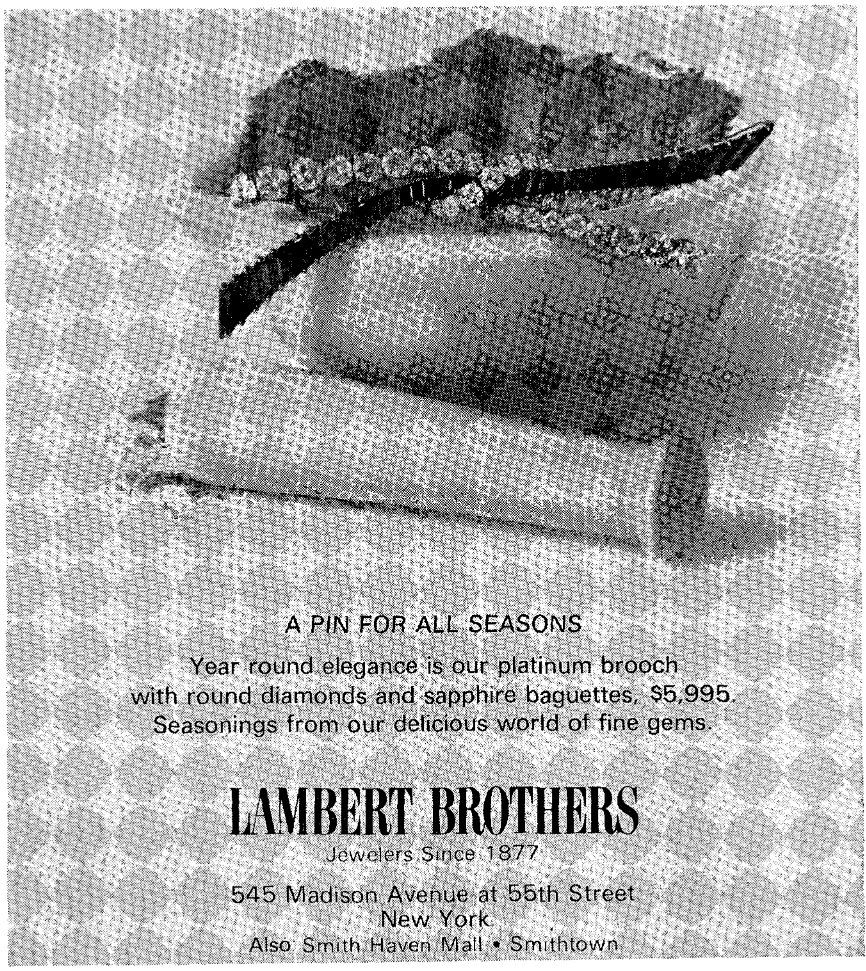
AFTER SIX, INC. 1290 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y.C. 22ND & MARKET STS., PHILA., PA. MFRS. OF AFTER SIX FORMALS. AFTER SIX ACCESSORIES RAMEY-TYSON SHIRTS. HARRY FISCHER OUTERWEAR DISTINGUISHED COATS BY THE HOUSE OF MALCOLM KENNETH AND SUITS BY LEBOW BROTHERS, INC.

James Kenrob BY DALTON



Navy Trevira polyester
citypants, about $28;
tunic vest, about $44;
navy, green and white
acetate shirt,
about $20.
Misses' sizes.

Featured at:
Bloomingdale's,
Marshall Field,
Jacobson's-Michigan,
John Wanamaker
and other fine stores
everywhere.



A PIN FOR ALL SEASONS

Year round elegance is our platinum brooch
with round diamonds and sapphire baguettes, $5,995.
Seasonings from our delicious world of fine gems.

LAMBERT BROTHERS
Jewelers Since 1877
545 Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York
Also Smith Haven Mall • Smithtown

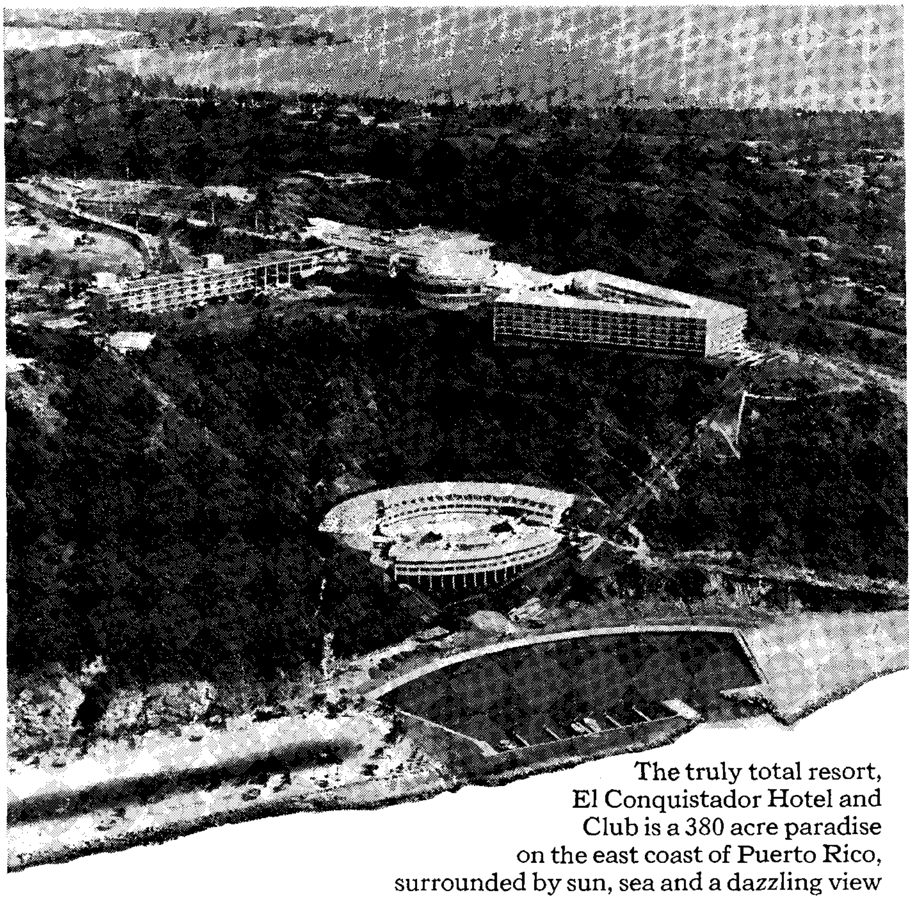
into the political thirties, and pauses to grapple with its peculiar affinity with totalitarianism. He recalls the motifs of the thirties—the rising suns, racing clouds, hair streaming in the wind, "associated with Herrenvolk, youth movements, and Nordic nudes gamboling under a blonde Aryan sun"—and notes that although "it would be absurd to suggest that there are sinister undertones in the sun motif of a suburban garden gate . . . or that all the artists who made figures with streaming hair in this period had Nazi sympathies . . . this goes much deeper than quirks of design. It comprises the basic neoclassical characteristics: reaction against a 'decadence' (this generally means that rectilinear forms take over from the more voluptuous curvilinear, as seeming more moral, while outline replaces modelling), and an insistence on the moral-didactic purposes of art (so often a disguise for the immoral-propagandist purposes of the government)." If the character of an age can be read in the objects that remain from it, the period between the wars seems to have been a time of unparalleled joylessness. The atmosphere of an anxiety dream pervades Mr. Hillyer's book, and the sense of folly and malignity that is conveyed by the illustrations make Hitler's Germany seem a natural and inevitable culmination. The present frivolous revival of interest in the twenties and thirties (Mr. Hillyer attributes it largely to the film "Bonnie and Clyde") will pass away like a dance step, but Mr. Hillyer's book will be worth keeping around, if only as a grim reminder of how bad things can get.

The things preserved from the early days of our country project a vision of such sanity and serenity as seems scarcely conceivable today, and it is possible that we prize Early American antiques as much for their comforting associations as for their handsomeness and fine craftsmanship. One of the best local sources of these reassuring relics is the small second-story shop of John Gordon, 313 West 57th Street, who is an authority on American furniture and folk art as well as a dealer, and whose prices, though high, are lower than those asked at comparably reputable antique shops. We've written about Mr. Gordon's shop before, and we'll write about it again, because practically everything in it gets sold from one year to the next, and a visit to it is always interesting and surprising. Among Mr. Gordon's new acquisitions are a pair of theorem paintings on paper (this stencil technique was also used on velvet)—two lovely still-lifes of fruit, offered in their original gold frames (seven and a half inches by ten), for $225 the pair. Theorem painting, much practiced by ladies in early-nineteenth-century seminaries, has a special quality unlike any other kind of art work. The stencilling gives the picture a concision that just escapes being slick, and the handwork in modelling and shading gives it an endearingly naïve realism. One of the still-lifes shows a bowl filled with cherries, peaches, and purple plums, and the other depicts pieces of fruit on a table; the colors have faded and are delicate and subtle. Mr. Gordon also has several theorems on velvet, and our favorite is a predominantly blue basket of fruit that has the blurred intensity of a wet wash of watercolor. (Blue mysteriously becomes brighter with age, while other colors fade.) It measures fourteen and a half inches by sixteen and a quarter, and the price is $200. Mr. Gordon has a small oil painting of a tabby cat on a fringed magenta cushion done in the middle of the last century which has the quality of a formal portrait. The cat has a partly white face, a pink nose, mad green eyes staring into the middle distance, and front paws slightly flexed; the anonymous artist has caught a pose and expression that anyone who has observed cats will recognize. The picture is nineteen and a half inches by fifteen and a half, and is in a wide gold frame that is just right for it; $225. We next admired a pair of sconces with oval tin backs into which small panes of mercury glass are set in a kind of spiderweb pattern; the little mirrors softly and repeatedly reflect the candlelight. The sconces were made around 1800 and are rare; $850. A more obtrusive rarity is Mr. Gordon's peacock from a merry-go-round, painted in rich, glowing colors, and with a seat for two children; $650. A wonderfully weathered old weathervane from Pennsylvania has a red heart pierced by an arrow and surmounted by a bird, with the directionals below; $565.

THE Metropolitan Museum has, in its gift shop, very fine hand-blown copies of some of the Early American glass in its American wing. A small, gracefully proportioned pitcher of smooth deep-blue glass is $6.75; a green cut-glass pitcher with a clear-glass handle is $7.50; a shapely clear-glass pitcher with a thin deep-blue rim is $5.75; a set of four water tumblers decorated with ribbing and a palmette pattern is $12, and these light, handsome glasses may also be bought individually, for $3. An elegant

Forget every resort you've ever seen, ever heard about, ever imagined. The only one you'll ever remember is El Conquistador Hotel and Club.

(It's the impossible dream come true)



The truly total resort, El Conquistador Hotel and Club is a 380 acre paradise on the east coast of Puerto Rico, surrounded by sun, sea and a dazzling view of the Virgin Islands, the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean.

There are two fresh water Olympic size pools and an ocean pool surrounded by a palm-fringed beach. Unique aerial tramways and funiculars glide from level to level.

There's an 18-hole Championship golf course, tennis courts and a Health Spa replete with every kind of bath, massage rooms and rooftop solarium.

Sailing, deep sea fishing and all water sports are available from our own 75-boat marina, as is a high-speed hydrofoil which takes you to St. Thomas for fabulous free port shopping.

Each of the 388 air conditioned rooms has its own private balcony with a breathtaking view of the sea or ocean.

The food is superb, the cocktail lounges swing and "Anything Goes At Sugar's" is a madcap night club and discothèque.

If you've been dreaming of an unforgettable vacation come to El Conquistador where even seeing isn't believing. It's really the impossible dream come true.

EL CONQUISTADOR
Hotel and Club
A hillside of miracles in Las Croabas, Puerto Rico

...also visit our other great resort, El San Juan Hotel, San Juan, Puerto Rico.
Lou Puro, Chairman of the Board • Sam Schweitzer, President • David C. Botbol, V. P./Managing Director
For further information and reservations, see your favorite Travel Agent or write or call
El Conquistador Hotel and Club, 850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-8815

JUST WHO DO WE THINK WE ARE?

We're 1,100 luxurious rooms, each with a breathtaking view of Tokyo.

We're spacious grounds, once the home of a prince. Encircled by a moat on the city's highest hilltop.

We're 10 serene acres of classic Japanese garden. Including an oversized swimming pool.

We're secluded in the center of Tokyo. With major shopping, nightlife and business areas just a 50¢ cab ride away.

We're Japan's finest and largest convention facilities.

We're international cuisine, served in 11 splendorous settings. Topped off with a sky-high revolving cocktail lounge that offers all of Tokyo as scenery.

We're a lot more than just a hotel. We're . . .

HOTEL
The New Otani
TOKYO

Only 20 minutes from Tokyo International Airport

Kioi-cho, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, Japan
Tel: 265-1111 Telex: HTLOTANI TK4719
Cable Address: HOTELNEWOTANI TOKYO

tapestry with a palmette design is on view at Cepelia, 63 East 57th Street—one of a collection of hand-woven reproductions of old Polish tapestries in the National Museum of Cracow. The tapestry (three and a half feet by five feet eight inches) has a rich-red background, and the palmettes (and flowers and an occasional tiny bird) are beige, pink, and brown; there are fringes at the short ends, and the price is $600. Another tapestry, whose tag says "Wreaths" and "$1,200," has a charcoal background and a design of wreaths and flowers, in muted greens, pinks, browns, grays, and white, surrounding a central flower-filled urn. The tapestries are seventy-eight per cent wool and twenty-two per cent flax, and they can be used on the floor as well as on walls. Cepelia's linen wild flowers, which have long wire stalks and are sold in bunches of about fifteen for a dollar, are very fresh and pretty and unlike the fake flowers one usually sees. The bunches are made up of daisies, cornflowers, poppies (the small, budlike European variety), and real stalks of wheat dyed yellow. The flowers aren't realistic, but they bring a field of flowers to mind, and, like field flowers, a lot are needed to fill a vase.

At Julia E. Kuttner, 951 Second Avenue (50th), we saw an English sampler richly decorated with flowers, trees, birds, and a house and gate. It was made in 1840 by Elizabeth Chamberlain, who, we take it, is the author of the remarkable poem that occupies the center of the embroidery:

> Direct our footsteps and protect our beds
> So that through life's gay mazy course we run
> Avoid its errors and the wicked shun
> Methinks I feel a calm submissive glow
> That bids me bear with joy misfortune's blow.

The sampler is framed, and costs $85. At Julia E. Kuttner we were also impressed by a twenty-four-drawer hanging spice box, fifteen and three-quarters inches wide, eighteen and three-quarters inches high, and five inches deep, made of red-stained maple that has acquired a mellow patina and is appointed with brass knobs, which are new but don't detract from the old-fashioned appearance of the piece ($150), and by an oval Shaker strainer over whose wooden frame is tautly stretched an extremely fine and thin fabric ($20).

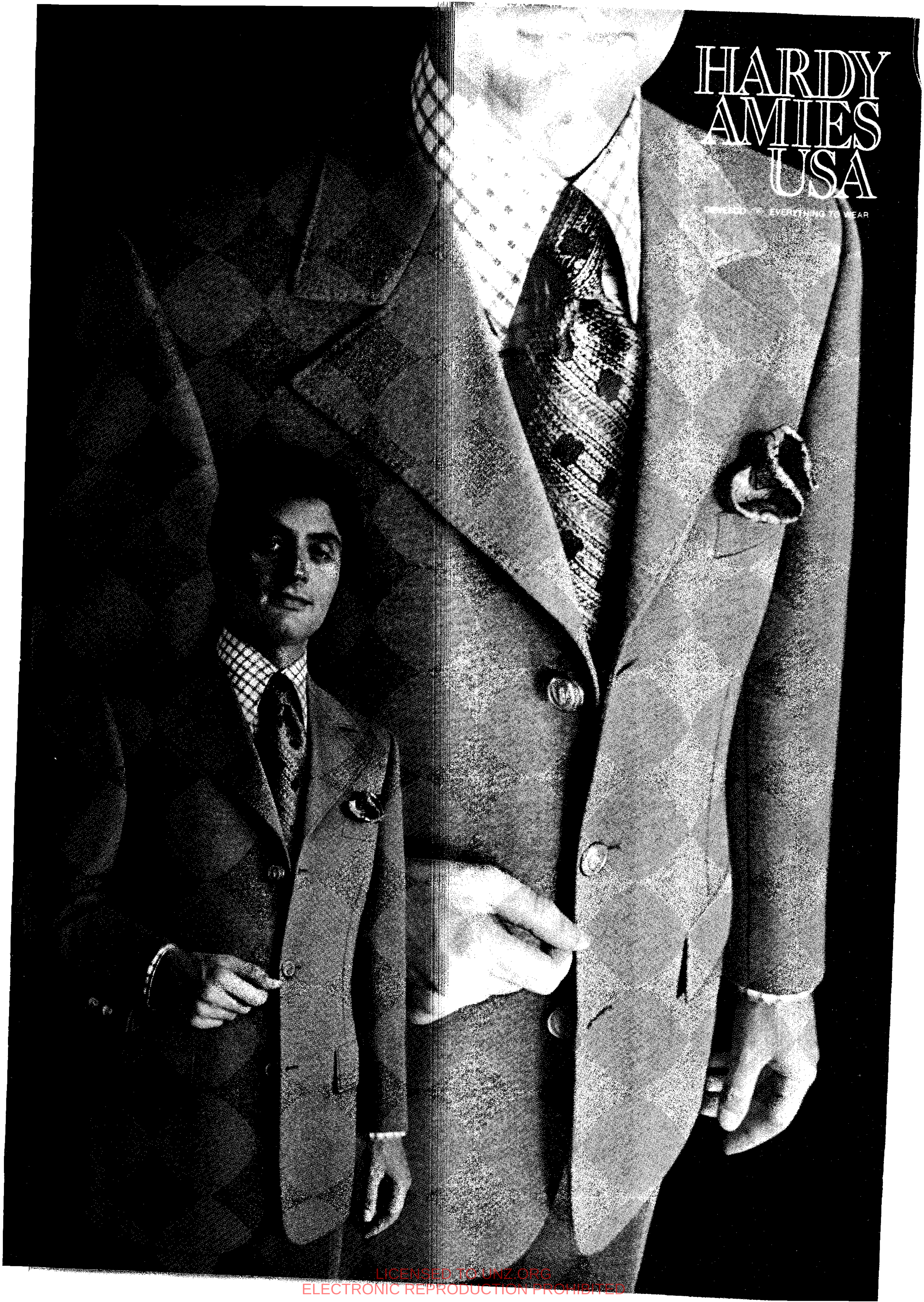
Blankets are well-intentioned, unexhilarating presents as a rule. Lord &

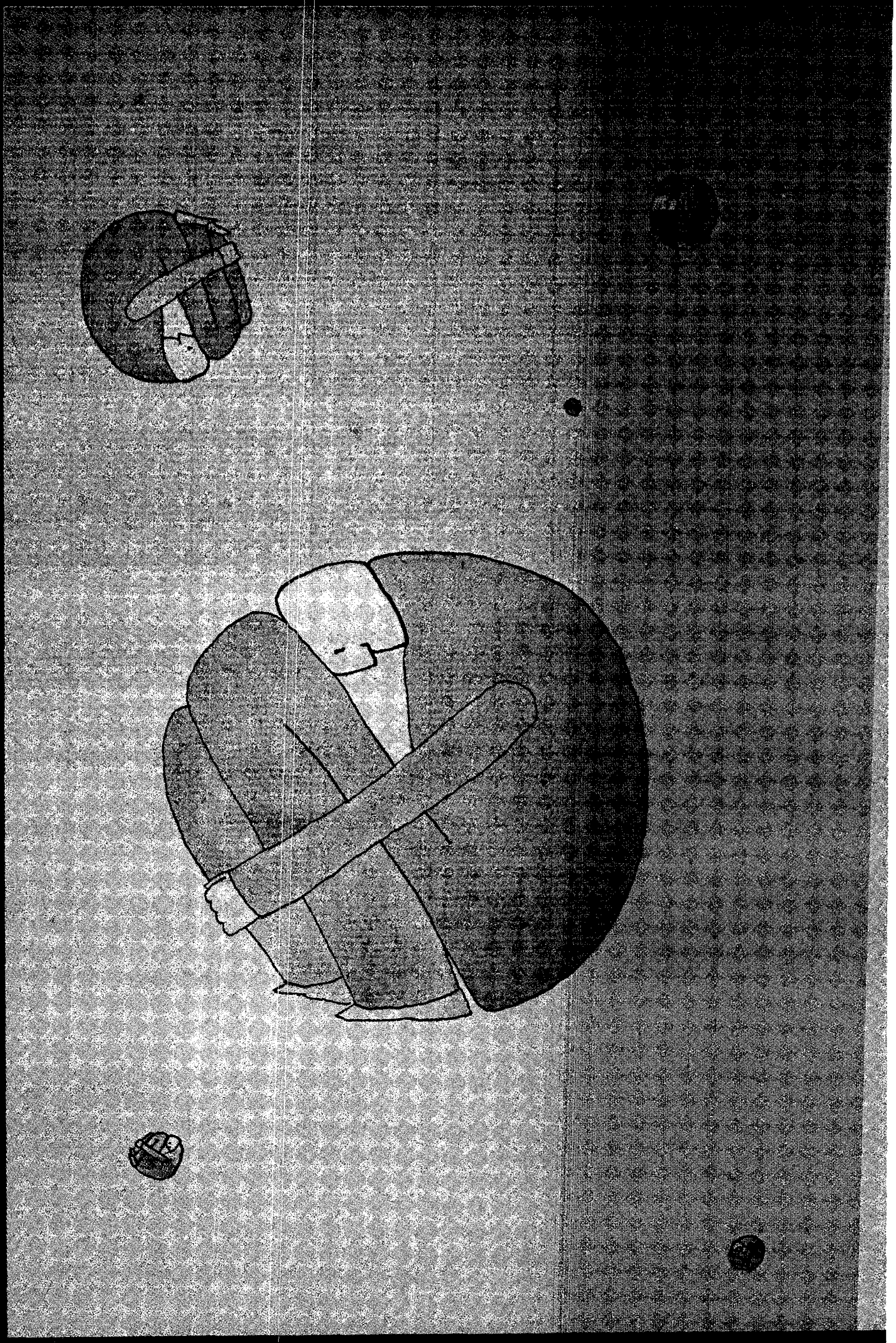
HARDY AMIES

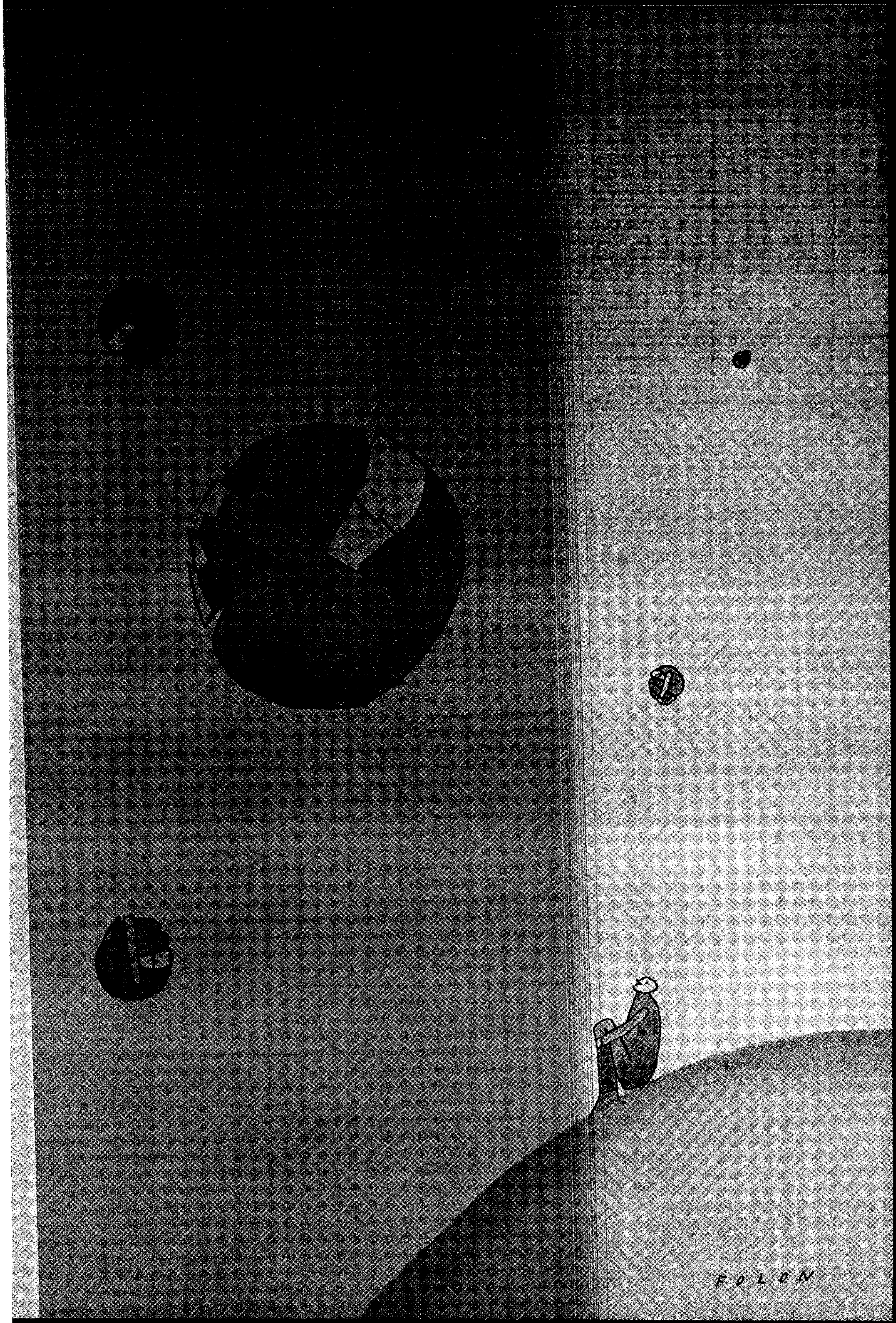
See the knitted blazer suit and all the other suits and furnishings that make up the Hardy Amies Total Look . . . at:

CALIFORNIA
Buffum's*
May Co.*
Roos-Atkins*
Weinstock's
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Bruce Hunt Inc.*
Woodward & Lothrop*
COLORADO
Neusteters*
FLORIDA
Baron's*
Furchgott's
GEORGIA
Baron's
Davison's*
HAWAII
Liberty House
ILLINOIS
Carson, Pirie, Scott
Myer's Bros.
INDIANA
L. S. Ayres & Co.*
KANSAS
Henry's*
KENTUCKY
Levy Bros., Inc.*
LOUISIANA
Godchaux's*
MARYLAND
Bruce Hunt, Inc.
Hamburger's
Hutzler's*
MASSACHUSETTS
Giblee's*
Kennedy's*
Roger Kent
MICHIGAN
J. L. Hudson Co.*
MINNESOTA
Dayton's
MISSISSIPPI
Godchaux's
MISSOURI
Woolf Bros.
NEBRASKA
Ben Simon's
Nebraska Clothing Co.*
NEVADA
Roos-Atkins
NEW JERSEY
Roger Kent
Schlesinger's
Strawbridge & Clothier
NEW MEXICO
Stromberg's
NEW YORK
Abraham & Straus*
Barney's
McFarlin's
Neil's
Roger Kent*
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr*
NORTH CAROLINA
J. B. Ivey
OHIO
Burkhardt's
Higbee Co.*
Lazarus*
H. S. Pogue Co.*
Rike's
Strouss'*
OKLAHOMA
Renberg's*
Sir's London Shop
OREGON
Lipman Wolfe
PENNSYLVANIA
Coach House
Gimbels
Jackie Gordon
Roger Kent
Strawbridge & Clothier
PUERTO RICO
Juan Cabrer Inc.
TENNESSEE
Julius Lewis*
Mallernee's*
TEXAS
Dreyfuss
Pincus Co.*
The Popular
Sakowitz*
Sanger-Harris
White & Kirk
VIRGINIA
Bruce Hunt
WASHINGTON
Frederick & Nelson*
WISCONSIN
Brills-Colony*

*And branches. For store nearest you, write Hardy Amies, U.S.A. 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10019. Shown opposite, double knit all worsted jersey blazer suit, available December.


HARDY
AMIES
USA
GENESCO EVERYTHING TO WEAR



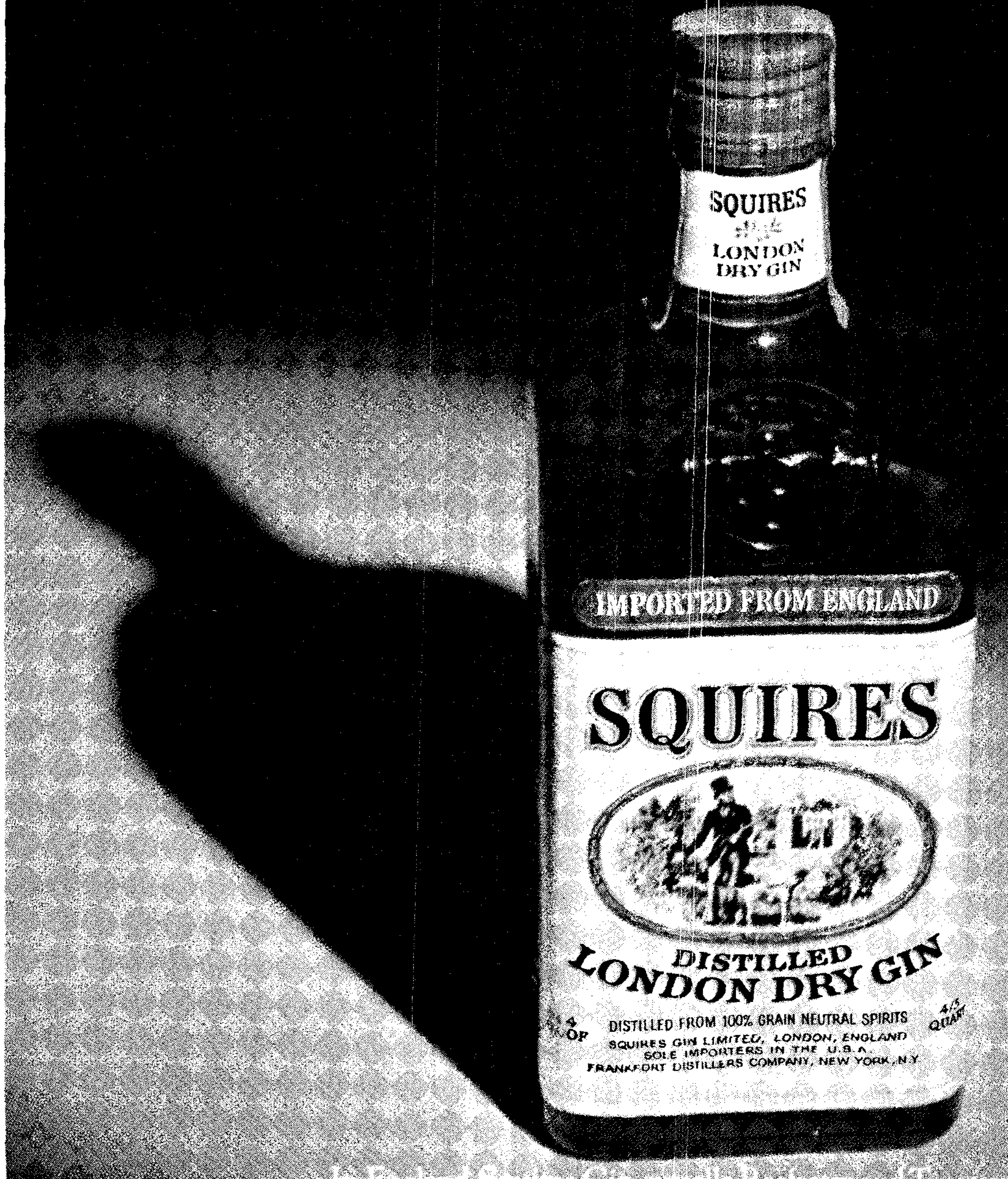


Reach out for someone.
To communicate is the beginning of understanding.

AT&T

Why is Squires one of the most popular gins in England?

All you Beefeater and Tanqueray drinkers owe it to yourselves to find out.


SQUIRES
LONDON
DRY GIN
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
SQUIRES
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY GIN
94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
4/5 QUART
SQUIRES GIN LIMITED, LONDON, ENGLAND
SOLE IMPORTERS IN THE U.S.A.
FRANKFORT DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

SQUIRES
True English **GIN**

In England, Squires Gin outsells Beefeater and Tanqueray combined.

FRANKFORT DISTILLERS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y., SOLE IMPORTERS IN U.S.A. FOR SQUIRES GIN. 94.4 PROOF

Taylor, however, has some blankets designed by Emilio Pucci and hand-loomed in the Italian town of Prato that are something else again. The name Pucci conjures up Pucci prints, but these blankets are covered with large squares filled with diagonal stripes; the colors, though, are vibrant and Pucciesque—each blanket has five or six colors in its design—and the blankets have gaiety and individuality. The material is wool (eighty-eight per cent) and acrylic (twelve per cent), the size is fifty-six inches by seventy-one, there are fringes (six inches), and the price is $40.

We now come to some inexpensive useful objects that, in many people's opinion and in ours, make the best Christmas presents of all. At Seabon we found an ingenious plastic cheese grater ($2.50) that looks like a little mustard pot with fluted sides and a domed top, and comes with a little round saucer, so that it may sit on the table when spaghetti is being served. A piece of Parmesan is inserted in the device and, in pepper-mill fashion, is ground over the food. It is two and a half inches in diameter and four inches high, and may be had in yellow, orange, avocado, blue, red, or white. Jensen has put out on display an assortment of plain clear Pyrex canisters with white plastic lids that, perhaps because of their exalted surroundings, look a good deal more elegant than their counterparts in the dime store do, though they cost no more; from ninety cents to $2 in many sizes. We also liked Jensen's white hard-plastic mixing bowl with a lip and a three-and-a-half-litre capacity; $3.50. At the Bazaar de la Cuisine, 160 East 55th Street, we contemplated a little hand roller called a puree roller; $1. Its function, we learned, is to force food through a sieve, and apparently the roller makes the job a lot easier than when it's done with a spoon. Other helpful items at the Bazaar de la Cuisine: A baker's spatula, which is a smooth, flat wooden implement with a short handle and a long blade, for smearing icing on a cake ($1);

Punch a friend for Christmas

He'll love you for it all year long.

Punch
Britain's Lively Weekly Magazine
Brilliant satire
Outspoken commentary
World-famous cartoons

Punch is not for everyone. Only for *your* kind of friends. The people who are witty, wise, discriminating—and always terribly difficult to "gift."

Punch to the rescue.

Is your friend the jaded sort? Nothing could be more stimulating than this lively magazine of satire, mailed every week from London. It pricks pomposity with devastating barbs. It speaks out bluntly on the major issues (and idiocies) of our time, 52 weeks a year.

Is your acquaintance an avid reader? *Punch* offers articles of rare literary stature about personalities and events of world-wide interest. And for everyone from literati to just-lookers, *Punch*'s world-famous cartoons are sheer delight. Each issue has a score of them.

For theatre-goers, cinema buffs, or simply good friends—*Punch* offers a fascinating variety of essays and commentary to please every taste.

And as a business gift, *Punch* has few peers. It lends distinction to your relationship, and it compliments the recipient in a most unusual way.

The Excitement Of The Unfamiliar

Punch's contributors include such well known, brilliant writers as David Frost (of TV fame), P. G. Wodehouse, and Anthony Powell. But, *Punch* also introduces American readers to many new names and new editorial features. And that means fresh wit, different view-points.

Your gift of *Punch* will be announced by a handsome Greeting Card. And, as a free bonus, we shall also send along a most unusual 1970 *Punch* Appointment Diary—featuring 201 of the best cartoons from *Punch*.

So, mail the coupon today. Put some *Punch* into your Christmas list. It makes a smashing gift.

FREE BONUS: PUNCH APPOINTMENT DIARY
(Regularly Sells for $3.95)

Busy men and women enjoy this practical, unique desk diary featuring 201 cartoons from *Punch*, with space for appointments, addresses, phone numbers.

Ordinarily priced at $3.95, this handsome desk diary in red leatherette will be sent *free* with each subscription.

$15.

- **52 weekly issues with Annual Almanack**
- **4 special seasonal numbers**
- **Delightful gift announcement card, signed as you direct.**
- **Free desk diary with 201 Punch cartoons (retail value: $3.95)**

To: **Punch,** Dept. PN-11-29. 545 Cedar Lane, Teaneck, N.J. 07666

☐ Please enter a one-year gift subscription to *Punch* @ $15, which includes—*free*—a $3.95 Punch Appointment Diary.

MY NAME IS:________

ADDRESS________

CITY________ STATE________ ZIP________

☐ Check here if you wish to enter a subscription for yourself. (Includes Desk Diary.)

Send gift subscription to:

NAME________

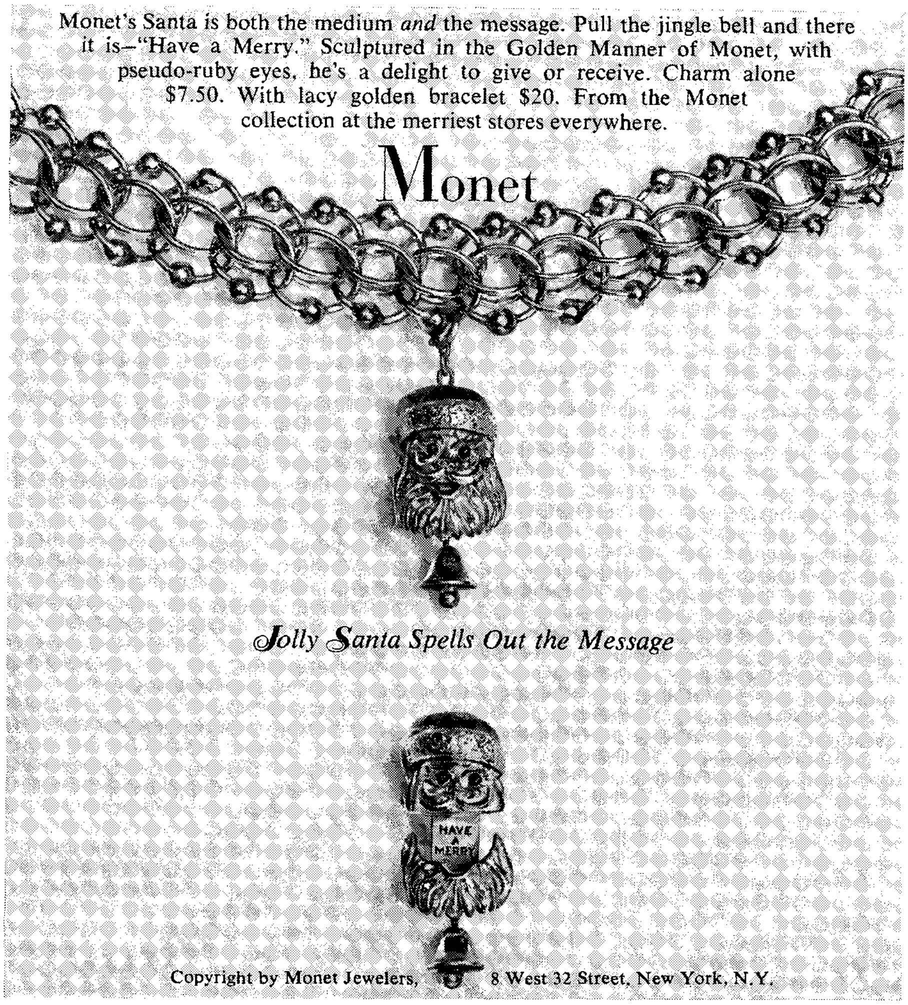
ADDRESS________

CITY________ STATE________ ZIP________

Sign gift card as follows:________

FOR ADDITIONAL GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS PLEASE ATTACH EXTRA SHEET WITH NAMES AND ADDRESSES.

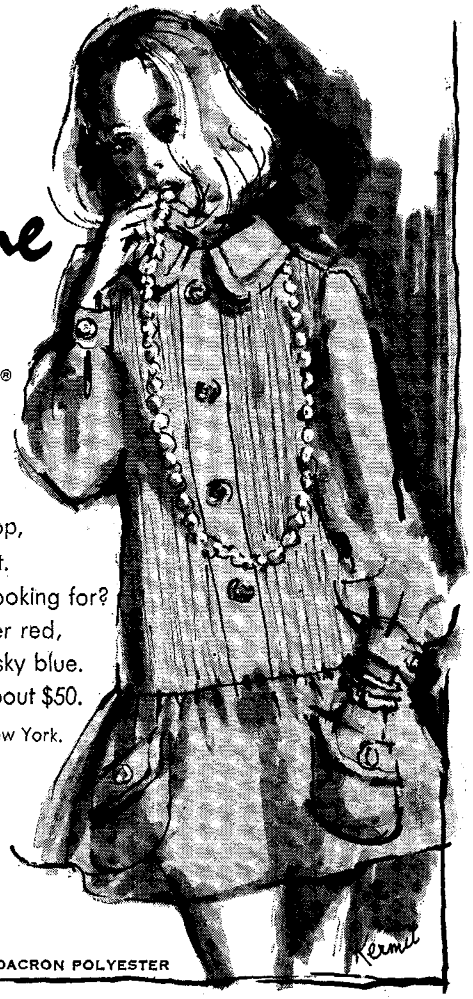
☐ I enclose my remittance of $____ for ____ subscriptions. ☐ Bill me later.


Monet's Santa is both the medium *and* the message. Pull the jingle bell and there it is—"Have a Merry." Sculptured in the Golden Manner of Monet, with pseudo-ruby eyes, he's a delight to give or receive. Charm alone $7.50. With lacy golden bracelet $20. From the Monet collection at the merriest stores everywhere.

Monet

Jolly Santa Spells Out the Message

Copyright by Monet Jewelers, 8 West 32 Street, New York, N.Y.


discover Dauphine in Dacron®

Shirty little dress,
ribby knit on top,
smoothly knit in the skirt.
Isn't it what you've been looking for?
Gingersnap, firecracker red,
blue sky blue.
Sizes 4 to 14, about $50.
Abraham & Straus, New York.

DAUPHINE • 1400 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
A DIVISION OF L'AIGLON APPAREL, INC. 100% DACRON POLYESTER

an olivewood ladle with a perforated round bowl and a gracefully carved handle, for serving watery vegetables ($2.45); a two-quart steamed-pudding mold of metal—with a tube in the center, clamps on the outside, and a relief design on the bottom—for the Christmas pudding ($2.95); and a small oval pâté mold of glazed brown earthenware, in which to present a gift of homemade pâté ($4.95). The Bazaar's glazed stoneware pitchers, dark brown within and on the upper third, and buff the rest of the way down, are very handsome and cost $1.75 in the pint size, $1.95 in the quart size, and $3.95 in the three-quart size. At West Town House, 260 West 86th Street, we liked the looks of an accordion-pleated recipe file covered with a cheerful cotton print and tied shut with a grosgrain ribbon; it would be a good present, we think, for someone who is always clipping recipes out of the newspaper and losing them in library books. It costs $4.95. We also admired West Town House's salt-and-pepper set of polished pewter. It offers a saltshaker and a pepper mill, and it looks sort of Georgian; $10. As we write this, we are flicking our cigarette ashes into a nice little square earthenware ashtray, decorated with a stylized brown bird, that we bought at Yamato, 230 East 59th Street, for forty-nine cents. This new Japanese store is not conspicuously different from the other Japanese stores in town, but it isn't as densely crammed with stuff (things bought at Japanese stores always look astonishingly better when you get them home; in the store everything tends to look like junk), and the salespeople, some of whom have the air of being just off the jet, are attentive and obliging. Another pleasant new gift shop, named February, at 199 East 76th Street, has a lot of nice little things with an old-fashioned flavor, such as round tin boxes printed with beige twining flowers and leaves on a red background—splendid containers for cookies, candy, or coarse salt. A box three and a half inches in diameter is fifty cents, a four-inch one is $1, and a five-inch one is $1.50. Or beige earthenware ice-cream dishes on little pedestals and decorated with a dense red flower pattern, at $1 each. February's very festive wine totes are a good idea. They are long gold paper bags—just the size to put a bottle of champagne in—with gold string handles; thirty-five cents each.

TURNING now to somewhat costlier small presents, we propose a cheese tray with a cover, on sale at both

The Sunbeam® electric toothbrush can get your children's teeth 42% cleaner than ordinary hand brushing

The Sunbeam electric toothbrush has everything built in but the reminding.

But once you remind them to brush, you'll know they're brushing right.

Because the Sunbeam electric toothbrush brushes up and down and around in one continuous motion. Cleans and polishes at 1800 strokes a minute. In just 35 seconds it gives more brushing action than 4 minutes of ordinary hand brushing.

Clinically speaking, it can get your children's teeth 42% cleaner.

Parentally speaking, you'll feel 100% better about the whole brushing thing.

The Sunbeam electric toothbrush. Cordless and rechargeable. And less than $20.

Like all Sunbeam products—
built with integrity, backed by service Sunbeam

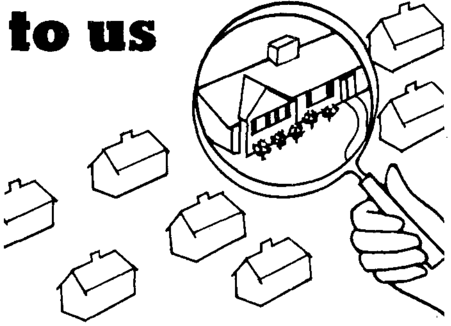
SUNBEAM APPLIANCE COMPANY, A DIVISION OF SUNBEAM CORPORATION. © SUNBEAM CORP., 1969, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

FEATHER YOUR NEST
With a fiery pink flamingo of hand carved rodanite with vermeil legs alight upon a base of pyrite on barite. This stalky bird, one of a kind and subject to prior sale, is $1250. From a collection of semi-precious birds and objects of art with the fine touch of
1810
BLACK STARR & FROST
New York & Pittsburgh
222 East Post Rd. White Plains, N.Y.
550 Grant St., Pittsburgh

Bonniers and Jensen for $13, that is a pleasant change from the usual wooden board and glass dome. The Käse Bock, as it is called by the German firm that makes it, is of white plastic and has a sleek, functional look. It is thirteen inches long and seven inches wide, and its square-cut clear-plastic cover has four compartments, so that the Port-Salut, say, is protected from the Camembert. Both Jensen and Bonniers also have a handsome cork tray from Portugal of unusual and pleasing proportions. It is seven inches wide and nineteen inches long; $14. At D/R International, 53 East 57th Street, we were taken with a very rational breadbox of yellow hard plastic, which has a front door that rolls up and dimensions (it is fourteen inches long, nine and a half inches deep, and six and a half inches high) that seem just right for a New York apartment kitchen; $11.50. D/R's round mirror from Sweden, twelve inches in diameter, with a narrow but deep brushed-steel frame and a hanging device in back, is very elegant and costs $25. At Hammacher Schlemmer, we saw a large, round, slightly concave white porcelain platter with a handle over the top. The platter's surface is covered with oval indentations, whose purpose, we presume, is to keep devilled eggs in their place. Twelve eggs can be accommodated, and the price is $14. For serving berries, Hammacher Schlemmer offers a ceramic dish that has a handle and is appointed on one side with a little creamer and sugar bowl and on the other with a well for the berries. The dish has a wavy, molded border and is painted with pretty strawberry plants, which also appear on the creamer and the sugar bowl; $26.50. The New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), has what may be the best bread warmer now available. It comes from Vermont and is called the Old Time French Bread Warmer with Marble, and what it is is simply a long wicker basket and a slab of marble that fits in the bottom. The marble is put into the oven with the bread when it is being warmed, and then is put in the bottom of the basket at serving time. Complete with a printed cotton napkin, the bread warmer costs $9.

Tablerie, 1033 Third Avenue (61st), has an interesting new device for dehydrating washed salad greens. It is an aluminum colander attached to a rotary beater with a suction cup at the bottom, which fixes it in the sink. You beat the greens as if they were eggs, and they spin around in the col-

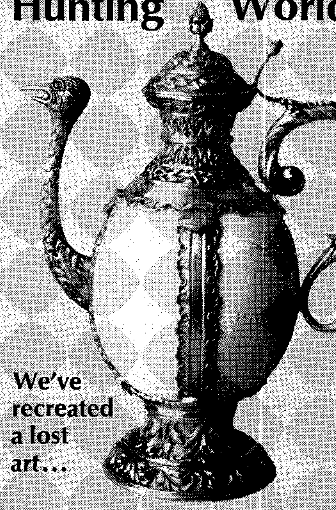
Leave the househunting to us



Last year, in 5000 communities of the U.S. and Canada, we relocated 4500 families of transferred executives. Been doing it since 1955. (We also find homes in England, France, even Argentina.) Finding the perfect home for your family — that's our business. We have been successful because, first, we analyze your special requirements, your preferred mode of living. Then, through our exclusive network of member-brokers, we guide you in home purchasing, following your own prescription. What does this service cost you? Nothing! Phone or write S. de Lima for details.

HOMERICA INC.
200 Park Avenue
New York 10017
(212) 661-3111
1901 Ave. of Stars
Los Angeles 90067
(213) 553-3111
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111

It has to be Hunting World



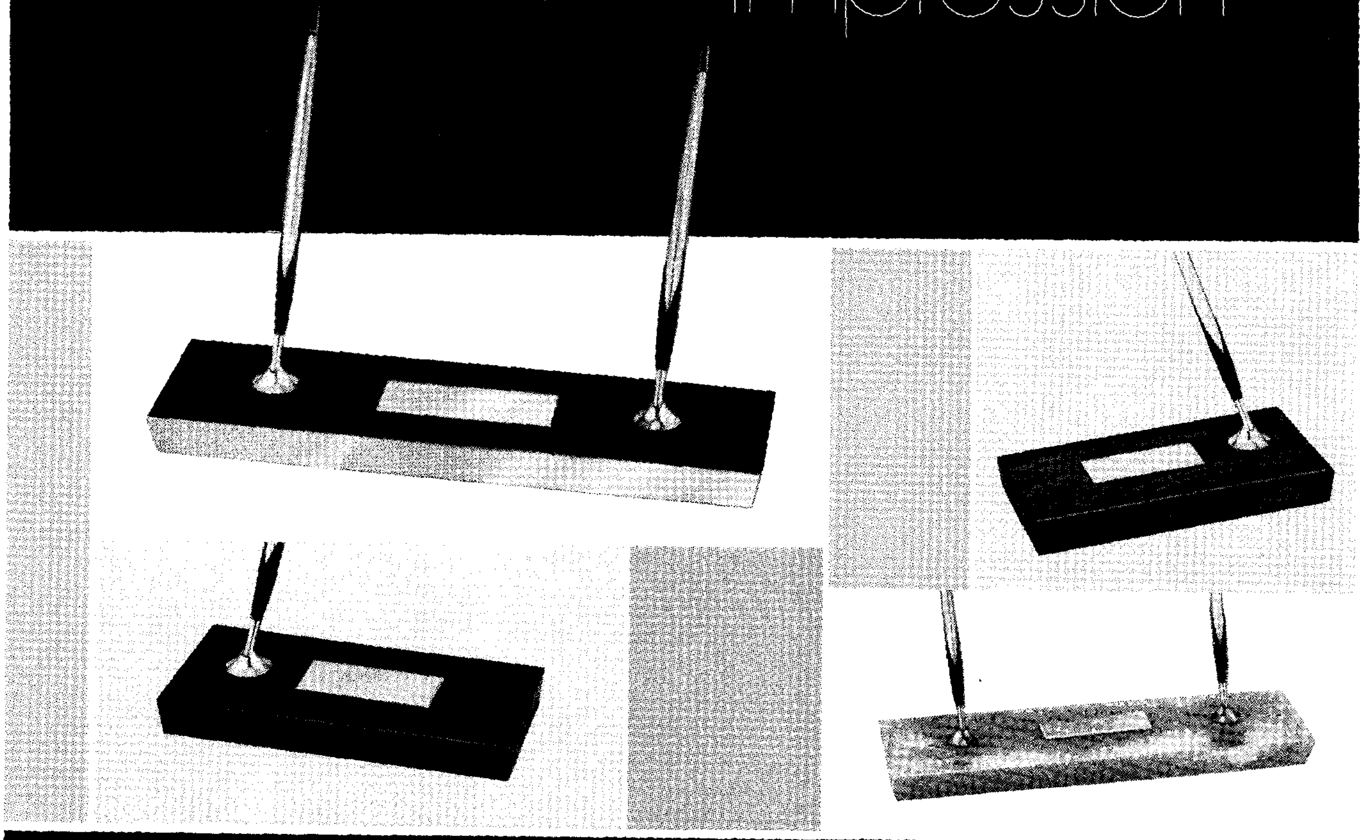
We've recreated a lost art...

In the 17th and 18th centuries, sailors returning from Africa's Cape Colony brought ostrich egg shells back to Europe as souvenirs. Some of these fell into the hands of imaginative silversmiths who fashioned them into useful objects, encrusted with hand-wrought silver.

OUR JUG. Faithful replica of a famous museum piece originally done in England circa 1740.
$2500—About 11½" high.
©

HUNTING WORLD
Visit Our SAFARILAND™ SHOP or Write For Our New 84-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St., New York 10022

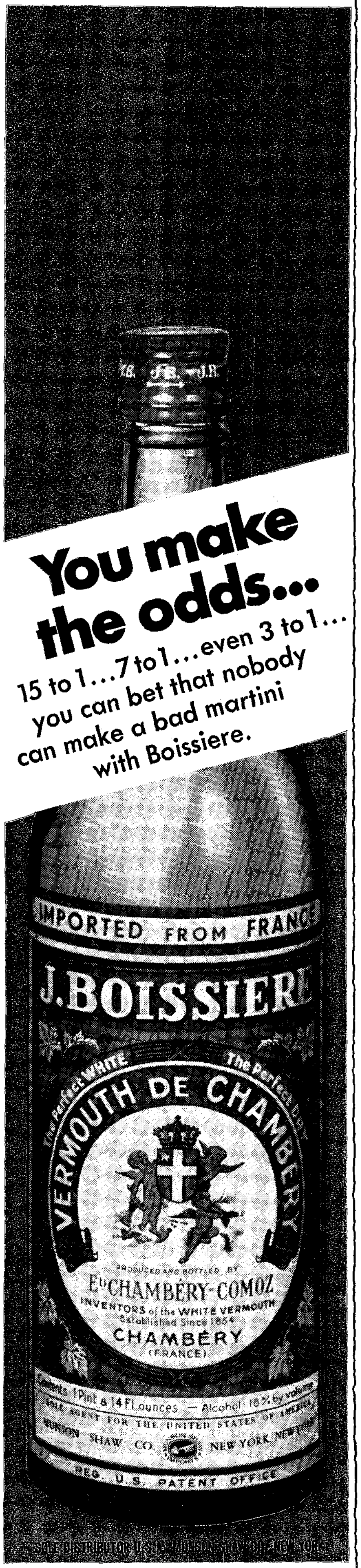
Creating
a
better
impression



Cross Desk Sets — masterpieces of style and decor. 12 Kt. Gold Filled or Sterling Silver Writing Instruments available with single or double bases in jet black crystal, white onyx, walnut, bronze or Color-Crest. From twenty-five to seventy-five dollars each. At Better Stores Worldwide.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

©1969 A. T. CROSS CO., LINCOLN, R. I. 02865


You make the odds...
15 to 1...7 to 1...even 3 to 1...
you can bet that nobody can make a bad martini with Boissiere.
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
J. BOISSIERE
The Perfect WHITE
VERMOUTH DE CHAMBERY
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
E^ts CHAMBERY-COMOZ
INVENTORS of the WHITE VERMOUTH
Established Since 1854
CHAMBERY
(FRANCE)
Contents 1 Pint & 14 Fl ounces — Alcohol 18% by volume
SOLE AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
HUDSON SHAW CO. NEW YORK, NEW YORK
REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE

ander, throwing off water. This pleasant device comes from Italy and costs $10. At Tablerie, we also admired a very pretty and very reasonably priced ironstone service for eight that comes from Spain. The plates have raised borders and are printed with polychrome clusters of cherries, plums, and pears that resemble old fruit prints; $48 for a total of forty pieces. Tablerie also sells a non-electric appliance, made in Germany and called the Kitchen Wonder, that whips eggs and cream, makes mayonnaise, squeezes citrus fruit, and can't be described. The author of the sheet of recipes and instructions that accompanies it makes a noble attempt to tell how it works. "For constructing a lemon press," he writes in one place, "the dropping device is put into the opening of the upper part by slightly turning and pressing from below against the top and by moving at the same time to and from"—which conveys the spirit, if not the structure, of the device. Included in the package is a separate "yolk-catcher," into which an egg is broken and "the yolk remains therein whereas the white of the eggs is passing through." The price is $8.50. It works very well. Another excellent and indescribable hand tool is the White Mountain Apple Parer, Corer, and Slicer. This implement resembles a medieval torture instrument, and it pares, slices, and cores an apple in one delightful operation that takes about five seconds. You clamp the device to a table, impale the apple on a three-pronged fork, and line it up with another piece of hardware, and as you turn a handle the apple simultaneously sheds its skin and becomes a number of thin, doughnut-shaped slices. The parer, etc., is for sale at a store pleasantly misnamed Cookbooks Only, 1727 Second Avenue (89th), and the price is $5. It was invented about eighty years ago, and it seems unlikely that anyone will ever come up with a better tool for the purpose.

A LIBRARY ladder is not something that many New York apartment dwellers could find a use for. Antimacassars for the ceiling would be more to the point in most places. But some high-ceilinged apartments still exist, and their fortunate owners might be pleased to wake up on Christmas morning and find a ladder over the Christmas tree. The Putnam Rolling Ladder Company, 32 Howard Street (near Canal, east of Broadway), sells fine plain oak library ladders of two kinds—stepladders and rolling ladders—that are just what a person who

Yes, real Fraises des Bois . . . . .

Can you think of a nicer or more unique remembrance than 12 husky plants of Fraises des Bois (Wild Strawberries from France) for those gourmet-gardening friends of yours? These berries were developed by us from French stock. They are called Charles V—after the French ruler who first (1365 A.D.) brought wild strawberries from the woods and cultivated them in the gardens of the Louvre. Fraises des Bois begin bearing luscious fruit the end of June and do not stop bearing until frost. As for care, Fraises des Bois want nothing but sun and water.

Also, these plants (clumps of cool green leaves, white blossoms and red berries) make delightful edging plants for borders for they grow upright (8″ high, 12″ diameter) and do not throw runners. We provide propagating instructions so that anyone starting with only 12 plants of Charles V can multiply them into fifty or a hundred plants in two to three years, enough to supply ample servings of this gourmet's delight every week.

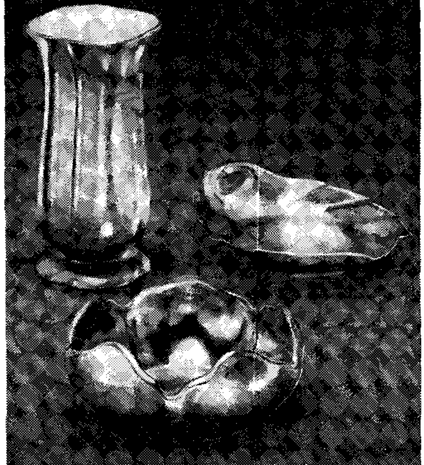
This is the present that can't go wrong, because we won't let it. We guarantee safe delivery. As plants are shipped only with an earth ball, they grow. Here's the way you send Fraises des Bois as Christmas gifts. Give us the names of those whom you wish to remember. We send gift cards now, then ship the plants early next spring (Florida and California orders shipped for Christmas). One dozen Charles V $8.95; 25 plants $16.00, delivery free, except to Gulf States & those west of the Mississippi. Add $1.50 and $2.50, respectively, for shipment to those states. Write, wire, or phone (203-567-9415), for we can easily take care of your order at any last minute you choose to act.—Amos Pettingill.

WHITE FLOWER FARM

Plantsmen

Litchfield 29, Connecticut 06759

Pickard
Gold China



Intricate floral motifs etched in china, then encrusted with two layers of gold.
Fluted vase, 6″ tall, $15.00
Lotus bowl, 5″ diameter, $17.50
Maple leaf dish, 6″ long, $12.50

From the Gold China collection by

Pickard
FINE CHINA

PICKARD, INC., DEPT. 30 NY, ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS
WRITE FOR NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

reads would want, in contradistinction to the pretentious antique library ladders favored by people who buy books by the yard. The Putnam stepladders, resembling those used in schools and public libraries, are available in a natural or walnut finish and are priced at $19 for a twenty-four-inch, two-step ladder; $23 for a thirty-six-inch, three-step ladder; and $27 for a forty-five-inch, four-step ladder. The rolling ladders come with a track that goes across the top of the bookcase, casters that roll along the track, and casters at the bottom of the ladder as well—and must, naturally, be ordered to measure. They average around $60 for the ladder and $20 for the fixtures, and the installation, if the Putnam people are engaged to do it, costs about $45.

There is something about terra-cotta—perhaps the way it gets earthy and moldy—that makes it seem a more natural medium for plant containers than any other material. The Manhattan Gardener, 201 East 74th Street, has received a shipment of ornate terra-cotta planters from Italy that one can readily imagine looking ancient and mossy in a garden, and friends of gardeners ought to go and see the collection before it is depleted. The most ornate and romantic and expensive planter is called Hadrian's Bathtub, and looks rather like a bathtub for a Victorian midget. It sits on four ball feet and is decorated with rams' heads, garlands of flowers, acanthus leaves, and the Medici crest. It is three feet long, twenty inches wide, and thirteen and a half inches deep, and the price is $185. A rectangular planter, called Venetian Cassette, is twenty inches long, eleven and a quarter inches wide, and ten inches deep, and is decorated with winged creatures and the head of a man who looks like Beethoven; $49.50. Another rectangular planter, fifteen inches long, six inches wide, and six inches deep, has festooned garlands on the long sides and a fleur-de-lis decoration on the short sides; it costs $12.50. A squarish specimen, ten inches long, is decorated with cherub heads and flowers and fruit; $16.50. Ron-Dean Taffel, the proprietor of the Manhattan Gardener, had the pleasant notion of asking the Italian manufacturers of the planters to make small plaques out of some of the decorations on them, and the results are very handsome and could be hung on a wall inside the house as well as on a garden wall. (Mr. Taffel told us that a hippie couple came in and bought two to wear around their necks, which is an idea.) A plaque with the Medici crest

Three wise gifts bearing news
(music and sports)

Maybe you never thought of a radio as a gift idea. Well, a radio is always a *sound* idea indeed. Pictured above are three of our soundest. A deluxe 2-piece *FM/AM–FM Stereo* model with speakers that separate to 10 feet for superb stereo realism. An indoor-outdoor *FM/AM 3-band portable* that brings in thrilling short wave broadcasts and operates on rechargeable nickel-cadmium batteries. And our *FM/AM travel clock radio* that opens and closes like a book.

There. You just got three new gift ideas that you never thought about before. Imagine what else you'd find at your RCA dealer. Isn't it worth a visit?

RCA

The Casbah shirt of Arnel

Dorian was imagining you in Casablanca when they embellished this flowing evening shirt with golden embroidery. It's a beautifully behaved doubleknit of Arnel triacetate. White, red or green, 8-16, about $55.00 at Bloomingdale's, New York & Branches; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.
Celanese® Arnel®
CELANESE ARNEL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

is $5.50, a fleur-de-lis plaque is also $5.50, one showing the winged lion of San Marco is $9.50, and an angel with graceful large horizontal wings is $10. Lion masks with holes in the mouth can be used for fountains and are $10 each.

THE Renaissance Art Gallery, 185 East 80th Street, has a sign on the door that reads "No Browsing This Week" and isn't really an art gallery but a store that sells candles. They are very special candles, however, being made of beeswax and by a special secret process, which gives them a honeycomb surface that prevents them from dripping. They come in straight and tapered forms and in more than thirty delicate, muted colors. They are lighter than conventional paraffin candles and can be made to fit any candleholder, because beeswax is malleable and can be shaped like modelling clay. A straight eight-inch candle seven-eighths of an inch in diameter costs forty cents, a straight seventeen-inch candle of the same diameter is eighty cents, a tapered candle seven-eighths of an inch in diameter at the base and sixteen inches long is fifty-five cents, and a tapered candle one inch in diameter and eight inches long is eighty cents. A box of these candles would make a fine present. The Renaissance Art Gallery also sells beeswax furniture polish, scented with bayberry or lavender, for $1.50 a good-sized jar, and cathedral incense for $1 a small box. The owner has invented an anti-roach incense but he is still waiting to hear from the Department of Agriculture about whether he can sell it or not. Methinks I feel a calm submissive glow. We wish you all a very merry Christmas.

•

A man in the audience asked Dr. Teller if he knew the proportion of "good intellectuals" compared with "bad intellectuals."

"One possible answer," Dr. Teller replied, "is that there are no good intellectuals . . . but the good intellectuals is in the majority. He's involved in his field and doesn't want to be bothered."—*Santa Barbara News-Press.*

Yes, it's one possible answer.

•

For your face we have Astringent Face Scrub, Face Tone-Up Mask, Face Tan, and Face Conditioner, things that will make your face look and feel like it has spent the day in the middle of a trout stream.—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

"I have seen better faces in my time . . ."—*King Lear.*

Give someone 12 oz. of marvelous relaxation

An unusual gift of pleasure. A Burgess electric massager. It sends out warm soothing vibrations. Use it on tired necks or backs. Relaxes tension. Takes the tiredness out of traveling. Handsome travel models available for men or women. Attractively gift boxed. Lightweight. Compact. Beautiful. Only $15.00 postpaid (that's just over $1.00 an ounce). Specify Lord Burgess or Lady Burgess on your order. Burgess Vibrocrafters, Box 412A, Grayslake, Illinois 60030.

ZODIAC RINGS

Magnificently massive astrological rings, beautifully sculpted in 22 karat gold. The perfect personal gift. (Shown here, actual size: Capricorn.) By mail, if you wish; state ring size and sign or birth date. $385.
(New York residents add applicable sales tax.)
BORIS
721 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY 10021

FROM SPAIN WITH LOVE

To those people whose first sip of imported brandy wasn't quite the romantic interlude they expected.

Remember how it was the first time you raised a brandy glass to your ever-waiting and over-eager lips?

Remember how you sniffed at it, your nose twitching with excitement?

And then finally you tasted it.

"?"

Unfortunately, like so many other people in life, you were unprepared for your first experience. You thought that a bottle of imported brandy—with 5 stars and a large V.S.O.P. on the label—just had to have the exotic flavor you were expecting.

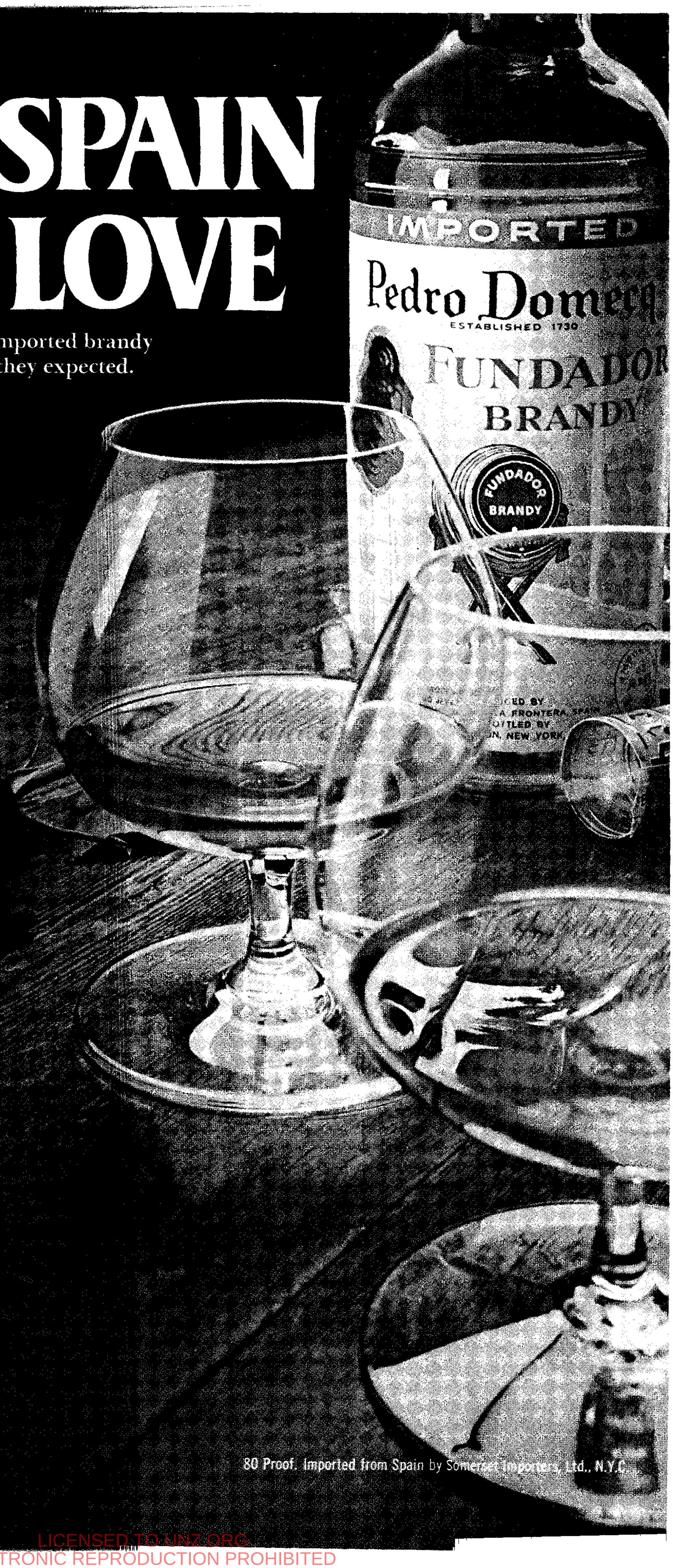
What you didn't know was that many of these imported brandies have one big thing in common: stronger taste. Which is fine if you like a stronger taste. (A lot of brandy drinkers do.) But for a gin and tonic, scotch and water person like yourself it turned out to be an experience you never forgot.

Sadly for us however, a lot of people, like yourself, have concluded that all imported brandies must taste the same.

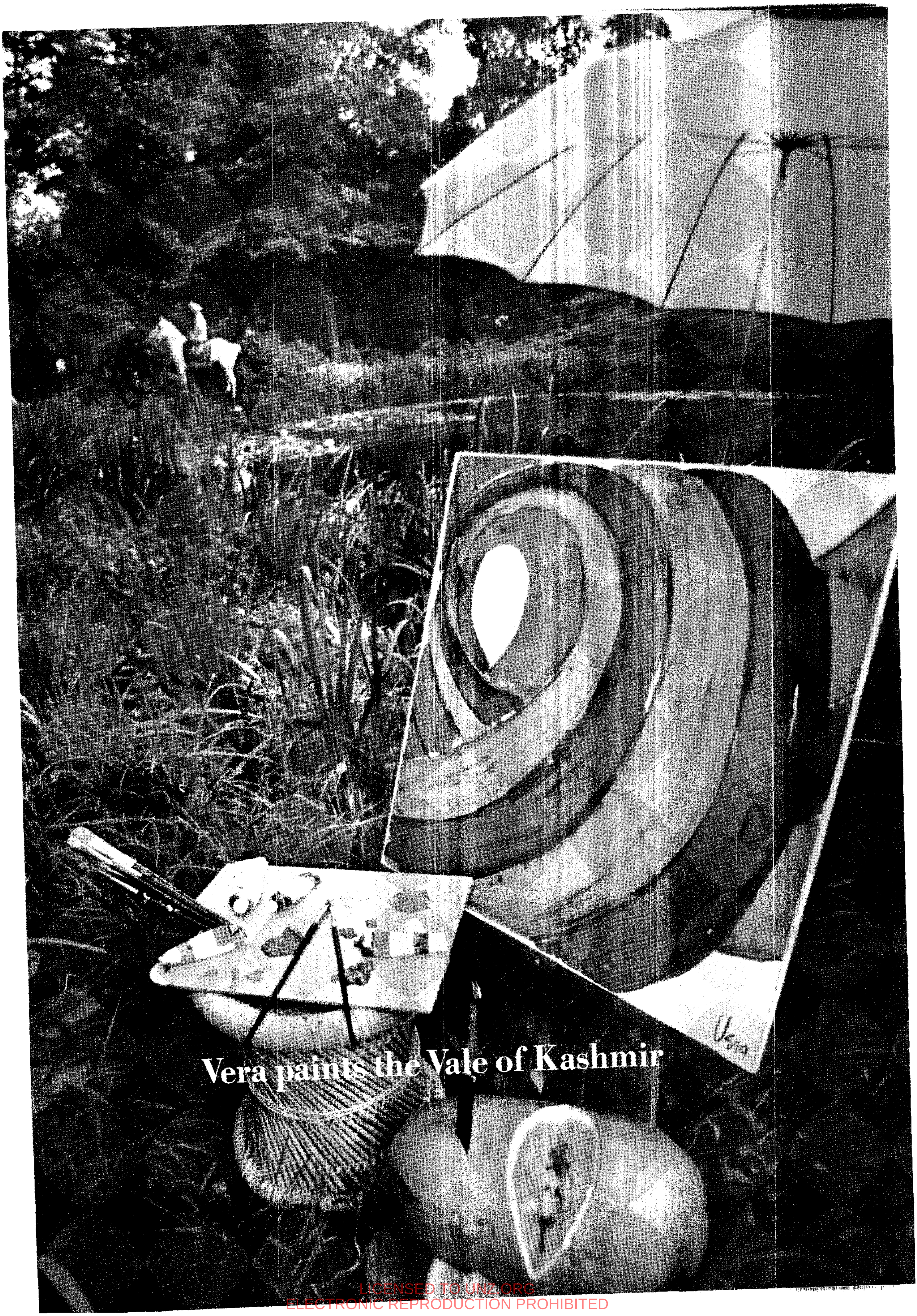
And sadly for us, they've never had a chance at the sweet, gentle taste of Fundador: the brandy from Spain. The brandy made the solera way—which is the way all Spanish sherry is made. (Hence the mild, delicate flavor. Hence the smooth, vibrant aroma. Hence the full romance of brandy.)

So if your first sip of imported brandy was less than you expected—don't let it get you down. Just look for the bottle that bears the Spanish label—and let your second sip make up for the first.

Fundador: from the world famous house of Pedro Domecq.



80 Proof. Imported from Spain by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y.C.


Vera paints the Vale of Kashmir
Vera

COPYRIGHT 1969. SCARVES BY VERA.

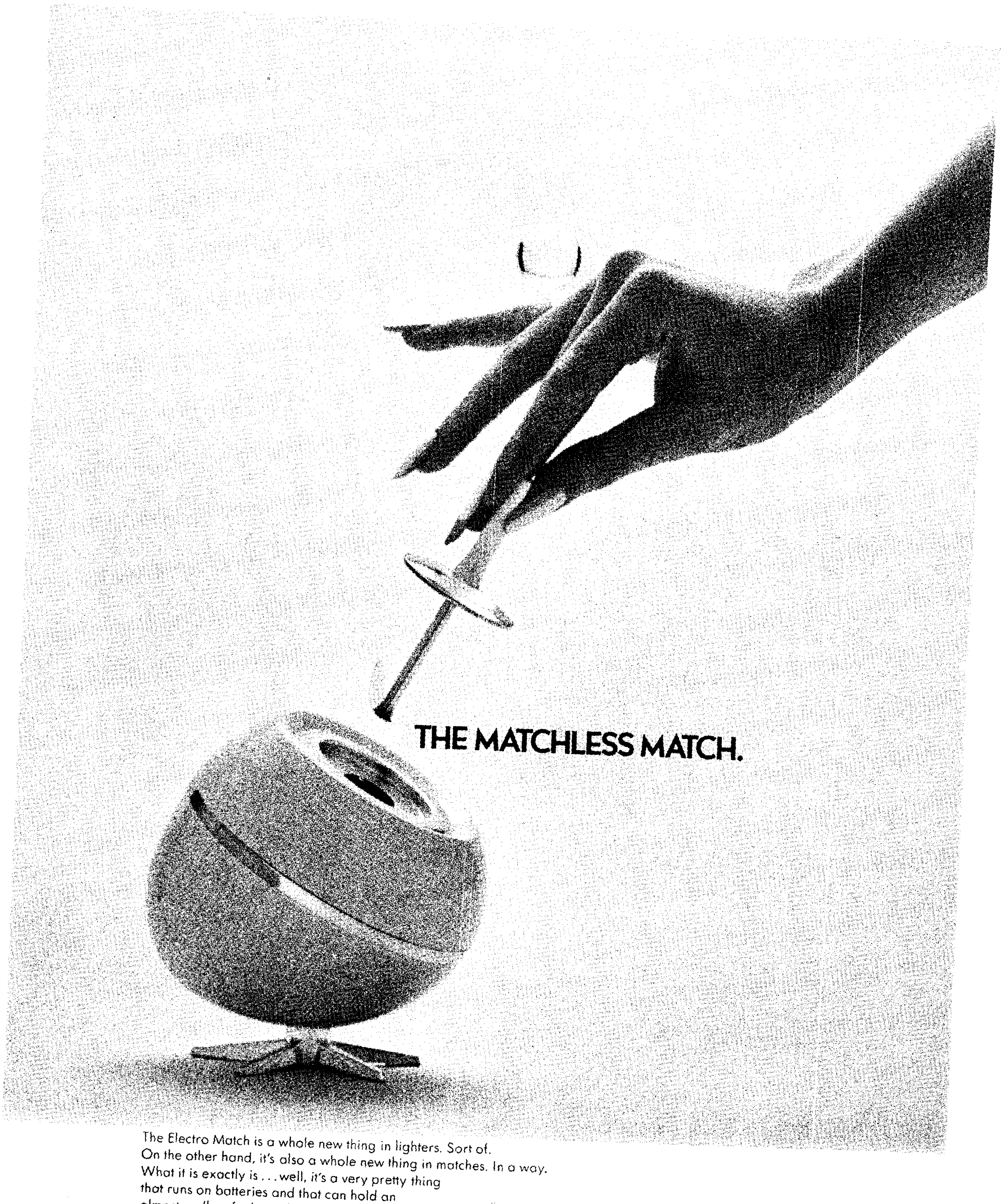
Vera wraps you in the verdant green of the Vale of Kashmir. Wear Vera's sun-splashed, water-dashed "Kashmir" canvas as a silk scarf for head, shoulders, waist, what-you-will, $8. Or, left: Wrap yourself full-length in it as a toe-touching, fringe-sashed sheath, $50. Center: Shift into fashion high with this shift that has its own sash scarf, $38. Right: Languish in a belted tunic, $30, with Ban-Lon® stretch pants, $16. Most in sizes 6 to 18. Prices slightly higher in the west. Vera's Vale of Kashmir is at fashionable stores now.

In **Ban-Lon**® knits.

...for you to wear

Vera

FOR ART LOVERS



THE MATCHLESS MATCH.

The Electro Match is a whole new thing in lighters. Sort of.
On the other hand, it's also a whole new thing in matches. In a way.
What it is exactly is . . . well, it's a very pretty thing
that runs on batteries and that can hold an
almost endless fuel supply and that doesn't
need a flint so there's nothing to wear out.
Unlike other lighters, you don't pick up
the whole unit. Just pull out the match
and you've got a light for anything,
and it's just perfect for a pipe. It comes
in black or white with gold trim
and it costs only $20 at better stores.
The perfect gift for a matchless friend.

ElectroMatch®

Korex Industries, 821 Malcolm Road, Burlingame, California

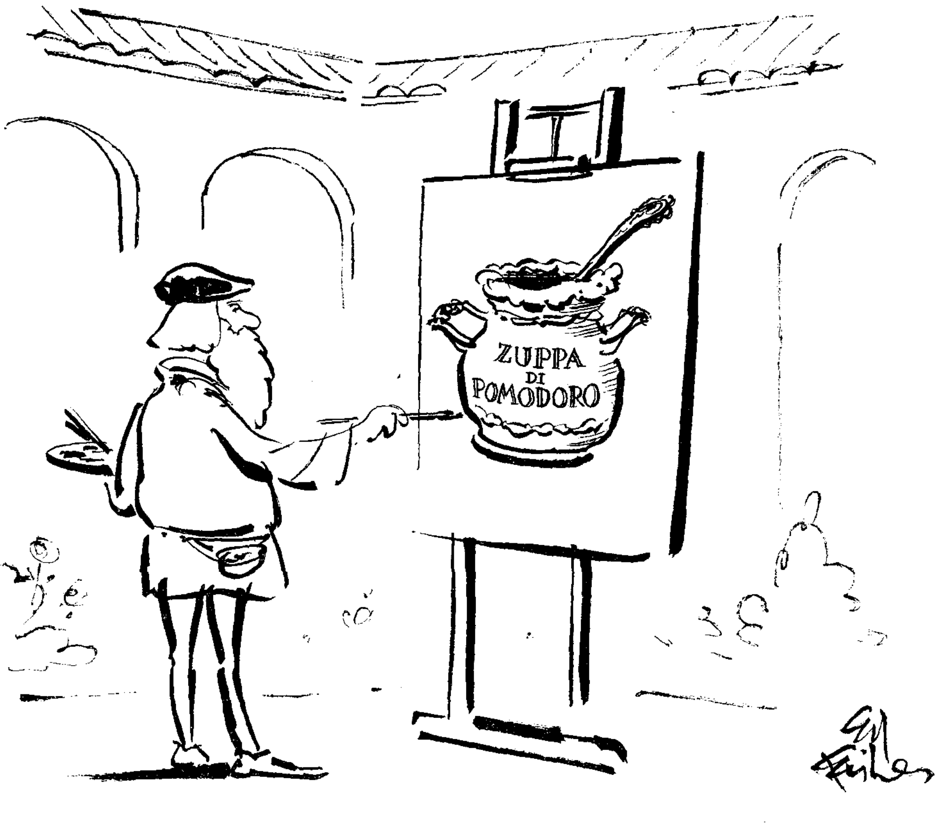
LETTER FROM ISRAEL

SINCE the six days of fighting against the Arab nations in June, 1967, Israel has been enjoying the prosperity of peace—with almost half a million tourists a year and an economic growth rate just slightly less than Japan's—while continuing to suffer and deal out all the horrors of a costly and vicious war. "Six-Day War" is, in fact, a misnomer, for the fighting drags on with varying degrees of bloodletting in the occupied territories and in Israel proper, and it has become as much a part of daily life as the quick desert sunset. There are reminders of it everywhere—grimy soldiers hitchhiking with their Uzi submachine guns or FN automatic rifles slung over their shoulders, police roadblocks on key highways, meticulous inspections of handbags and parcels at public gatherings by the aging members of the Haga, or civil-defense corps, and the ubiquitous transistor radios blaring the news of casualties, which on many days are much greater, proportionately, than those of American troops in Vietnam. The war, as a young Tel Aviv girl who had just completed her twenty-month military service at an Army post on the West Bank told me, is robbing the people of their smile. "Now we either show nothing on our faces or once in a while we laugh," she said, "but nobody really smiles anymore. I think we are forgetting how. There are families with two, three sons dead since 1967. People are overtaxed and tired. It is said we wake up in the morning after a long, hard day's work." And yet, she went on, the war has perversely given Israel back its life. The little country, whose current national road maps include the West Bank of the Jordan, the Sinai Peninsula, the Gaza Strip, and most of the Golan Heights, isn't quite so little now. It has some breathing room, a sense of distance from its enemies, and new resources, and the people are not leaving in droves, as they were before 1967. "There was a sad joke—most Israeli jokes are sad—that before the Six-Day War a sign was put up at Lod Airport reading, 'Will the last one to leave please turn off the light?' Nobody leaves now," the girl said. "In fact, more come in every day, in spite of the troubles. Nasser doesn't know it, but he did us a big favor by starting a war."

It is possible for soldiers, reservists, government officials, and journalists literally to commute to the front lines from their homes, or, in my case recently, from the Miami Beach opulence of the Tel Aviv Hilton. Even in the new, improved Israel, the distances are small by American standards, and the front lies in almost every direction. At six o'clock one morning, an impeccably uniformed Hilton doorman ushered me into a white Pontiac driven by Nissim Gabbai, a representative of the Government Press Office. We picked up two more journalists—an Englishman and a South African—at the nearby Dan Hotel and sped off through Tel Aviv on the coastal highway north toward the Golan Heights, in what used to be Syrian territory. Tel Aviv and its suburbs are noisy and have begun to choke on their own exhaust fumes even at six o'clock in the morning. The city has the look and tenor of an instant metropolis in some Latin-American country where vast oil deposits have just been discovered. Skyscrapers in various stages of completion shoot up out of the urban chaos, and there doesn't seem to be enough room for anything or anybody, although the sand dunes on which the city is built are still visible on the outskirts. Tel Aviv has borrowed heavily and badly from Miami and Mussolini Rome. The traffic is as disparate as Israel itself. On the expressway to the town of Hadera, trucks, buses, cars, and motorcycles of every conceivable foreign make come to screeching halts behind horse-drawn carts driven by an unperturbed kibbutznik or an Arab fellah.

We turned northeast at Hadera and drove to the Jezreel Valley, where, suddenly, the people along the road and in the villages were Arabs, with their kaffiyehs and their patient, sliding gait. At a roadhouse just before the ruins of Megiddo (Armageddon is uncomfortably close to the heart of the country), Gabbai stopped for breakfast—an omelette, *humus*, *pitta*, and Turkish coffee. He spoke Arabic fluently to the proprietor, who seemed to know him well and like him. Gabbai is a big, hearty man who fought first with the British Army during the Second World War and then with the Palmach shock troops in the 1948 War of Independence. After breakfast, he took his Uzi and two magazines full of ammunition from the Pontiac's trunk. From now on, he said, there could be trouble with guerrillas, although it was unlikely.

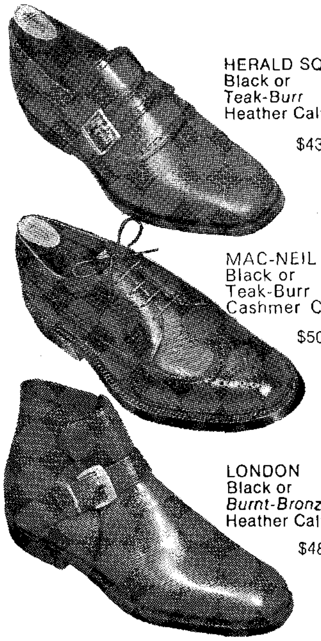
Soon, the Jezreel cotton fields and orange plantations gave way to dry, ridged hills. We came upon two armed border policemen in green berets at a crossroads, and Gabbai announced that we were at the front—here, the Beit Shean Valley of the Jordan. We had been travelling for less than two hours. The border policemen waved at us as we sped past. One of them, Gabbai explained, was a Druze and the other was a black Bedouin—black because he was descended from African slaves brought here by Bedouins over a century ago. There are many Druzes and Bedouins in the Border Police, an especially tough, professional civilian force. The town of Beit Shean has a dusty, tense quality that suggests a besieged out-



Tom Austin's
news about shoes:

Manfred Horstwasser says, "Nails Are For Houses"

You won't find a single nail in Allen-Edmonds shoes. Because nails have a nasty habit of poking through insoles, soles and heels and making you downright uncomfortable. So they stitch everything. They also insist on using the "heart" of fine calfskin — no split hides, no belly leather. Old World craftsmen like Manfred go out of their way to make you comfortable. In short, they care for your comfort. And it does make a difference you can feel the minute you slip into a pair of Allen-Edmonds. It's a difference you'll feel months later, too. Slip into a pair today.



HERALD SQUARE
Black or
Teak-Burr
Heather Calf
$43

MAC-NEIL
Black or
Teak-Burr
Cashmer Calf
$50

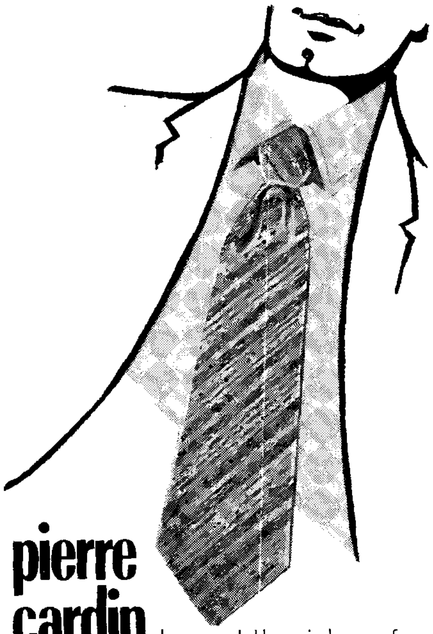
LONDON
Black or
Burnt-Bronze
Heather Calf
$48

Mail orders welcomed. Parcel Post add $1.50
6% N.Y.C. sales tax. N.Y. State tax
add 3%. Free brochure on request.
Sizes over 12—$3.00 extra

Tom Austin Shoes
339 Madison Ave.
(Near 44th St.) N.Y.C. 10017

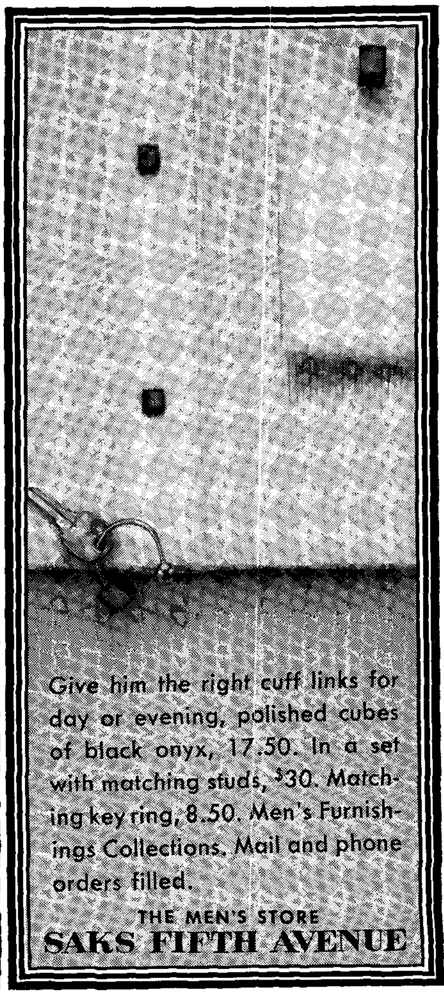
post in, say, nineteenth-century Arizona. It is a poor immigrant community made up largely of Moroccan Orthodox Jews. The first man we spoke to there, however, introduced himself as a Jew from Bucharest, and said he was prepared to converse in Rumanian, Hungarian, Bulgarian, Russian, German, Yiddish, French, Hebrew, or English. He told us, in good English, that the Al Fatah—the largest group of Palestinian commandos—had fired several Russian Katyusha rockets from the other side of the Jordan recently but that the rockets had done little damage. There was Jordanian artillery fire, too, but the rockets were worse, because they could land anywhere. He talked of these matters with the same air of gentle resignation that a New England farmer might use in discussing an over-rainy July.

Driving north along the Jordan River through an area of the most successful Al Fatah infiltration, Gabbai suggested that we drop in on Gesher, to see how a frontier kibbutz existed under fire. Gesher (the word means "bridge" in Hebrew) is less than two kilometres from the border; indeed, the kibbutz was once situated alongside a bridge smack on the border, until it was devastated in the 1948 war. Cotton somehow gets cultivated there, despite constant shelling. All children under the age of twelve spend their nights, and often their days, in deep underground shelters—which are equipped with poison-gas filters, we were told by a kibbutznik, "since you can never tell what the Arabs will do after they used gas in Yemen." The population of Gesher is four hundred, and about five per cent of its people have been killed or wounded since 1967, even with the sturdy shelters, armored tractors, metal-lined trenches connecting all buildings, and the presence of nearby Army positions that retaliate in kind to any Arab shooting. At nine o'clock, when we arrived, it was already boiling hot in the kibbutz. With deliberate, unwasteful movements, some children and adults, wearing the standard kibbutz uniform of sandals, shorts, work shirt, and soft cotton hat, loaded up a cart with palm fronds to build a *sukkah*, an arbor erected for the Feast of Tabernacles. The Zionist folk tales I had heard in my youth led me to believe that kibbutzniks went about their work laughing, singing, and dancing horas, but these people were performing a physical task simply and quietly. I asked Gabbai about this. "Never mind what you heard," he said. "Kibbutz life is very plain, very



pierre cardin has put the riches of a maharajah into our new 4½-inch shape ties . . . ribbed India silks, handwoven there in 18 resplendent colors . . . elegant complements to today's deep-tone shirts. Now exclusively at Shillito's in Ohio. Men's Furnishings, First Floor. All stores. 10.00.

shillito's Cincinnati
Mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to
Seventh and Race Streets.



Give him the right cuff links for day or evening, polished cubes of black onyx, 17.50. In a set with matching studs, $30. Matching key ring, 8.50. Men's Furnishings Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

relaxed, and very private. Here, it is a little harder because of the war and the Fatah, but the people are used to it for more than twenty years. They do their work, and for this they are given what they need. They don't have to sing and dance unless they want to—no more than you or me." We walked on past a concrete shelter entrance decorated with children's paintings, past a modernistic sculpture made of welded mortar shells and shrapnel, past an air-conditioned library and recreation hall boasting a huge, shiny espresso machine, and finally came to the nursery, where the Gesher infants live, and where, Gabbai said, there was a miracle the other morning. The children had been placed in playpens on the nursery porch, and a Fatah mortar shell landed just five yards in front of them. It hadn't gone off. The shell was later removed, but the hole it made in a patch of struggling grass just in front of the porch hadn't been filled in yet.

A pretty, blond woman in a red-checked smock appeared at the porch door, burping her baby. She was Mrs. Ann Netzer, formerly of San Francisco, who came to Israel three years ago on vacation, married an Israeli from Gesher, and stayed on with him there to teach English at the kibbutz school. She took time off from her teaching duties every four hours to breast-feed her son. She smiled—or, at least, displayed the closest thing to a smile I had seen all day—and said she had very few complaints. "The shelling is bad, but the terrorists themselves do not frighten us," she said. "The Army boys are quite good at catching them. The only time we actually see the Fatah is on the road along the river in the morning, before the soldiers bury the corpses. It is all so ridiculous. The farmers across the river had to leave their land because of the fighting, but here at Gesher we will never give up an inch. That much we know."

The road from Gesher up to the southern end of the Sea of Galilee (or Lake Kinneret, as the Israelis call it) has a dangerous open stretch where traffic is directly under Jordanian guns in the small hills across the river. Gabbai pulled the car over to the side of the road along that stretch. "Come out and see what a Jordanian position looks like," he said. "Don't worry. They know me and my car by now. And besides, we've just made another deal with them through the Americans—we let them fix the Ghor Canal over there so they can irrigate the valley, and

"THIS AD'S COSTING ME $3000.00. SO, YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I THINK ABOUT OUR NEW MAN'S COLOGNE!"

says Ralph Taylor PhG.
PRESIDENT, CASWELL-MASSEY CO. LTD.

"We're probably the smallest men's toiletry maker in the country. And $3000 represents a sizeable chunk of our advertising budget. But we're so enthusiastic about our Persian Leather Cologne, we felt it was worth shooting the works on this ad. Persian Leather finds its inspiration in the lore of falconry. In the 7th and 8th centuries B.C., Persian falconers covered their right hands in magnificent leather gauntlets, tanned with curiously fragrant substances.

These same aromatics have found their way into our Persian Leather fragrance which has taken us years to perfect. In fact, Persian Leather is only the ninth man's cologne Caswell-Massey has introduced during the last 217 years. (Our first, Number 6, was a favorite of George Washington in 1752 and is still one of our best sellers!) Persian Leather is as unlike the more familiar English and Russian Leather types as kidskin is from cowhide. Suave. Worldly. Exotic even, its deep toned fragrance burnished by hand in our workrooms. As you know, we are probably the only people in America who still blend our toiletries by hand (using as many as 350 different ingredients!), freeze filter, and seal and bottle them by hand.

At present I can offer you Persian Leather in a choice of Cologne, uniquely soothing After Shave Lotion and powerful, long lasting Toilet Water. Prices for Cologne and for After Shave run: 3 oz. $4; 8 oz. $8.75; 16 oz. $16. Toilet Waters are: 4 oz. $10; 8 oz. $18.75; 16 oz. $36. These last two bottles are truly collectors items, being ground glass stoppered, sealed with kidskin, a dollop of wax and beribboned in the 18th century manner.

Caswell-Massey Persian Leather can be found in better stores around the country. I'll send you the name of one near you if you'll oblige me by mailing the coupon below.

"IS MY AD GETTING THROUGH TO YOU?"

Please let me know if you saw this ad for Caswell-Massey Persian Leather. Otherwise, I may have some explaining to do to our Treasurer!

Mail to:
Ralph Taylor, President
Caswell-Massey Co. Ltd.
114 E. 25th St., New York City 10010
Box N7 (that's so I can tell which publication you're reading)

Sip a fraise des bois

Chambraise the fabulous aperitif

New! Made with those rare fraises des bois– the tiny wild strawberries of France!

Now you can delight in this joyously wild aperitif flavored with France's unique little wild strawberries... glorious straight or on the rocks.

CHAMBRAISE
APERITIF aux FRAISES des BOIS
J. BOISSIERE
CHAMBERY-COMOZ
CHAMBERY

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U. S. A.: MUNSON SHAW CO., N. Y.

they don't shoot at us. They shoot anyway." He shrugged Talmudically. "They are Arabs. Now, if they do shoot, there are two schools of thought to consider. One is, you stand still and hope their marksmanship hasn't got better; the other is, get underneath the car or into those shelter ditches along the road. I take the first myself." He handed around a pair of binoculars, and we took turns watching a Jordanian soldier watching us through his binoculars. There was no shooting.

The steep climb to the Golan Heights, once held by Syria, began at El Hamma on a tortuous road overlooking the Yarmuk River and the Ghor Canal. A battered half-track of Second World War vintage was parked in the open at the edge of the road. Six bareheaded Israeli soldiers were lounging in and around the vehicle. One of them was a young Israeli who had been educated in Canada and spoke excellent English. We asked him what they were doing there.

"There was some shooting a little while ago," he answered, stretching lazily in the hot sun. "They get nervous and like to clear their weapons to let off steam, so they take a few shots at us. You can still see them peeking over that stone wall on the ridgeline." He pointed over his shoulder to a hill just across the river. "We fired a few rounds back at them with our fifty-calibre machine gun, just before you arrived, and they stopped. They're not supposed to shoot at all, because of the Ghor Canal agreement. Now maybe they know better."

We left the half-track crew and drove higher into the Golan, with our tires slipping on the steep grades because of the drifting sand on the tarred road. None of us could understand how the Golan Heights had been taken by the Israelis in twenty-four hours or even twenty-four days. Gabbai's descriptions of almost vertical tank assaults, daring infantry breakthroughs, and accurate bombing runs helped, but they didn't fully explain the tactical wonder. In 1967, most of the western Golan plateau was one gigantic fortress, complete with seemingly impregnable hollowed-out hillsides for artillery emplacements, ammunition dumps, command posts, and hospitals. Gabbai told us that when the Israeli settlers saw what they had been living under, nearly two thousand feet below this mountain stronghold, for all those years, they couldn't fully understand how the Heights had been taken, either, or, more importantly, how they themselves had survived. Very few Syrian civilians

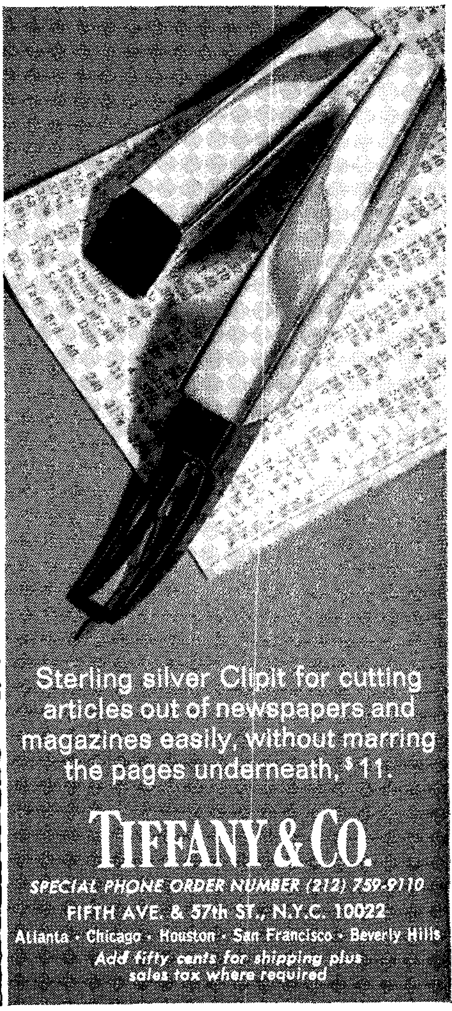
Mr. Sam wishes a word with you.

Mr. Sam is your maitre d'.

"Wear a coat in the dining room, sir? Only if you like. You want to relax, mon, when you live at this hotel. Ride a beach buggy or a water scooter. Or play tennis at night under the lights. We'll send your drinks right to the courts, mon."

Chatham
One of the five very different hotels of Montego Bay, Jamaica.

See your travel agent or Utell International, Essex House, NYC, PLaza 7-2981.



Sterling silver Clipit for cutting articles out of newspapers and magazines easily, without marring the pages underneath, $11.

TIFFANY & CO.
SPECIAL PHONE ORDER NUMBER (212) 759-9110
FIFTH AVE. & 57th ST., N.Y.C. 10022
Atlanta · Chicago · Houston · San Francisco · Beverly Hills
Add fifty cents for shipping plus sales tax where required

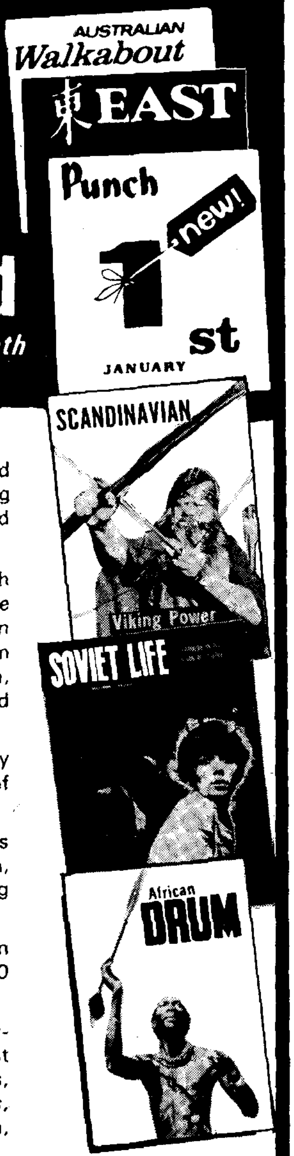
dwelt in this part of the Golan. There were some camp followers and native Druzes, but everyone else was strictly a soldier, and not allowed to leave his assigned area until his term of service was finished. Today just the Druzes remain. The expensive debris of war was still being salvaged by the Israelis. Russian-made trucks, tanks, and armored cars were strewn everywhere, just as if this were the day after the Six-Day War.

On the western lip of Wadi a-Rakad, an eroded no man's land marking a section of the 1967 cease-fire line between Syria and Israel, stands Nahal Golan, where we stopped for lunch. The word "*nahal*" is an acronym of "*No'ar Halutzi Lohen*," or "Pioneer Fighting Youth," and a *nahal* consists of exactly that—teen-age boys and girls serving in the Army, as just about all of them in Israel must upon finishing high school, but combining their military service with kibbutzlike pioneer work in a border area considered too dangerous for civilians. Many of the *nahal* teen-agers come from kibbutzim, and thus have a vested interest in refining their skills both in armed defense and in agriculture.

The physical plant of Nahal Golan, which was one of the first paramilitary settlements established after the Six-Day War, reflects the area's harsh, uncompromising way of life. Because the village of Aabdine, populated by As-Saiqa (Syrian-sponsored commandos) and members of Al Fatah, is just across the wadi, well within heavy-machine-gun range, the main structures of Nahal Golan are bunkers, steel watchtowers, and sandbagged gun emplacements. A few flimsy buildings, in a quadrangle around an incongruous garden, serve as a command post, barracks, a mess hall, and chicken coops. Eggs and tomatoes are the main crops of Nahal Golan. In the command post—whose door bears the chalked English legend "MAKE LOVE NOT WAR," with an appended "OF COURSE," in a different handwriting—it is extremely difficult to tell who is in command. When Israeli soldiers are on front-line duty, they disapprove of wearing the stripes or pins that constitute the insignia of other armies. A handsome boy with curly blond hair, serious blue eyes, and a week's growth of beard put down his field telephone and introduced himself as Sergeant Chen. (Soldiers at the front are not allowed, for security reasons, to disclose more than their rank and first name.) With Gabbai translating, Chen explained that there are about forty girls

Magazines from Around The World

All in English—A Different One Each Month



Give your friends a fascinating 12-month trip around the world. Each month will bring a different exciting English-language magazine, capturing all the flavor and color of its part of the world.

Punch, with its delightful British humor . . . *Drum*, with the throb of Africa . . . *The East*, depicting the delicate Orient . . . *Soviet Life*, for a look at life behind the Iron Curtain . . . and still more, including *Walkabout* from Australia, *Scala* from Germany, *Himmat* from India, *Scottish Field, Mexican Life, Scandinavian Times*, and *Ireland Of The Welcomes*.

Sample a sidewalk cafe on the Continent . . . the misty streets of Dublin at dawn . . . the flashing color of ballet in Moscow.

"Magazines From Around The World" make a gift that's intriguing for children as well as adults, with their rich, colorful pictures, eye-catching covers, and fascinating reading.

You'll be giving not one, but 12 different gifts from 12 countries, for the price of just one at only $9.90 per subscription.

And, for $5.95, you can give additional friends *"Newspapers From Around The World"*, the world's greatest English-language papers including: *Le Monde* of Paris, *The Times of London, Jerusalem Post, Moscow News, Saigon Post*, and *China Mail*. All are printed in English, with a different paper coming each month.

Give the World This Christmas

Please hurry so that we can send your gift recipients a special "Around the World" gift announcement in your name in time for the holidays. Please enclose a check and mail to:

International News,
Box 1652A,
Washington,
D. C.
20013

1. Subscription Desired:
☐ World Magazines for $9.90
☐ World Newspapers for $5.95

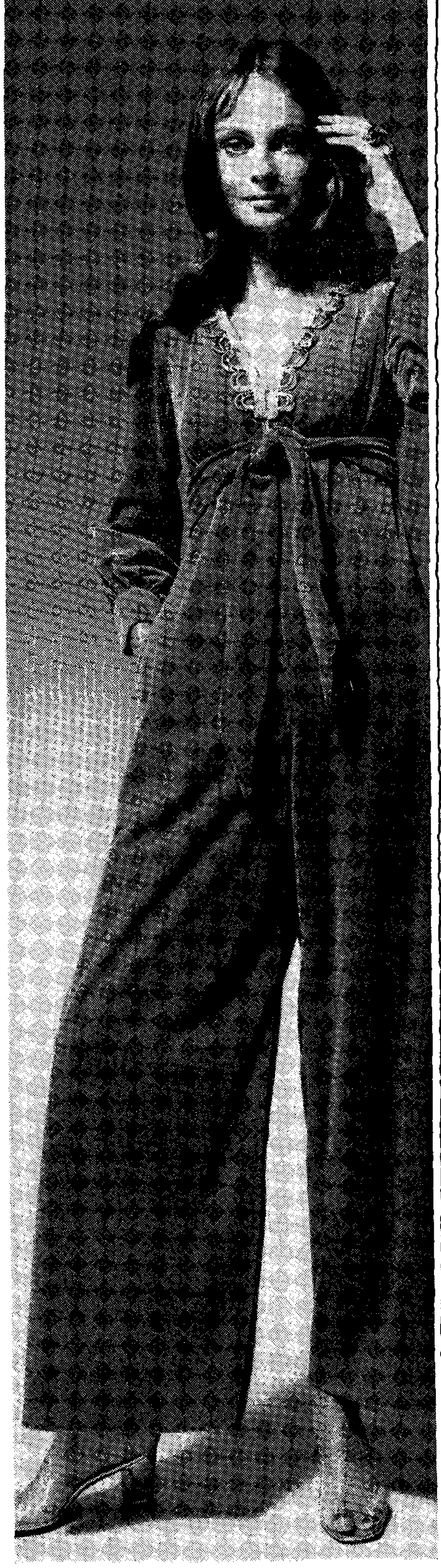
Donor's Name
Name of Recipient
Street Address
City
State
Zip

2. Subscription Desired:
☐ World Magazines for $9.90
☐ World Newspapers for $5.95

Donor's Name
Name of Recipient
Street Address
City
State
Zip

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

She'll love to spend quiet evenings at home if you give her something velvety to slip into, our culotte with a deep-dipped neckline traced in gilt. Triacetate-and-nylon fleece in black or green, for 8 to 16 sizes, $35. Young Elite® Robe Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

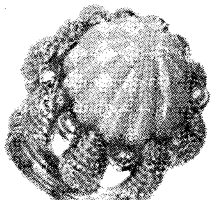


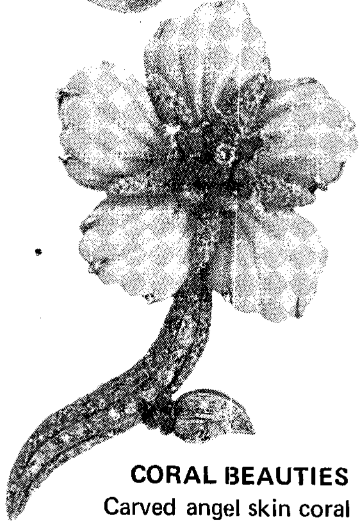
and forty boys living at Nahal Golan and that they take turns standing guard and doing the farm work. The English newspaperman wanted to know whether there were any unusual problems because of this unsupervised proximity of the sexes. No more than in Tel Aviv or London, Chen replied. "Being together is a natural thing, like eating," he said. Had there been much trouble with the Syrians lately? Yes. On Rosh Hashanah, the guerrillas had shelled the settlement with bazookas. Only one shell had done any damage. It went through a wall of the mess hall and came out the other side. And a soldier in a watchtower was wounded in the arm by a sniper. The soldier is in the hospital now, but he will be back soon. How did they all manage to defend themselves and cultivate crops at the same time with so few hands? By not sleeping, Chen said. *Nahal* soldiers sleep when they can. "When we get a weekend off, every month, then we sleep some more," he said. Did many infiltrators get through the defense perimeter? No, said Chen, because they were caught first. And what did they say when they were caught? Nothing, Chen answered, and then he added, in English, "They are died."

After lunch—kosher Army rations, consisting of well-seasoned beef stew, potato knishes, lemonade, and fresh raw carrots—we all helped clear the table and then went on a tour of the *nahal* with Chen. He showed us a Russian heavy machine gun that had been captured from the Syrians and turned around to face its former owners across the wadi. The Syrians had also left behind a caveful of neatly boxed Russian heavy-machine-gun ammunition—enough, apparently, to keep the gun firing for years. I left the tour in order to climb a watchtower and have a talk with a girl—Private Ruthie—on guard duty inside the steel enclosure at the top. She was reading a paperback novel in Hebrew, and at least once a page she would take up her binoculars and scan the opposite rim of the wadi for infiltrators. She told me, in broken English (all Israelis learn some English in primary school), that she liked the *nahal* and didn't really mind the hard life there. Anyway, life was hard everywhere except in the cities. There were occasional movies, dancing, entertainment, and lectures in the mess hall, and there was good comradeship. Did she envy the girls her age in more comfortable nations, like America? No. Why not? "Because they are not us," she said sweetly.

The farther into the Golan one

frank's
Established 1886

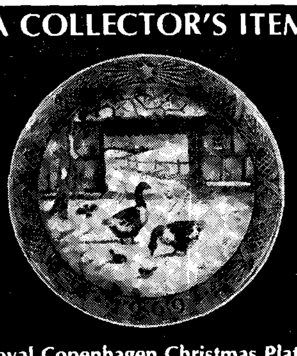




CORAL BEAUTIES
Carved angel skin coral beautifully set in today's most distinctive designs. Ring, 18kt. gold and diamonds, $800. Flower Pin in coral petals, diamonds and tourmalines, 18kt. gold, $1950.
write for our catalogue

Jewelers
1054A THIRD AVENUE, N.Y. 10021
(Between 62nd and 63rd Streets)

A COLLECTOR'S ITEM



Royal Copenhagen Christmas Plates
1969 – $7.00 1967 – $9.95
1968 – 8.00 1966 – 9.95
V. I. Semi-Centennial Plate – $9.95
Please add $1.25 for Insured Air Mail

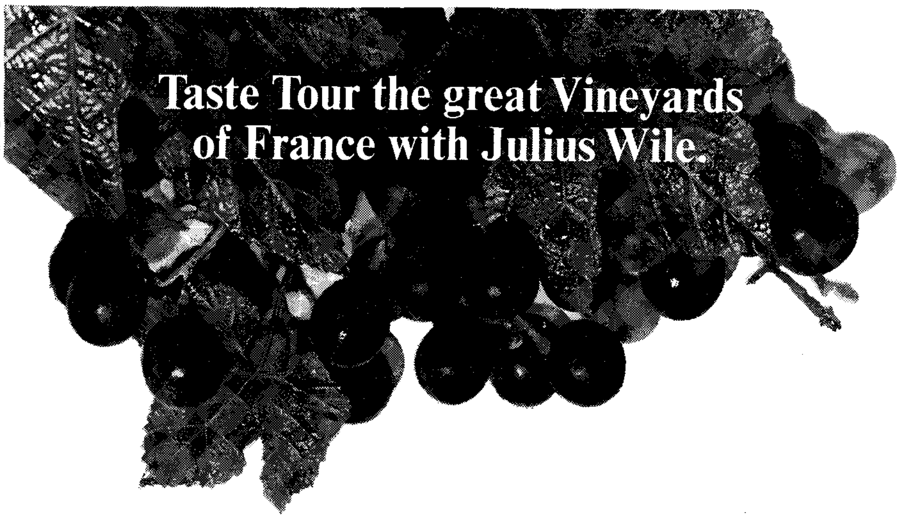
Silver and Other Loot
Continental INC.
Write Customer Service
for Mail Order Information
P. O. Box 842 • St. Thomas
U. S. Virgin Islands 00801
Also in Christiansted, St. Croix

travels, the more one feels the presence of Israel. The Syrians handed over to their conquerors a slightly damaged sixty-by-fifteen-mile fortress, fertile plateau fields, snow-capped peaks (one of which, part of Mount Hermon, is suitable for skiing), and a few deserted but intact towns. The Israelis have resettled the area with the *nahal*, the kibbutz, the *moshav* (a kind of semi-coöperative kibbutz), and the defense installation. Kuneitra was the largest Syrian community there, but today it is a ghost town, except for some Druzes who have stayed on to work for the Israeli government, a few United Nations observers, and combat units. A pleasant "resort" kibbutz has been fashioned out of a group of luxurious villas built for senior Syrian officers and their Russian advisers, and its restaurant is a favorite gathering spot for soldiers and the occasional traveller. We stopped there for a beer, and were joined at our table by Lieutenant Dubi and his Yemenite-Israeli driver, Private Yefed. They had both been stationed in the Golan since the Six-Day War, and just a couple of days earlier they had shot up a Syrian commando force trying to infiltrate near Kuneitra. They had killed three of the Syrians, and the others had run off. "They have studied for more than twenty years how to run off," Lieutenant Dubi said. When the Lieutenant finishes his Army service, he is going to be a shepherd in the Golan highlands. As in Gesher, it was obvious that no Israeli considered giving back to the Arabs even a blade of Golan grass.

Heading back into Israel proper through the Hula Valley and the Upper Galilee, we turned on the car radio and learned that the casualty reports for the day so far included one soldier killed near the Damiya Bridge, in the Jordan Valley, and one civilian killed by a terrorist bomb blast at a Jerusalem bus stop. Gabbai grew moodily silent, while the rest of us discussed the Arabs' war of attrition and its chances for success.

"Look here," Gabbai broke in after a time. "Last week, I saw a terrible lorry accident on this road. The two drivers were killed instantly. It was one of many accidents all over Israel that day, just like every day. A tragedy, yes, but what can you do? Lorries go on. People go on. Nobody can stop death. It is part of life."

ISRAELIS don't seem to scare easily, but the prospect of a predawn drive through the Gaza Strip leaves them something less than enthusiastic. The



The best Wine is the Wine you like best.

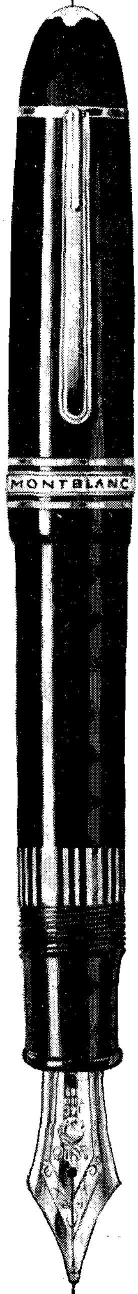
Beaujolais St. Vincent – A light, fruity, well-rounded red Burgundy.
Chablis St. Vincent – A dry, crisp white Burgundy with a tangy freshness.
Rosé des Anges – A fruity, semi-sweet light rosé from Anjou.
Chateau La Garde – A fine, dry Chateau claret, light and full-bodied, from Bordeaux.
Chateau Olivier – A dry, soft, elegant Chateau white Graves from Bordeaux.

CHANSON 1967
Beaujolais St Vincent
CHANSON
CHANSON 1967
Chablis St Vincent
CHANSON
Rosé des Anges
CHANSON
LA GARDE
CHATEAU LA GARDE 1964
CLARET
CHANSON
OLIVIER
1964
CHANSON

Shippers of Fine French Wines Since 1750
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK
CHANSON
PERE & FILS

A Fountain Pen for $33! Who Needs It?

(YOU need it—for the Top Man on your list!)



The Magnificent MONT BLANC Diplomat

The truth is that $33 is a small price to pay for this superb writing instrument—a lifetime gift. Giant ink capacity is one good reason. A better reason is its supersmooth writing action due to exclusive, extra large, 14-karat gold point with etched facing that easily adapts to individual writing pressure. There's a MONTBLANC point—from extra fine to triple broad—to suit every personality.

The Diplomat is unique! Man-size, built to fill a man's grip, take a man's handling and bring out the hidden best in his handwriting. Beautifully gift-boxed. Engraved name or initials optional at low cost.

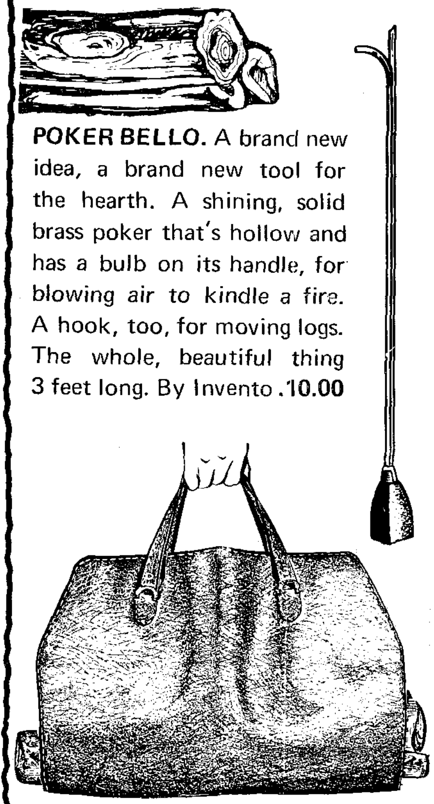
Other MONTBLANC pens at $7.95 to $178. Many pen experts here and abroad consider the MONTBLANC to be the finest pen ever designed! Classic in beauty, unmatched in writing ease. Also desk sets in choice onyxes from $27.50 to $95. For full-color brochure write to KOH-I-NOOR, Inc., 201 North Street, Bloomsbury, N.J. 08804.

At fine stores and pen shops everywhere, including **Abercrombie & Fitch,** *N.Y.C., Chicago & San Francisco;* **L. S. Ayers,** *Indianapolis;* **Bloomingdale's,** *N.Y.C.;* **Bullock's Wilshire,** *L.A.;* **Dayton's,** *Minneapolis;* **Eastman Co., Golden Gate Pen Co., Haverhill's,** *San Francisco;* **Fahrney's,** *Wash., D.C.;* **Filene's, Shreve Crump & Low,** *Boston;* **Higbee's,** *Cleveland;* **I. Magnin,** *Calif., Ore., Wash.;* **Marshall Field,** *Chicago;* **A. Pomerantz, John Wanamaker,** *Philadelphia,* **and at leading college bookstores and stationers.**

reason, of course, is that there are three hundred and fifty-six thousand Palestinian refugees in Gaza, who live in miserable hovels and feed on U.N. rations and unremitting hatred for their occupiers. They are less likely to coöperate with the Israelis than other Arabs are, because after the 1956 Sinai Campaign the Egyptians publicly tortured and hanged all Gazans who had coöperated with the short-lived Israeli military government. The people of Gaza despise all occupiers, Israeli or Egyptian. Arms caches are scattered throughout the Gaza Strip, and incidents of terror and sabotage occur daily and rather indiscriminately. (Many more Arabs than Israelis have been killed by carelessly tossed grenades.) So it was with some trepidation that, one day, six journalists in two rented cars entered the Gaza Strip at 5 A.M. on the road to northern Sinai and the Suez Canal. Our armed escort officer was Captain Dan Bawly, who in civilian life is a certified public accountant and the author of a book about the 1967 Sinai Campaign. Bawly was on his last week of Army Reserve duty (Reserve officers must put in at least forty-two days a year of active duty, while noncommissioned officers must serve at least thirty-eight days a year), and he had already been to the canal three times, with other journalists. As we passed clusters of tattered fellahin squatting along the side of the road—each one seemingly trying to destroy us by the sheer power of his stare—we all took some advice that Bawly had given us before we started out; we rolled up our car windows, and, presumably impervious to grenades, maintained a constant speed of eighty kilometres an hour.

As soon as we had left behind the refugee shacks, the United Nations food-ration depots, the 7-Up Bottling Company of Gaza, Inc. (the biggest building in Gaza), and the chilling stares, the young orange trees gave way to towering date palms, scruffy fellahin turned into costumed extras from "The Desert Song," camels replaced Mercedes-Benz taxis, and all around was the infinite yellow expanse of total waste, not just of sand but also of the sand-colored trash of war. The destruction of the Egyptian military machine was so great in those few days in June, 1967, that not even the enormous booty the Israelis have taken home, the constant scavenging by the Bedouins, and the erosion of time have cleared the Sinai of blasted tanks, trucks, half-tracks, command cars, artillery pieces, and even a mutilated

Hammacher Schlemmer

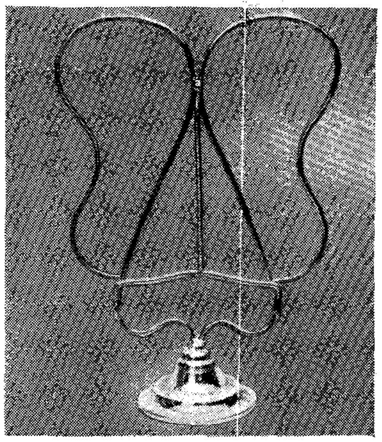


POKER BELLO. A brand new idea, a brand new tool for the hearth. A shining, solid brass poker that's hollow and has a bulb on its handle, for blowing air to kindle a fire. A hook, too, for moving logs. The whole, beautiful thing 3 feet long. By Invento .10.00

DE LUXE LOG CARRIER. Our own leather-lined log grip. Tawny brown with saddle stitched handles and edges. 39x22" wide. By Invento. 12.50

Hammacher Schlemmer
147 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y. 10022
HA 1-9515

Plummer's CHOICE



READING RACK. English silver plate to hold your morning paper or magazine. The weighted base makes it stable at table or on the breakfast tray. 12x9". 17.50

Plummer-McCutcheon
145 East 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10022 HA1-1600

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT ERWITT

The 100,000,000 Man

Being responsible for a major corporation's pension fund is no company picnic. Because this man is highly experienced, he's aware of the need for expert management. So he's turned to Chemical Bank, where he knows they talk his language.

Managing pension plans has been a Chemical Bank specialty for years. Our knowledge and experience cover highly technical areas. Like government regulations. Plan design. Financial reporting. And most importantly, investment opportunities.

At Chemical, there are no pat formulas for pension fund management. Our strategy is flexible in design and operation in order to suit portfolio goals of individual companies.

If you're responsible for other people's money, contact the experienced portfolio managers at Chemical Bank.

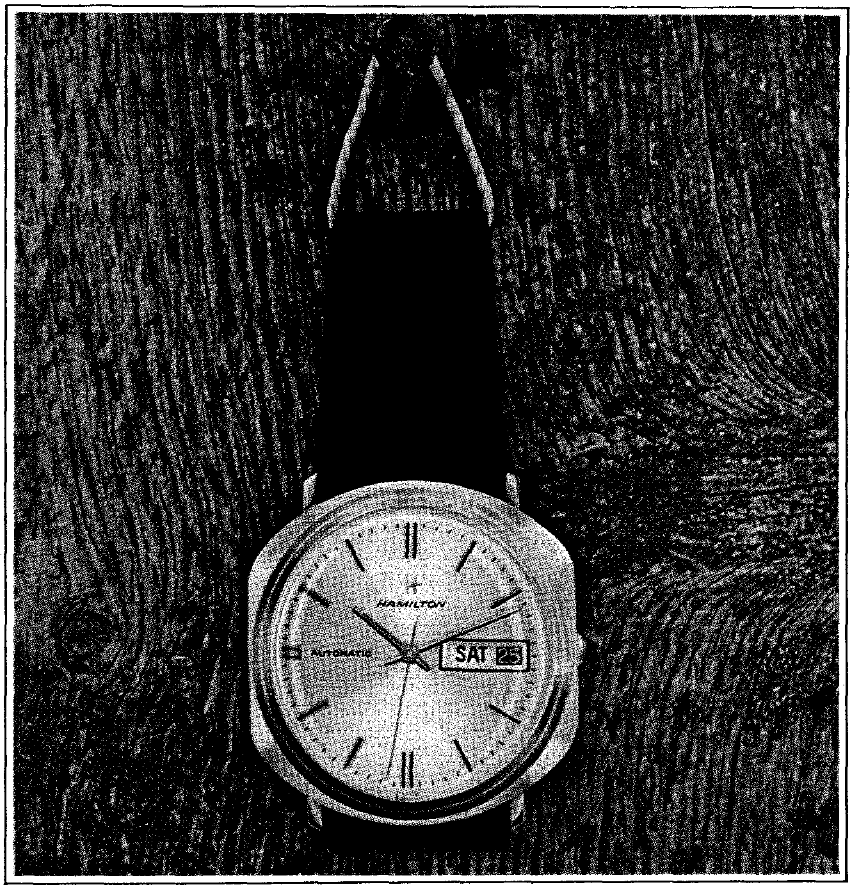
Call Mr. Kennedy at (212) 922-6500.

When your needs are financial, the reaction is Chemical.

Chemical Bank

Pension Trust Department, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

DAY'N DATE 2000 $215



The calendar for playboys.
It will be making time long after you're not.

This is a self-winding Hamilton Day 'n Date. Like all Hamiltons, it's going to be around for a long time. Telling you the right time. The right date. Even what day it is. And doing a beautiful job of it, too, because we've given it classic styling that will never look old-fashioned. We had to. We knew what was inside would keep running and running and running. And a bon vivant like you wouldn't wear any watch that looked dated. Even if it kept time as well as a Hamilton.

HAMILTON Beautiful time. Year after year after year after year

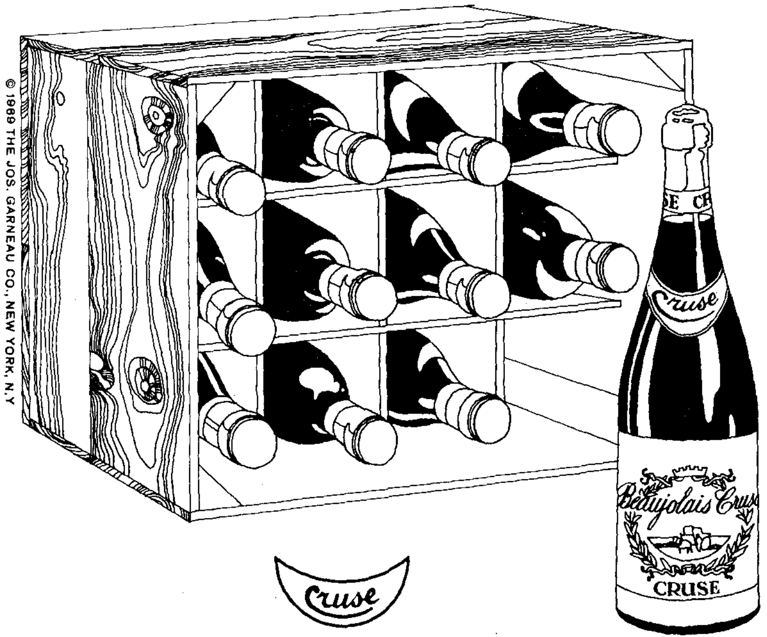
Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna. • Bienne, Switzerland • Brussels • London • Toronto ammunition train along the old Allenby Gaza-to-Kantara railroad.

But at the town of El 'Arîsh, there were sullen, ragged Arabs again. Roughly half the population of Kantara East, a town along the Suez Canal that last winter and spring suffered some of the heaviest artillery barrages in modern history, had chosen to be relocated in El 'Arîsh rather than be returned to Egypt. At a gas station, children surrounded the cars, begging, selling bits of soap, sample bottles of cheap perfume, coral necklaces, shoeshines. But all was quiet at the beach just outside of town—a splendid sweep of clear Mediterranean water and talcum-powder sand, shaded every twenty-five yards or so by grand umbrellas of date palms.

The Sinai settles down in earnest to being a desert again from El 'Arîsh on. Only the arresting sight of a black-robed Bedouin making his way across the sands from nowhere to nowhere broke the magnificent monotony. The souvenirs of war became harder to spot, the temperature rose to a dry, surprisingly pleasant one hundred degrees, and we all relaxed a little. Ahead along the route lay Misfak, an abandoned station of the expired railway, and just past it down a side road was Nahal Yam, a quiet paramilitary outpost that specializes in catching the rare and delicious *ajuj* fish from the Sabkhet El-Bardawil lagoon. At the *nahal*, we breakfasted on the delicate fish, fresh salad, *humus*, *pitta*, and coffee, everyone agreeing that it was the best meal we had eaten in Israel—a land not famous for its cuisine. After breakfast, I had a leisurely talk with Private Izal, a young paratrooper who was standing guard at the *nahal* gate. He complained that there was no action to speak of at Nahal Yam, and said he wished that he could be transferred to Kantara or Golan. The only shooting that had taken place here recently, Izal said, was a skirmish a week before with a few local Al Fatah members. His outfit knew who the Fatah ringleader was, but every time they had raided his house since, he had escaped just minutes before into the desert. "We'll get him," Izal promised. "There's plenty of time around here."

Although the Misfak-Nahal Yam sector was totally serene that day, once we were back on the road we turned on the car radio and heard the B.B.C. World News, in which it was reported that a dawn Egyptian airborne commando raid by helicopters had taken place at the Northern Sinai Headquarters in the Misfak area. Several

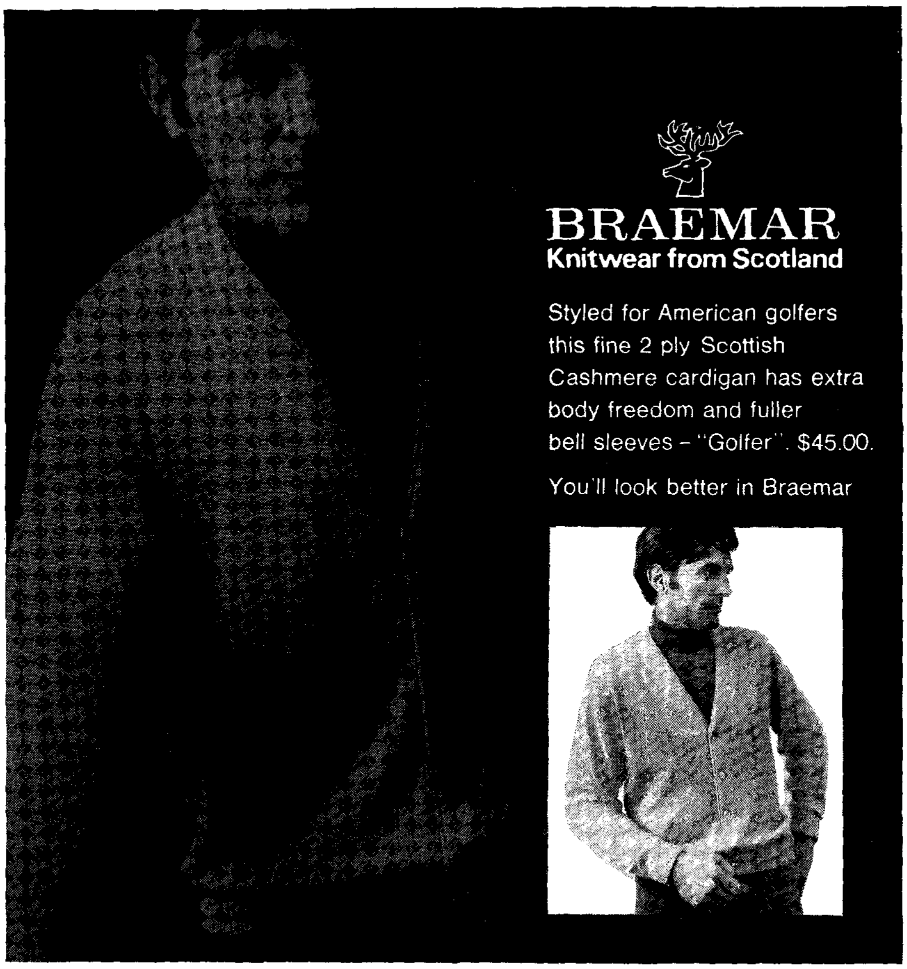
If giving three bottles of whiskey seems a bit ordinary...



© 1969 THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Cruse Cellar-Selection

Send 2 bottles each of Chablis '66, Beaujolais '66, Saint-Emilion '64, Medoc '66, Graves '66, Tavel Rosé '66. The selection comes in its own wine rack without costing any more than the wine alone—about $35.



BRAEMAR
Knitwear from Scotland

Styled for American golfers this fine 2 ply Scottish Cashmere cardigan has extra body freedom and fuller bell sleeves – "Golfer". $45.00.

You'll look better in Braemar

For nearest store write Braemar Knitwear, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Man-size drier—

six feet of brisk cotton terry with his monogram. It's Fieldcrest's Royal Velvet 72 x 36" bath sheet and we have it in any color you name (monogram in complementary color). Send us his initials, underline last name initial, allow 2 weeks for delivery. $15

Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10018

hundred Israeli soldiers had been surprised, Cairo claimed, and, in the confusion, they had been unable to put up any resistance. Hundreds had been killed in their barracks, according to the B.B.C., and rockets fired by the commandos had touched off fires in installations and equipment. All Egyptian troops and aircraft returned safely to their base. The attack had been the deepest penetration into Israeli-held Sinai since the 1967 war, the communiqué went on, and represented a new and important phase in Egypt's confrontation with Israel. We all found this news rather hard to believe (despite the authoritative, no-nonsense delivery of the B.B.C. announcer), since we had just gorged ourselves on exquisite fish and *humus* in the tranquil confines of the Nahal Yam restaurant, where the only airborne creatures were the omnipresent Sinai flies. Not so much as a palm frond was out of place on the *sukkah.* We also questioned the accuracy of the statement that the Northern Sinai Headquarters at Misfak was in flames, because the Northern Sinai Headquarters isn't at Misfak. It is several miles away, in the direction of the canal, and when we pulled in there that morning its *sukkah* was as untouched as Nahal Yam's, and so were all its buildings.

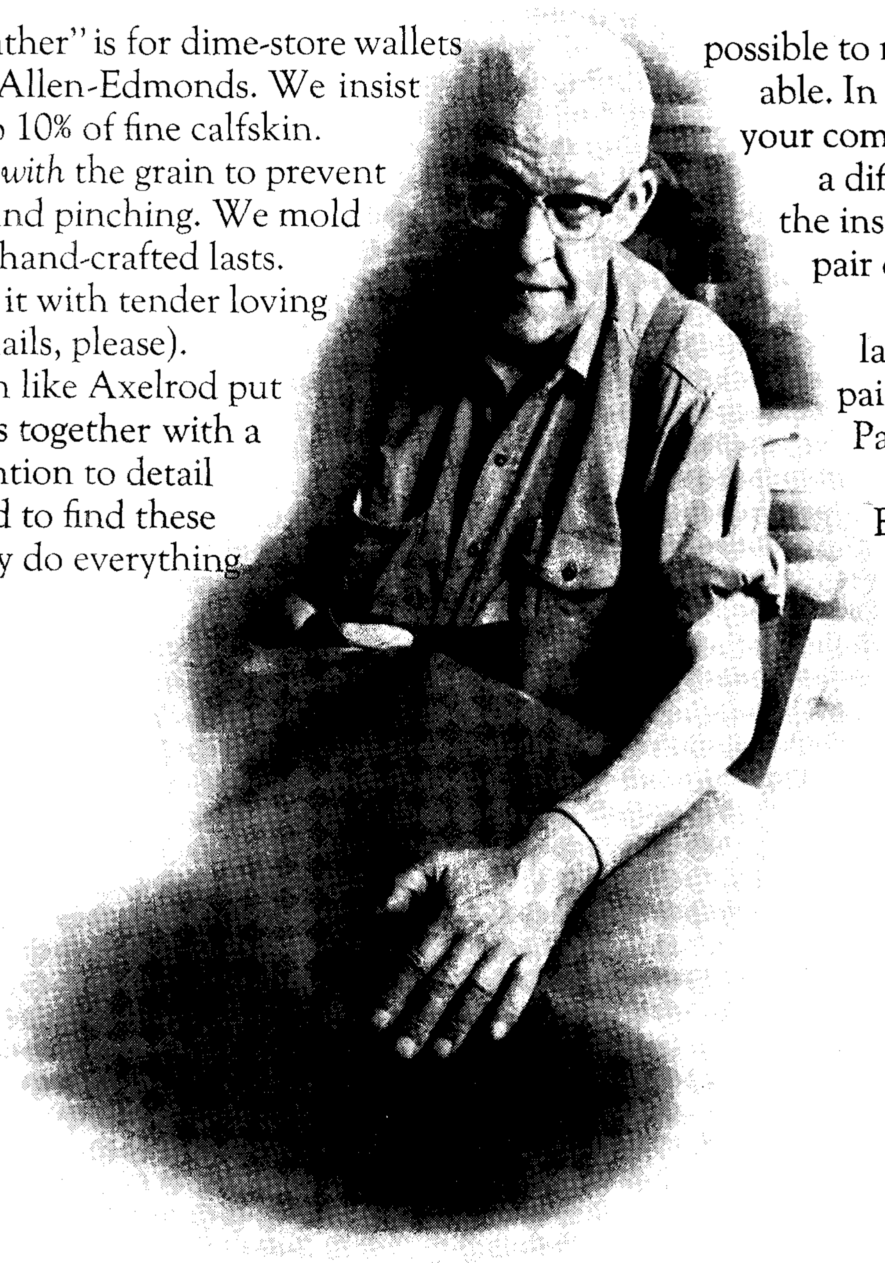
At the headquarters, we were immediately taken to a briefing by a senior officer, a cool thirty-five-year-old colonel named Yossi. The Colonel told us that he, too, had heard the B.B.C. news, and that he had been checking with all his units ever since, but that nobody had found evidence of any sort of raid. (Later that day, Israeli officers, with the help of Bedouins, discovered rocket craters in a sand dune several miles east of Misfak. They reasoned that an Egyptian jet plane must have slipped past Israeli radar by coming in low over the Mediterranean during the night, fired its rockets into the nearest sand dune, and flown back to Egypt. Similar air raids and even a naval barrage have since taken place in that area, with similar results.) While a young girl soldier served apple juice, the Colonel went on to describe a serious Egyptian air raid two and a half weeks earlier, which, according to Cairo communiqués, had also left the headquarters camp destroyed. "As you can see," the Colonel said, "there has been no damage here. Even with all the famous efficiency of the Israel Defense Forces, we couldn't rebuild it so quickly. We did shoot down a MIG-17, however, and you can examine the few pieces of it we have left after the souvenir hunters got through with it. The pilot's body was taken back across the canal at Kantara by the Red Cross."

During the ride from the headquarters camp to the canal—a painfully slow journey, because there was a lot more military traffic, and because all drivers must take great care not to raise a cloud of dust that could attract Egyptian artillery—I asked Captain Bawly about the problem of Arab and Israeli credibility, which is a source of frustration for so many Western journalists. "We have to tell the absolute truth, even if we don't particularly want to," the Captain said. "Israel sometimes reminds me of a big small town—everybody knows everybody else, or, at least, *about* everybody else. So if the butcher's nephew is stationed in the Sinai and he sees one of our jets go down and we don't announce it, you can be certain all of Tel Aviv will know about it within a day or two. As a result, we announce everything, good news and bad, accurately and completely, after a proper military-censorship delay. Israelis are always braced for bad news anyway. But with the Egyptians, as you have seen this morning, it is another story. They and most other Arabs live in a fantasy world of self-perpetuating lies, which grow in exaggeration as they pass up the chain of command. Finally, the lie gets to Nasser, and even if he doubts its accuracy his officers will all assure him that it is the truth in order to protect their jobs. Every so often, though, Nasser will fire his top officers as scapegoats, when he is embarrassed before the world. We wanted to see if he would still do this, so some time ago we flew four Mirage jets over Nasser's house in a Cairo suburb and told the press about it. Sure enough, a few days later, he cashiered his Air Force and air-defense chiefs. A similar thing happened after our Gulf of Suez raid on September 9th. Nasser didn't learn the truth for ten hours, and then he fired his Army and Navy commanders over that one.

"Arabs, of course, get a great psychological lift from their dream stories. The fairy tale of this morning's raid will probably set mobs dancing in the streets of Cairo tonight. The British and some other Westerners find this

Axelrod Knuckelbarger can't stomach "Belly Leather"

"Belly Leather" is for dime-store wallets—not for Allen-Edmonds. We insist on the top 10% of fine calfskin. We cut it *with* the grain to prevent wrinkles and pinching. We mold it around hand-crafted lasts. We stitch it with tender loving care (no nails, please). Craftsmen like Axelrod put your shoes together with a fussy attention to detail that's hard to find these days. They do everything possible to make you comfortable. In short, they *care* for your comfort...and it makes a difference. You feel it the instant you slip into a pair of Allen-Edmonds. You feel it months later, too. Slip into a pair today. See Yellow Pages for your dealer or write to Allen-Edmonds, Belgium, Wisconsin, 53004

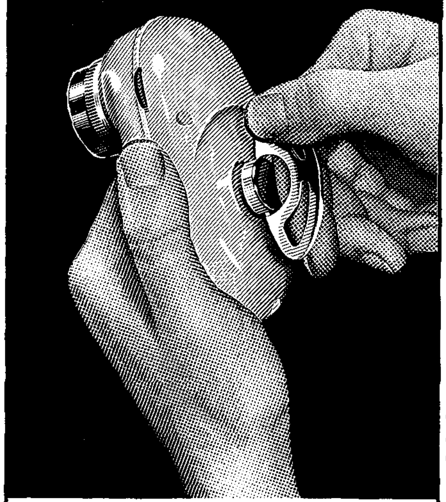


Allen-Edmonds Shoes

made by craftsmen who *care* for your comfort

Most styles $36 to $58

"They laughed when I wound up my Monaco Shaver..."



That's likely to happen to you when you first use *the MONACO in front of anyone. A wind-up shaver* may seem a plaything. Or at best an emergency type of shaver (because it needs no cords or batteries). *After all, how can a hand-cranked shaver rotate* fast enough to do a clean and close job? And how many times do you have to wind the darn thing to finish one shave?

One answer at a time: The three-blade shaving head revolves at such a fast clip that it actually gives *you **seventy-two thousand cutting strokes a minute!*** Compare that to your $30 TurboDeluxe. Now, about the winding. The palm-shaped body of the MONACO (*named for its birthplace, Monte Carlo) is filled* with a huge mainspring made of the same Swedish super steel used in the most expensive watch movements. You *crank* the key just like a *movie camera* (about six turns) and the MONACO shaves and shaves and shaves. From ear to ear; from nose to neck, without slowing down. Maintains its full shaving speed right to the end—and long enough to do the complete job. Hard to believe, but really true.

A few more details: The surgical steel blades are so designed that they are continuously self-sharpening. You will find that the more you use the MONACO *the sharper and the better it gets. The guard is so* unbelievably thin (5/100 of a millimeter) that pressure is unnecessary. You just touch the shaver on your face and gently guide it in circular motions.

We could go on. But we don't expect to sell you with words. We just want to get you open-minded *enough to tie up $20 for two weeks. We'll give you* that long to put the MONACO to the test. If it disappoints you (if you want to return it for any reason), send it back. *Your money will be in the return* mail. Obviously, we have reason to believe that this won't happen and that you will want to keep your MONACO for the office, club, cabin or in a permanent place in your bathroom cabinet. It's that kind of a thing. Once you've tried it you won't let it go.

P.S. *You not only save the cost of an electric motor,* but you save the cost of repairing it. The money that it leaves in your pocket; *the dependability;* the good, fast, clean shaves that you'll get—they'll give **you** the last laugh.

Please send me the following:

☐ MONACO SHAVER—STANDARD MODEL $19.95
☐ *MONACO SHAVER—MODEL ANATOMIQUE* shaver housed in transparent case $21.95
☐ *SPECIAL TRIMMING HEAD (optional)* $ 4.95
☐ EXTRA REGULAR SHAVING HEAD (spare) $ 3.95

My check, plus $1 for post. & ins. enclosed. Calif. resid's add 5% tax. Parts & workmanship guaranteed 1 year. Return in 2 weeks if not delighted.

Name____________________

Address____________________

________________Zip______

NY1129

584 Washington St.
San Francisco, 94111
(415) 981-5688

haverhill's

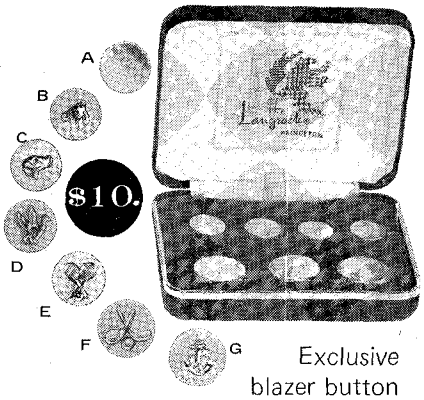
childlike, naïve quality utterly charming, but we do not. It is a very sad thing, and very hard to deal with such people. Of course, the B.B.C. is notoriously pro-Arab and relishes these stories." (Two days later, the B.B.C. World News was still reporting that a whole new Egyptian military phase had begun against the Israelis in Sinai, as a consequence of the successful commando raid at Misfak.)

Kantara East, or the rubble that remains of what was once a handsome desert town, abruptly appeared in the dunes ahead, like a depressing mirage. On the main street, we paused to take in a perspective created by twisted lampposts, torn-up railroad tracks, and wrecked houses, churches, stores, and mosques, all bright and oddly clean in the Sinai sun. Not one single building had escaped the heavy Egyptian shelling of last winter and spring or the sporadic rounds that still fall on the town. But there are no worthwhile targets anymore—no soldiers, no civilians, no U.N. observers, nothing, except packs of wild dogs and cats that roam over the debris and occasionally set off unexploded shells. Many of the animals are missing a tail or a leg.

Just west of the town is the long mound of sand that marks the canal. When this part of the canal was dug—it is one of the wider sections, where two ships can pass each other—the sand was dumped mostly on the Kantara East side, making a natural barrier. After the shelling started, the Israelis fashioned the barrier into a complex of steel-reinforced bunkers (using the rails of the Allenby railroad) and called it the Bar-Lev Line, after Chaim Bar-Lev, the Chief of Staff of the Israel Defense Forces. With the bunker protection and the fields of fire the soldiers there command, comparatively few Israeli troops are more than a match for the estimated hundred thousand Arab soldiers a hundred and fifty yards across the canal.

Considering the duty, the troops I visited at one Bar-Lev Line position were in amazingly good spirits. From midday to dusk, the sun is in the Israelis' eyes, and Egyptian sniping and shelling are common occurrences. The temperature is well over a hundred degrees during much of the day, and the flies settle on any exposed skin with a desperate eagerness. At night, the flies trade places with equally ardent mosquitoes. (There are plastic tubes of potent insect repellent conveniently placed in every cranny of the fortification.) The fine, dusty sand makes its way into everything, the air inside

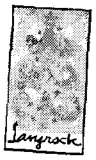
Handsome LANGROCK BLAZER BUTTONS

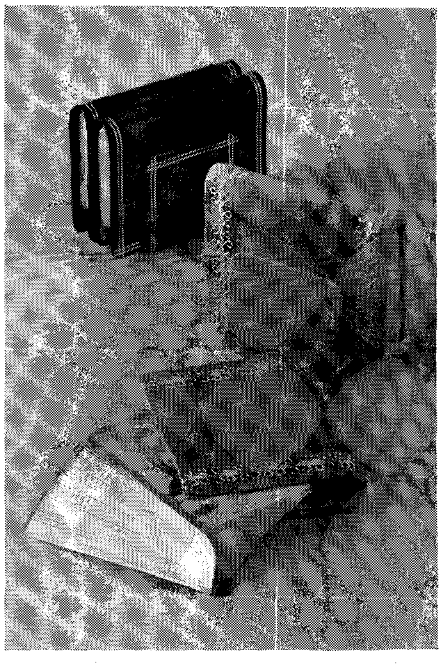


Exclusive blazer button sets as illustrated in rhodium plated pewter or gold plated. Order by letter in silver or gold. Plain set shown is ready for monograms. Three button blazer sets only $10. postpaid. Of course, if you have no blazer, write call or visit...

Write for Free Color Catalog

Langrock
44 Nassau Street
Princeton, New Jersey 08540

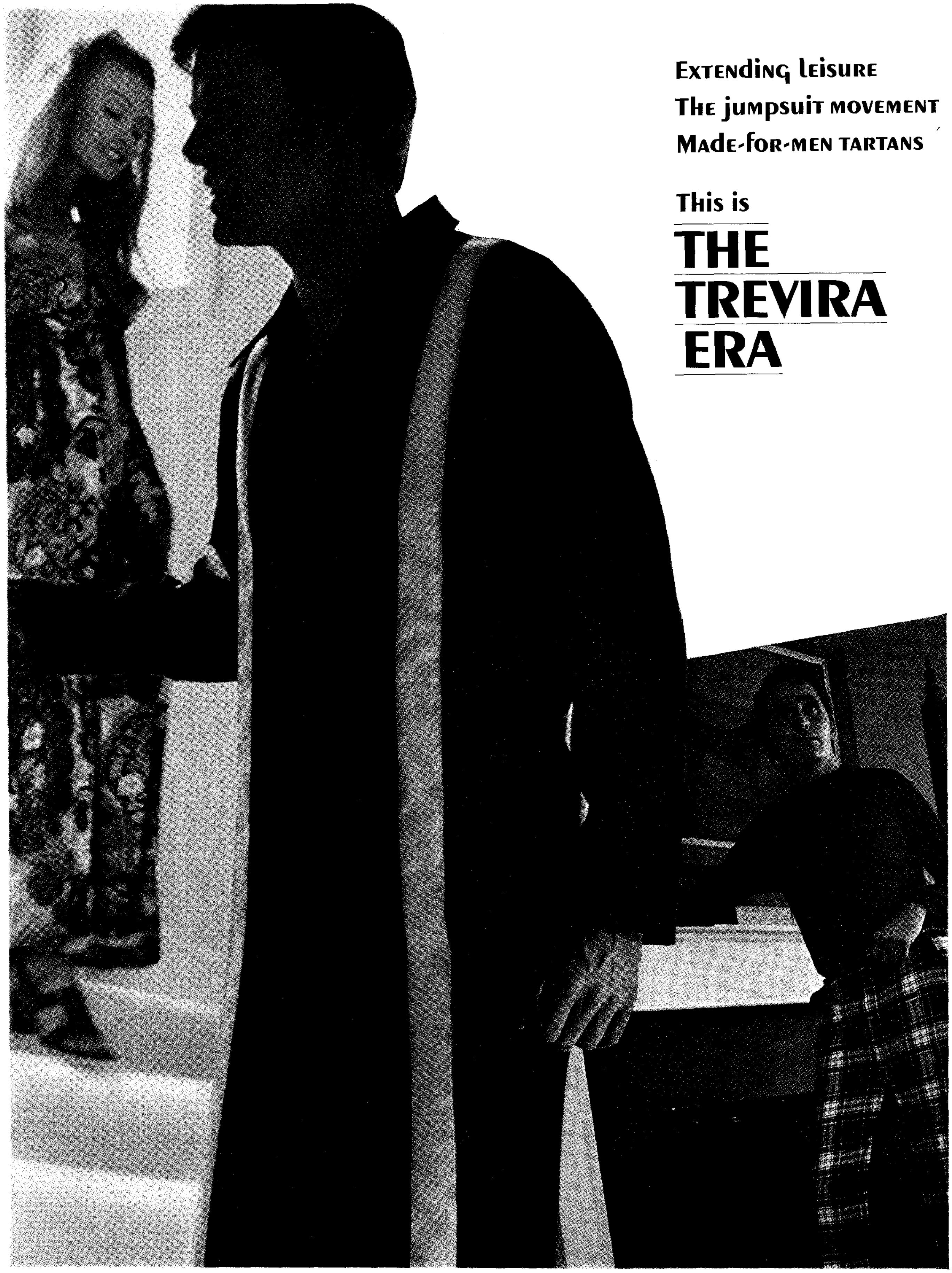




Bridge card decks in book-look holders, from the celebrated world of Edward Marshall Boehm. Black leather, green or gold plush, 8.50.

Add 4% sales tax for Mich. delivery; add 50¢ for shipping beyond our delivery area.

CHARLES W. WARREN
1520 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD, DETROIT 48226


Extending leisure
The jumpsuit MOVEMENT
Made-for-MEN TARTANS
This is
THE
TREVIRA
ERA

PIERRE CARDIN brings his clear design thinking to men's loungewear. And makes relaxing news in a medium born for men: Trevira® polyester and rayon. Tailorable. Color-bold. Now. The jumpsuit, in blue, luggage brown or pine green, with gold stripe; the tartan two-piece in navy with green plaid or gold with blue and brown plaid. About $25 each. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Higbee's, Cleveland; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles and other fine stores; or write to Host Pajamas Incorporated, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

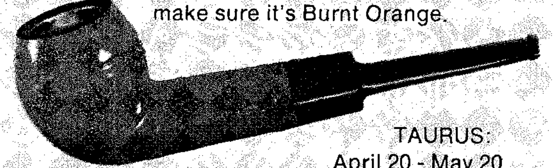
TREVIRA®
POLYESTER
The Extraordinary Fiber

® HYSTRON FIBERS INCORPORATED, 485 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017, LICENSEE OF THE INTERNATIONALLY REGISTERED TRADEMARK.

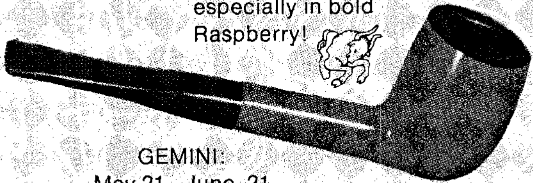
Find his personality in The Pipe

It's the age of The Pipe. And the manly art of pipe-smoking is a lot different from what it used to be. The Pipe smokes cooler and cleaner and drier than any conventional pipe in the world because it's lined with the same revolutionary space-age material that's used in the nose cones of Polaris Missiles and Nerva Rockets! And since The Pipe is designed in all the colors of the heavens, it lets his personality come shining through!

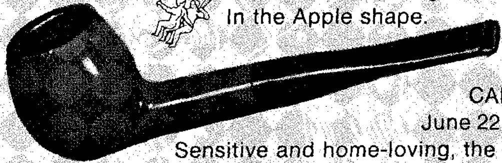
ARIES: March 21 - April 19
Fiery, driving, gloriously adventurous, the Aries male is the embodiment of power. The Pipe to match is the Bulldog shape shown. Just make sure it's Burnt Orange.



TAURUS:
April 20 - May 20
Sensuous, inquisitive, strong, Taurus is the sign of the Bull and is at the same time courageous and generous. The Pipe with the Billiard shape fits him fine, especially in bold Raspberry!

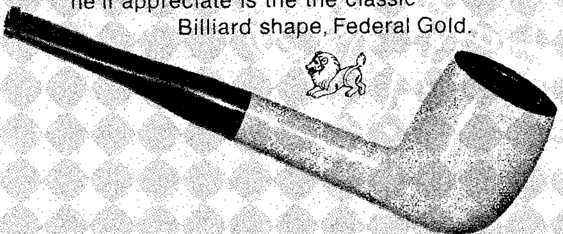


GEMINI:
May 21 - June 21
Quick-witted, mercurial, seeker of wisdom and truth, the Gemini man is interested in the facts, ma'am. The Pipe he'll like best will be English Blue. In the Apple shape.

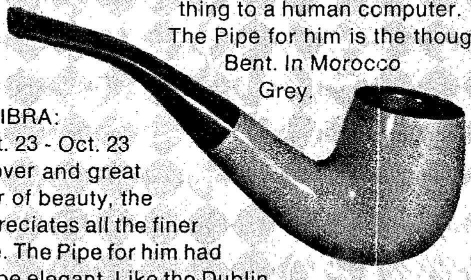


CANCER:
June 22 - July 22
Sensitive and home-loving, the man under the sign of Cancer is an idealist who needs attention and affection. For this loving husband and considerate father it's The Pipe in the solid security of the Pot shape, Oyster White.

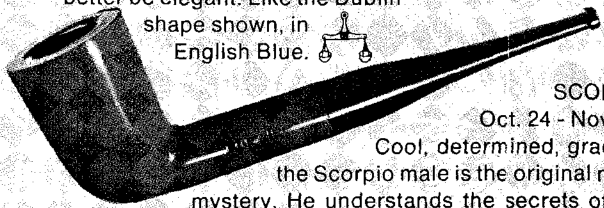
LEO:
July 23 - August 22
Devoted to family and friends, Leo the lion-hearted is proud, loyal, self-assured and gracious. The Pipe he'll appreciate is the the classic Billiard shape, Federal Gold.



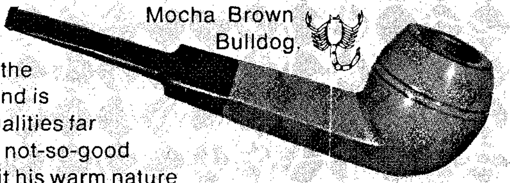
VIRGO:
August 23 - September 22
The keeper of the light, worshiper of wisdom, intellect, the Virgo man is the closest thing to a human computer. The Pipe for him is the thoughtful Bent. In Morocco Grey.



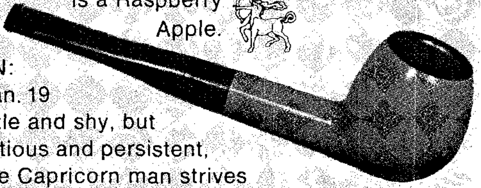
LIBRA:
Sept. 23 - Oct. 23
Passionate lover and great connoisseur of beauty, the Libra man appreciates all the finer things of life. The Pipe for him had better be elegant. Like the Dublin shape shown, in English Blue.



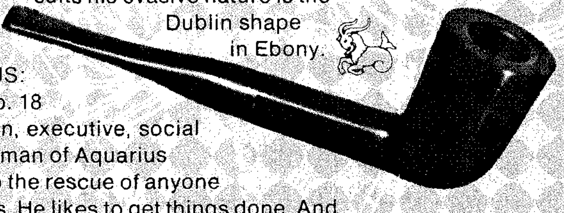
SCORPIO:
Oct. 24 - Nov. 22
Cool, determined, graceful, the Scorpio male is the original man of mystery. He understands the secrets of life. The Pipe he wears should be a Mocha Brown Bulldog.



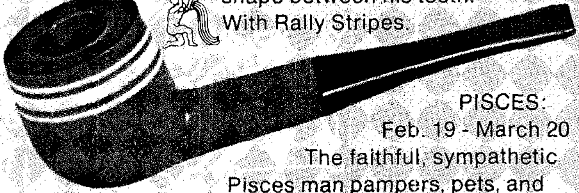
SAGITTARIUS:
Nov. 23 - Dec. 21
Intuitive, open, friendly, the Sagittarian likes people and is able to see their good qualities far more clearly than their not-so-good ones. The Pipe to suit his warm nature is a Raspberry Apple.



CAPRICORN:
Dec. 22 - Jan. 19
Gentle and shy, but also ambitious and persistent, the Capricorn man strives to be number one without trampling the feelings of others. The Pipe which best suits his evasive nature is the Dublin shape in Ebony.



AQUARIUS:
Jan. 20 - Feb. 18
Humanitarian, executive, social reformer, the man of Aquarius will speed to the rescue of anyone in distress. He likes to get things done. And he'll like it even more if he has The Pipe in the strong Pot shape between his teeth. With Rally Stripes.



PISCES:
Feb. 19 - March 20
The faithful, sympathetic Pisces man pampers, pets, and is possessive of his mate. He gives much and expects little in return. He deserves The Pipe in the comfortable Bent shape, Avocado Green.

$12.50 & $15.00 wherever pipes are sold.
For a free copy of "The Story of The Pipe", write Venturi Inc., Hearst Building, Dept. N, San Francisco, California 94103.

the pipe

U. S. PAT. 3,420,244

the bunkers is hot, stale, and nauseating, and when there is no firing the sand-padded silence is enough to send a sane man screaming into the dunes. Some of the soldiers said the worst thing about canal duty is what they call "Bedouinism"—a drying up of the mind that can leave bright young men witless and lethargic within a matter of weeks. However, troop rotation, leaves, regular lectures and entertainment (Hannah Rovina, aged seventy-seven, of the Habimah Theatre, turned up there recently), and a kind of running homemade Jewish-humor festival keep morale high. When the men sleep, they sleep well, knowing that any bunker can withstand a direct hit. Most casualties are due to carelessness or lucky shots. Infiltration by Egyptian commandos is not considered a serious problem in the Kantara area.

After a rapid briefing on canal behavior by the unit commander, a twenty-four-year-old lieutenant named Shasha ("Keep your head down. When you hear a mortar shell take off, run for cover—even under the *sukkah*. Try not to raise dust"), we all took turns peering through a gap between sandbags and a camouflage net on the embankment. A transistor radio hanging from an ammunition box provided an accompaniment of early Beatles songs. The canal and Kantara West, in Egypt proper, were a beautiful but disturbing sight: the narrow strip of cobalt water was bordered by serene buildings and full trees; a few dories were turned on their sides on the opposite bank, as if their owners had just brought them in from a day's fishing; there was no wind, no sound, no movement, no life, and yet, Captain Bawly told me, most of the windows and trees probably hid snipers. I mentioned that Kantara West seemed much less devastated than Kantara East.

"We are a bit more precise in our shooting," he said, with that slightly irritating Israeli understatement. "But inland from there things are pretty awful. They have no Bar-Lev Line."

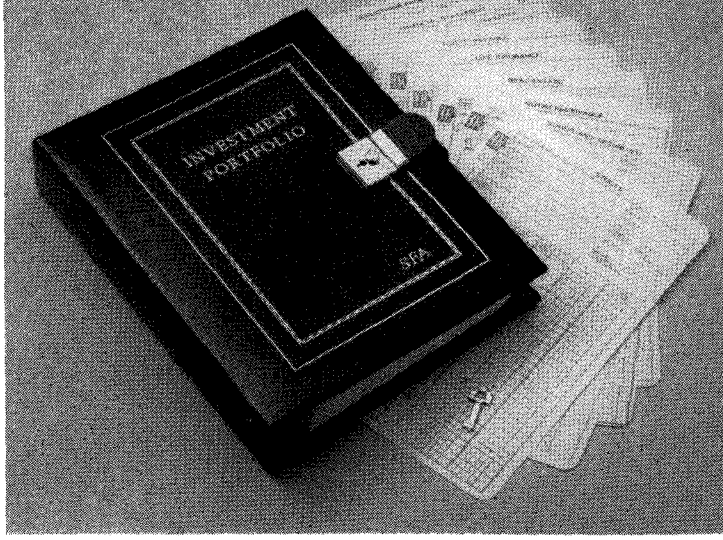
He was referring to the daily and nightly air raids that Israeli jets had been conducting up and down the west side of the canal and along the Gulf of Suez for several weeks. Most Israeli officers believed that Nasser's war of attrition was backfiring badly because of these raids on exposed Egyptian installations just behind the canal bank I was staring at.

I asked Bawly whether Israeli snipers returned the Egyptian sniper fire.

"Yes," he said. "We shoot at the 'monkeys,' as we call them, in those

Our exclusive investment portfolio organizes the non-organization man. Black leather loose-leaf binder contains 188 pages with 12 indexed categories to classify money matters, each with summary page. A gift that every man will appreciate. Brass-plated lock, 3-letter 14-karat gold monogram at no extra charge, $16 in our Small Leather Goods Collections. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



R. P. CLINTON

The Modern Wildcatter wears a business suit

He also makes sense. There is a way, he believes, to average out the risk of drilling wildcat wells through sound management practices.

He builds a first-class team of management people and investors. And goes to work. Doing some conservative wildcatting. And some development drilling. And buying some production at the right time and at the right price. All in all, it works very well for Clinton Oil Company.

- More than 25,000 stockholders
- Operator of more than 1,000 wells of all types
- Of the wells drilled during 1969, approximately half were completed as commercial producing wells
- Plans are underway to diversify and expand a considerable involvement in oil and gas.

And we're just getting our second wind.

CLINTON OIL COMPANY
217 North Water Street
Wichita, Kansas 67202

touch
the
sky

L'AIR DU TEMPS
the romantic perfume
by Nina Ricci, Paris

The collector's bottle: A Lalique Crystal Original

trees. Many of them are Sudanese—they are supposed to be better marksmen. In the early days, just after the war, they would yell at us—sometimes propaganda, sometimes lines like 'We will murder all Israelis,' but then sometimes strange things like 'Happy birthday.' On Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, Lieutenant Shasha blew the shofar at them to let them know who we are."

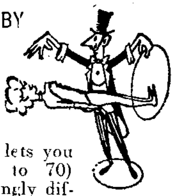
It was just past noon, the sun was slightly in the west, and the first sniper shot of the day rang out, sounding like a cap pistol going off in a paper bag. At a crouch, we made our way down from the embankment to what the soldiers call the Kantara Country Club—a few upholstered chairs set under a shrapnel-pocked pine. While fresh fruit and lemonade were passed around, I had a talk with Dr. Rami, a Tel Aviv pediatrician on Reserve duty at the canal. The last casualty he had treated, he said, was an arm-wound case ten days earlier. Three MIGs had gone down near this position two and a half weeks before, and he had hoped to treat captured Egyptian pilots, but none had bailed out. For amusement, the men there listened to the Radio Cairo broadcasts in Hebrew describing how the entire Bar-Lev Line had been destroyed and its inhabitants wiped out. "All propaganda lies a little," the doctor said, "but so much? Every night, they tell me I am dead." Dr. Rami mainly worries about a rumored outbreak of cholera across the canal and the growing contempt he has noticed among the younger soldiers for the Arabs. "I worry that if the war goes on too long we will lose our human feelings for them," he said. "We must keep our humanity. Otherwise, we will not be Israel."

A husky, laconic, red-haired soldier named Eli was going home for a few days' leave, and we gave him a ride back to Tel Aviv. He was carrying a First World War Czech bolt-action rifle, and when we asked him why he had been assigned that hoary weapon, he said that he was a sniper by trade and that the old rifle was very accurate. At El 'Arîsh, he told us that he had shot a "monkey" out of a tree the day before, after a three-hour wait for him to show himself by muzzle flashes. Eli knew he had killed the man, because he saw him drop to the ground and lie there till nightfall, when his comrades could bring him in without getting shot themselves. Did Eli the sniper feel any special emotion about killing his Arab counterpart? No, it wasn't the first one he had killed, he said, adding, "It is a question of sur-

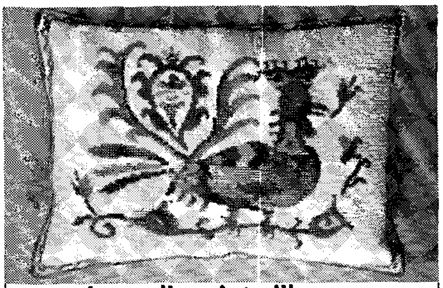
VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Snuggle her into our fluffy robe of white Acrilan® acrylic pile, sashed and piped and buttoned in pink satin. 2 to 4 toddler sizes, $17; 4 to 6x, $20; 8 to 14, $23. Children's Lingerie Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

MAGIC IS A GREAT HOBBY
Give Funsters Magic
Tricks They Can Do!
HOUDINI MAGIC
TRICK-A-MONTH CLUB



The Gift that lasts all year lets you give youngsters (ages 7 to 70) twelve (12) new and excitingly different simple tricks of magic, one mailed each month for one year. Each member receives a Gift Certificate (with the donor's name attached) plus membership in the HOUDINI MAGIC CLUB which entitles the member to a Free Bonus Trick. Imagine how wonderful it is to make hankies disappear, cause nickels to turn into dimes, change a ten card into an ace, etc. It's all so simple with our instructions. The Perfect Birthday or Holiday Gift for All. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send $14.95 for each membership. Make check payable to: FLOSSO-HORNMAN Co., 304 W. 34th St. New York, N.Y. 10001. Dept. N1



Greek needlepoint pillow.
All wool, hand made. Muted colors on a natural beige ground. Approximately 15" x 19". Choice of many other patterns in stock. $36.00 ppd.
Only at:
Greek Island 215 East 49 Street
New York 10017 EL 5-7547

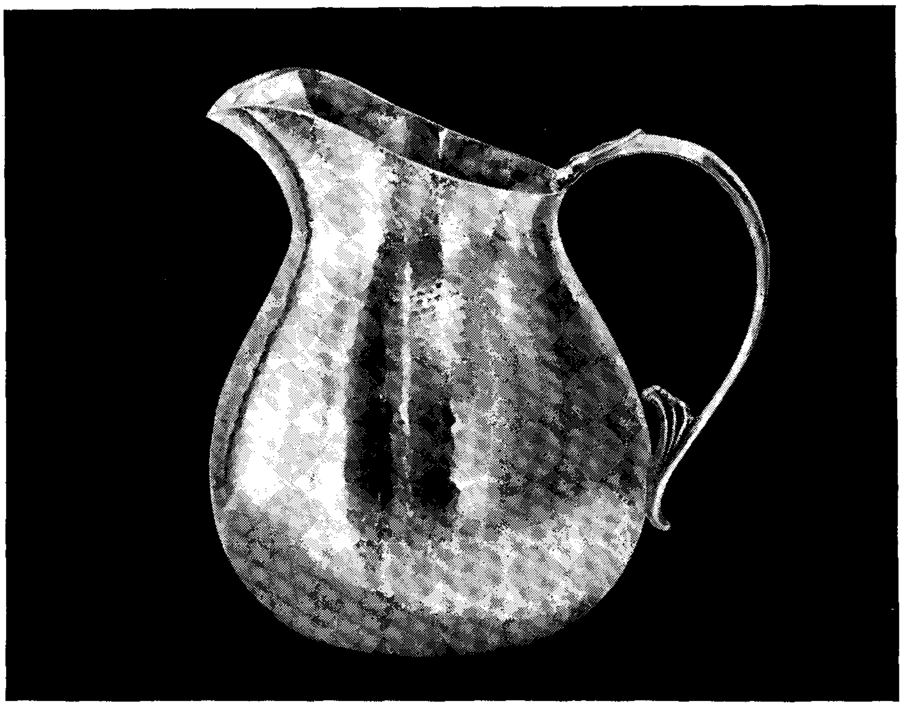
vival. He shot to kill me, so I kill him." Eli told us he had just turned nineteen.

IF one cannot get to talk with Defense Minister Moshe Dayan (and one usually cannot), the next best thing is to speak to his confidant, former associate, and namesake, Moshe Pearlman. An officer in both the British Army and the Israeli Army, an organizer of illegal immigration to Palestine, a government official, currently a full-time author, Pearlman, for all his wit and sophistication, still takes his Zionism very seriously. We had just come from hearing Dayan address a rally of the Israel Labor Party's National Youth Section in the cavernous Mann Auditorium, in Tel Aviv. Dayan had warned his audience that there would be even harsher sacrifices ahead but that nobody should lose faith in the Arabs' ultimate acceptance of Israel. He said that he rejected the two extreme alternatives of giving the occupied lands back and taking the Arab capitals; he preferred a middle way of firm but friendly relations with the Arabs, as demonstrated by his "open-bridges" policy. When Dayan finished, the house came down. What had been a restless gathering of bused-in teen-agers turned into a rapt, adoring cult as soon as Dayan began to speak. Why, at a time when generals are hardly the most popular folk figures in the world, has this partly bald, one-eyed, Jewish, unimposing military man stirred the imagination of so many people?

"He's got that old Kennedy charisma thing," Pearlman told me. "Charisma without bombast. Dayan also inspires others by his own bravery, intelligence, and success. Of course, it's still a little hard for the world to accept that he is Jewish, just as it's hard for Israel to be accepted as a bona-fide nation among nations—not just a home for wayward Jews—with all the good and bad that goes with being a bona-fide nation."

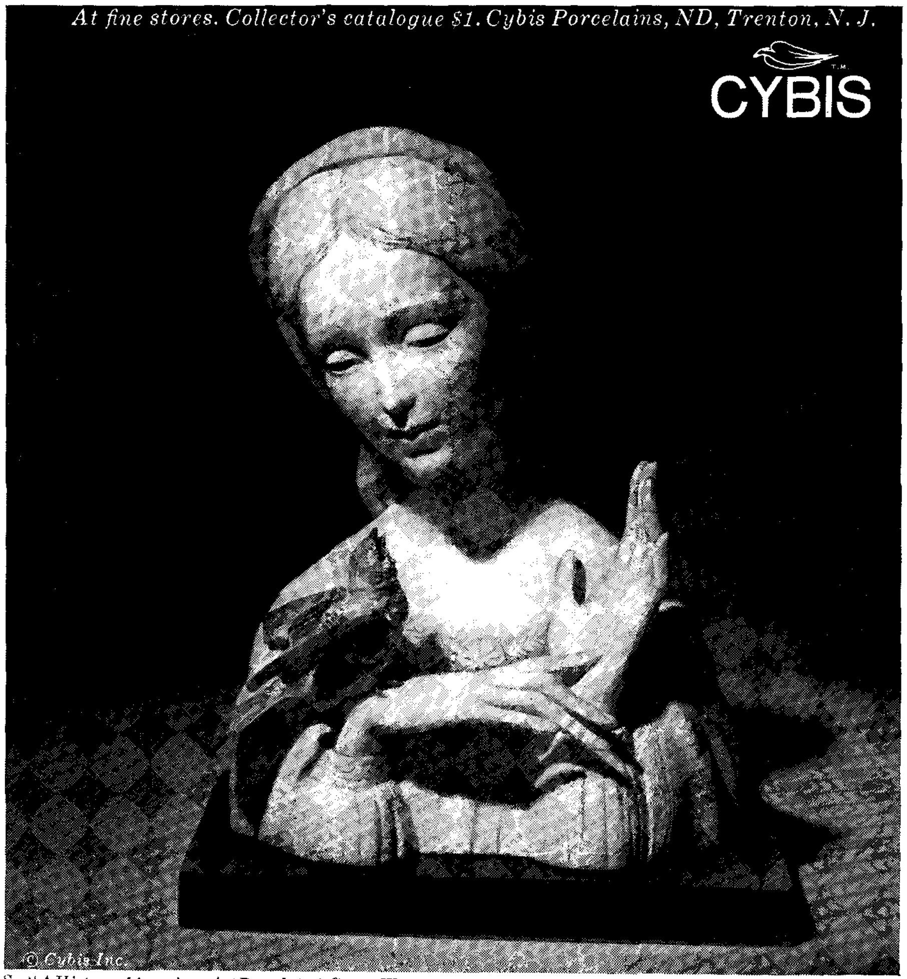
I told Pearlman that many Americans had been outraged that Israel used napalm in the Six-Day War, mainly because they thought Jews should be above that sort of thing. What did Israelis think of this backhanded flattery?

Pearlman was morosely silent for several seconds. "What's wrong, of course, is napalm itself," he said at last, "and not that Jews have used it. Any weapon is morally wrong. But a Jewish nation must be forgiven the same sins as any other nation, especially when it is fighting for its survival. But you



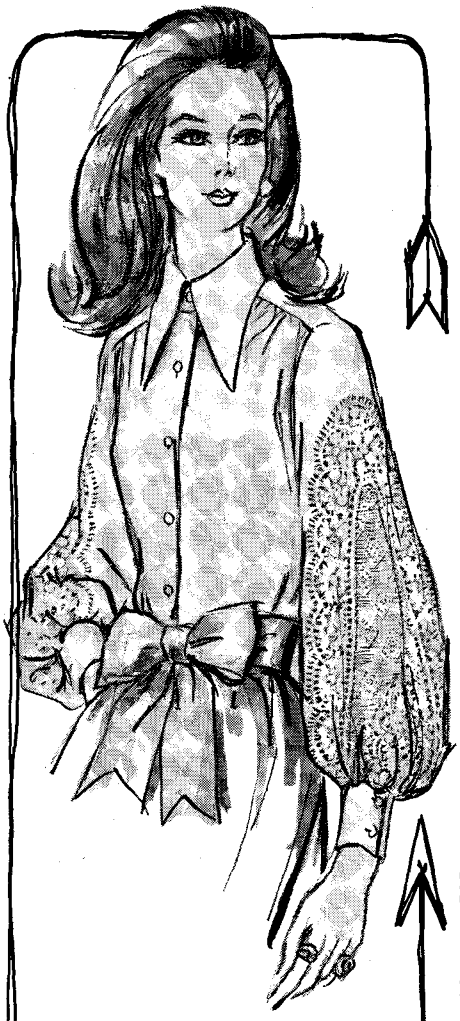
FROM THE
RANDAHL STERLING COLLECTION

Old World Elegance. The Guildhall Hand-Hammered Pitcher, 7⅝" high, 4 pint capacity, $285.00. Available at these and other fine stores: Georg Jensen, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Shreve, Crump & Low, Boston; E. W. Parker, Madison, Wisc.; Gump's, San Francisco; J. E. Caldwell, Philadelphia; Bromberg's, Birmingham; Chas. W. Warren, Detroit; Hall's, Kansas City; B. D. Howes, Los Angeles; J. B. Hudson, Minneapolis; Coleman Adler, New Orleans; Potter & Mellen, Cleveland; Schwarzchild's, Richmond, Va. Created by the craftsmen of Randahl Silversmiths, Taunton, Mass.



At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, ND, Trenton, N. J.
CYBIS
© Cybis Inc.

See "A History of American Art Porcelain", George Washington University Art Gallery, Washington, D.C., Nov. 10-Dec. 1.



Holiday in the grand manner

Lady Arrow echoes the gaslight era in a romantic mood of soft white lace and tissue faille. Below, just some of the fine stores who stock it, sizes 8-18, for around $20.00.

Bloomingdale Bros., New York
P. A. Bergner & Co., Peoria, Ill.
Nordstrom Best, Seattle
Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles
Capwell's, Oakland, Calif.
The Emporium, San Francisco
Flah's of Albany
Joske's, San Antonio, Tex.
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh
Kreeger's, New Orleans
The May Co., Cleveland
Miller's, Knoxville
Nebraska Clo. Co., Omaha, Neb.
Young Quinlan, Minneapolis
Stern Brothers, Paramus, N.J.
Street's, Tulsa, Oklahoma
W. C. Stripling, Ft. Worth, Tex.
Z C M I, Salt Lake City

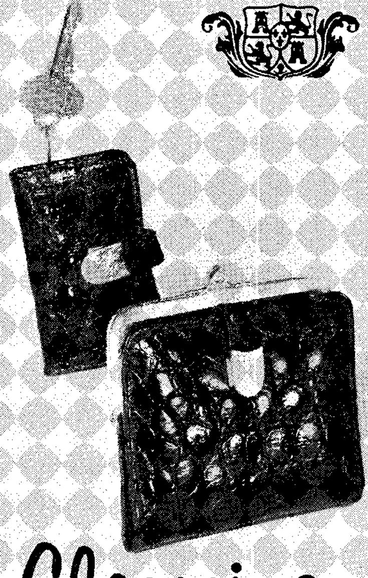
Lady Arrow®
1407 Broadway New York, N.Y. 10018
A division of Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Prices slightly higher in West.

know—and this is hard to say, to define—there is a certain old-fashioned Jewish soul about this country, too. The Army isn't taught to hate the enemy, the way we were in the British Army. We Israelis feel disdainful of them sometimes but never superior as human beings. We train very hard—hundred-kilometre forced marches through the desert, with dropouts carried on stretchers to the bitter end, our pilots' constant marksmanship practice, and so forth—but we have nothing like the screaming, insane bayonet drills of other armies. And spit and polish, as you've noticed, is not one of our strong points. I know three soldiers who returned to base exhausted but flushed with victory from the ten-hour Gulf of Suez raid, and what did they do? They drank some orange juice and drove right home to their kibbutzim so that they could help bring in the harvest. Some battles are won on whiskey and beer; ours are won on orange juice. Who can figure it out? I like to think it's Jewish soul, like what comes across in Golda Meir and Moshe Dayan. As long as that soul is there, I'm not worried."

JERUSALEM is the place where all the madness, the beauty, the strength, the mystery, and the despair of the Middle East come magnificently together. The man responsible for holding Jerusalem itself together—sometimes with little more than an unhysterical, honest word—is the city's mayor, Teddy Kollek. "Integration of Arabs and Jews in Jerusalem is frankly difficult," Kollek told me in his office, a homey room overlooking the Old City. "And I'm not so sure we should have complete integration. We do not believe in the American ideal of the melting pot, nor do we want to remake Arab Jerusalem in the Jewish image. Rather, it should be live and let live—each group with its own language, customs, and desires, like Montreal. Of course, there have been many physical improvements since 1967. There is water on tap in every house now, prenatal-to-high-school public-health care, compulsory schooling, and—I'm very proud of this—a three-to-one wage scale for all city workers, Arab and Jew. I make only three times more than a street-cleaner does, instead of the old ten-to-one ratio under the Jordanians."

Kollek stretched in his chair and rubbed his eyes. "I can truthfully say that most of the Arabs are happier now and would never want the city divided again," he continued. "The few acts of



Lady Bosca

Gleaming Alligator

Traditional Brown or Jet Black. French Purse $22.50, Key Case, $12.50 at fine stores. Hugo Bosca Co., Inc., Springfield, Ohio 45501.

Mid-Manhattan at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two *excellent restaurants*. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave. • 212 CI 7-7300

Peace — at Christmas time, anytime. Dove with flower that is also a flower holder. Decorative alone, useful as well. Dove in white, its ceramic flower bloom in yellow or green. 6½" tall. Exclusively ours. $25.00 postpaid.

R.R. Robinson Inc.
1290 Third St. So. Naples, Florida 33940

violence are mostly the work of individual terrorists. I *know* there is less tension here right now than in New York City. You can walk safely anywhere in Jerusalem. When we started to level the no man's land between East and West Jerusalem after the war, many Jews wanted to leave town for fear of Arab reprisals, but nothing happened. There was right away plenty of employment, wages were better, and no color prejudice. The Palestinian Arabs here never had much love for the Jordanians, who were mostly Bedouins and felt little for Jerusalem. For example, the Jordanians built their big university in Amman, not here. One very sad thing is that although our police and city workers are totally integrated, no Arabs will run for the City Council. They have been threatened by the Fatah and are afraid to run. This, to me, is our worst failure. So I cannot say that everything is perfect—the Arabs, after all, still have that loyalty to their mythical nation of Palestine—but I am always hopeful. For human beings, we get along fairly well. I go everywhere in the city without an escort. Minutes after I learned of the Al Aksa fire, I was at the mosque investigating, and no one attacked me. Arabs come with food and coffee to my house every Saturday and discuss their troubles with me. We are really very civilized here."

MAHMOUD ABU ZULUF is the editor and publisher of *Al Quds*, the largest West Bank Arabic newspaper. His office is in a small building on an East Jerusalem side street, and every night, after the paper has gone to press, the office turns into a smoky gathering place for freethinking Arab intellectuals and writers, with lively talk in several languages and Turkish coffee flowing abundantly. Abu Zuluf was born and raised in British-mandated Jaffa, a stone's throw from Tel Aviv, and he was educated at the American University in Beirut. His credentials as a committed Arab nationalist are unquestioned. He was an editor and writer for Jordanian newspapers till the Six-Day War, when he suddenly found himself a subject, but not a citizen, of Israel. The Israeli government then supported him in founding *Al Quds*. His first editorial demanded the immediate withdrawal of Israeli forces from all Arab lands, and his criticism of Israel has grown even stronger since then. But so has his criticism of Arab governments.

"The situation for the occupied Arabs is getting worse," Abu Zuluf told me over coffee in his office one

For an authentic Dry Margarita...

You better use Gavilan—the Dry Tequila
A wet tequila will never make it.
With Gavilan, you can mix the authentic Dry Margarita...the authentic Bloody Maria... the authentic Tequila 'n Bitter Lemon...the authentic Tequila Sour...or Tequila on the Rocks.
Anything else is for authentic Tourists!

GAVILAN TEQUILA

Imported
TEQUILA WHITE
PRODUCE OF MEXICO
TEQUILA
GAVILAN

The Mexican Government has awarded the Official Seal of Guaranteed Quality to the Distillers of Gavilan Tequila.
Free Recipe Book! Write Dept. 100, Foreign Vintages, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York 10020—90 Proof

MAUPINTOUR '70 HOLIDAYS / LEAVE YOUR CARES AT HOME!

SPAIN PORTUGAL & MOROCCO

PLUS THE CANARY ISLES, MADEIRA, THE FABULOUS ALGARVE

☐ **SPAIN/PORTUGAL/TANGIER,** 15 days. 3 days in Estoril, 4 days in Madrid, 2 days in Seville. Cordoba, Granada, Malaga and Tangier. Weekly, Mar. to Oct., from $668. *From New York via Iberia Air Lines.*

☐ **SPAIN/PORTUGAL BY MOTORCOACH,** 22 days. Easy paced but comprehensive. Superior hotels. Entertainments, special events. Tangier, too. Weekly, Mar. to Oct., from $748. *From New York via Iberia.*

☐ **SPAIN/MALLORCA/PORTUGAL,** 22 days. Lots of time in Madrid, Barcelona, Palma, and Lisbon (stay at the Ritz!) plus Torremolinos, Andalucia. Weekly, Feb. to Oct., from $958. *From New York via Iberia.*

☐ **MOROCCO/CANARIES/MADEIRA,** 22 days. The Algarve, too. Best hotels. 4 days at famous Reid's on Madeira. Leisurely, special events. Year 'round departures from $1138. *From New York via Iberia.*

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for folders or write Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Telephone 212-687-7773.

Maupintour
world-wide standard of travel excellence

ASK ABOUT THESE OTHER MAUPINTOUR HOLIDAYS FOR 1970:
☐ *Oberammergau Passion Play,*
☐ *Alps of Europe,* ☐ *Scandinavia,*
☐ *Europe By Train/By Air,*
☐ *Italy/Sicily,* ☐ *France,*
☐ *British Isles,* ☐ *Greece/Aegean,*
☐ *USSR/Eastern Europe,*
☐ *Dalmatia/The Balkans,*
☐ *Samarkand/Oriental Russia,*
☐ *South Pacific,* ☐ *Orient, and*
☐ *South America.*

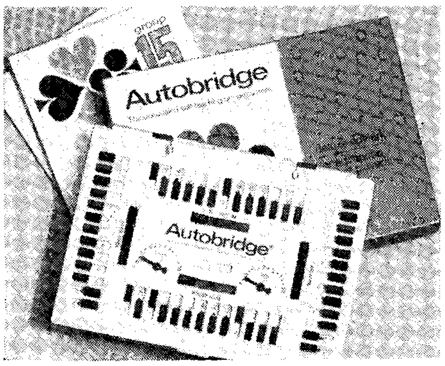
Alfred Sheinwold says:

"AUTOBRIDGE® Teaches You How To Speed Up Your Game".

"Do your opponents fidget while you figure out the next play? They'll smile with pleasure if you prepare yourself by practicing with the AUTOBRIDGE board."

Fourth of a Series

SAVING TIME. How much time should a player be allowed for any single bridge hand? Many years ago, the late Ely Culbertson ordered a plate of spinach while he considered the play of a hand. He ate the spinach, which presumably gave him the strength to think straight, and played the hand to a successful conclusion, after 45 minutes! Nobody takes 45 minutes to play a hand in a sociable game of bridge, but even 10 minutes may seem like an eternity. You can't always give a hand the consideration it really merits. Give it two or three minutes to see if inspiration comes. At the end of that time, stop stewing. Go ahead with one of the plans you have been considering. But also try practicing with one or two Autobridge hands per day. Your practice away from the table will help you cope with difficult hands swiftly when they arise in actual play.



AUTOBRIDGE® Self-Playing Bridge Game

Parker Brothers Inc.

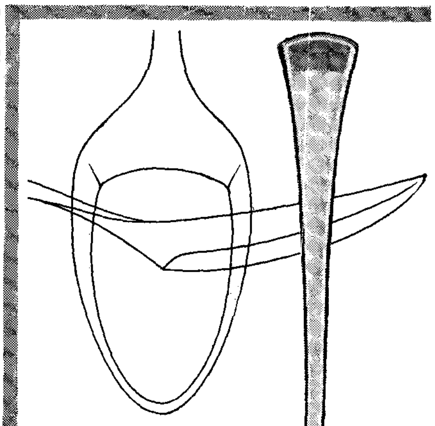
PARKER ADULT GAMES
Parker Brothers, Inc. Salem, Mass. Des Moines, Iowa

evening. "And so much of the blame is due to the Arabs themselves. The Al Fatah movement is a failure—a waste of good men, time, and energy. The little hurts they give the Israelis are nothing to the hurts the Israelis give them back. And the governments of Jordan, Egypt, and Syria seem to become more impossible every day, with no sign of democratic regimes on the horizon. They refuse to state the facts and let the people think for themselves. As long as military officers rule these countries, there will be no popular revolution, no democracy, and I fear that there will be at least three more decades of military rule. It is very depressing. Sometimes I wish I were a young officer in an Arab army, so I could organize a coup myself and establish democracy. But that is a dream, and dreams are the Arabs' curse."

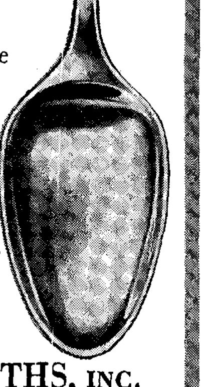
I asked Abu Zuluf what life is like for him under the Israelis, both professionally and personally.

"Professionally, it is better than under the Jordanians," he said. "There is real freedom of the press and speech here. They let me write and say what I want, and they do not threaten, although I do have problems sometimes with the military censors. But then, so does everybody. On the personal level, I can honestly say I haven't been stopped and searched any oftener than most Israelis have, and I haven't yet run into prejudice or hate. I go swimming with my family at the Israeli beaches, and people there give me no offense. But I do not speak Hebrew, and I do not feel Israeli. I am an Arab who believes in Pan-Arabism—the Arab nation. I lost my inherited property in Jaffa, and I cannot get it back unless I become an Israeli citizen. I will not do this. I cannot in good conscience join the enemies of the Arab nation. The grandchildren I will have may someday be good Israeli citizens, if they do not go to America. Time will make people forget. Who knows? Sometimes I am an optimist."

Atallah Mansour, who is an Israeli Christian Arab from Galilee, and the West Bank correspondent for the Hebrew newspaper *Ha'aretz*, was one of several persons who had wandered into the editor's office. Now Mansour took issue with his friend Abu Zuluf. "I can tell you that the young Arabs in Israel and the occupied areas will *not* forget easily," he said. "They are becoming more and more Arab radicals and Communists, because of their frustrations. When they see the Israelis impose a curfew or blow up the house of a so-called suspected terrorist or somebody



KRISTINE



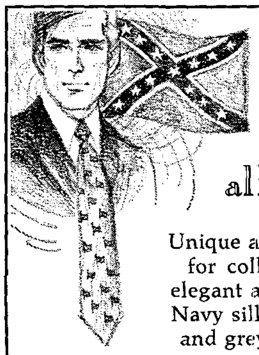
Splendidly sculptured in sterling silver to please the most discriminating hostess. All spoons available with firegilded bowls. Six-piece setting: $107.00. For catalogue and name of store near you, write:

DANISH SILVERSMITHS, INC.
573 Mad. Ave., New York 10022

Geary's
BEVERLY HILLS

Lou Blass Sculptured Antiqued Brass Owl on a hardwood base. A whimsical creation and a sure-fire conversation piece. 12 inches tall. **50.00** 5% tax in California.

351 N. Beverly Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210



a tie for all seasons

Unique and exclusive... for collectors of the elegant and distinctive. Navy silkrepp with red and grey flags. $6.50

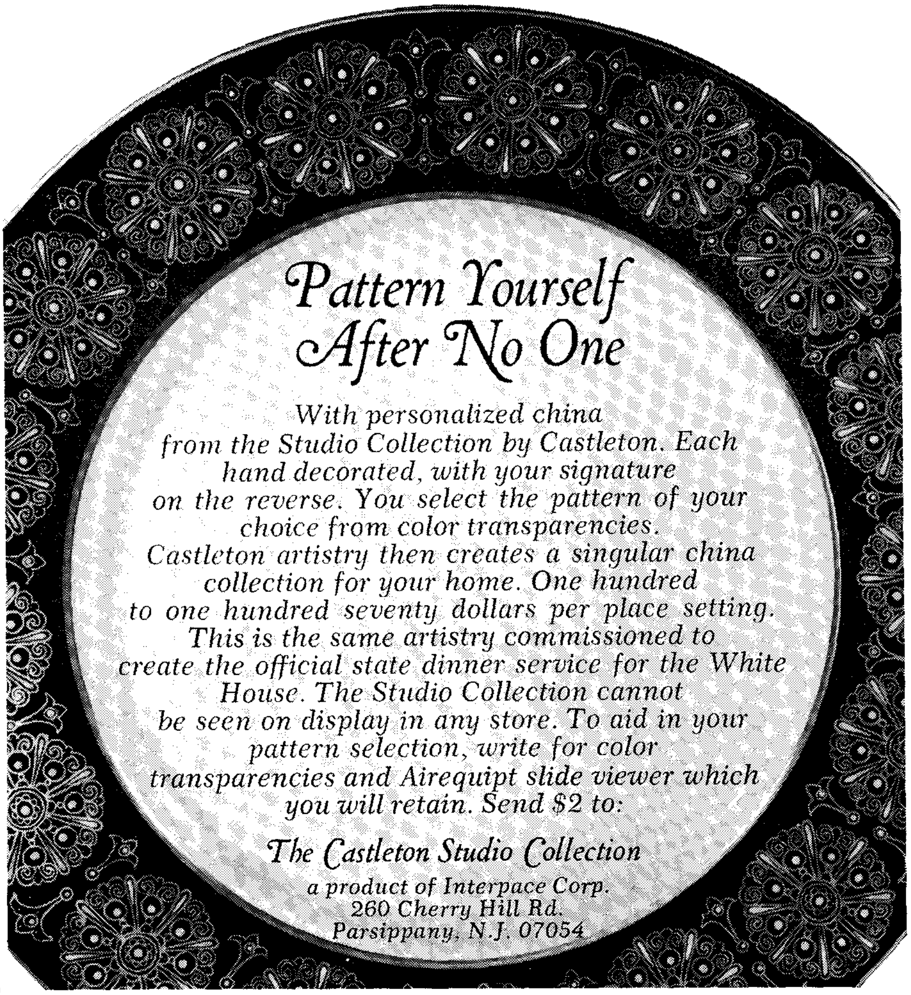
GRAVES, COX AND COMPANY INC. ESTABLISHED 1888

Graves, Cox 126 West Main, Lexington, Ky. 40507

who has supposedly helped a terrorist, they are shocked and inflamed, just as I was as a boy seeing the British commit atrocities. Through Nazareth the British once dragged a dead Arab nationalist by a rope from an armored car, and everyone who admitted he had known the man had his house blown up. I concede that the Israelis are not as bad as that, but occupiers are occupiers. It is a filthy business, and the Arabs always seem to be on the wrong side. Still, I believe in Arab democracy as our one great hope, and I believe in direct talks with the Israelis."

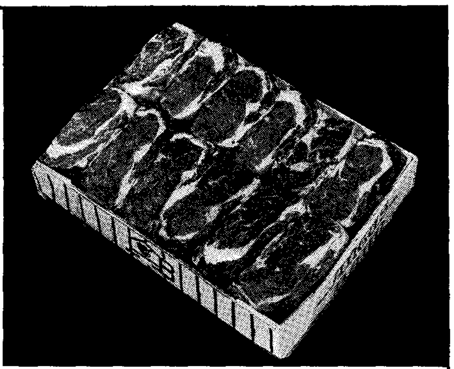
The conversation veered to the question of where their national loyalty lay, and to a man—there were a dozen of them by this time—they answered, "Palestine!" But Palestine doesn't exist, and many observers feel that it never did exist as a national entity. A short, olive-skinned man with shy, vulnerable eyes explained their position. He grew up in Palestine under the British Mandate, and in 1948, out of a combination of fear and the hope of someday returning victorious, he fled to Jordan, where he suffered for years in a refugee camp. He was also bombed by King Hussein's planes and jailed by his police when the government stepped in to crush refugee agitation within Jordan. But all his life, right up to the present, he had considered himself a Palestinian. He now hated Jordan and its "mini-king" with as much passion as he hated Israel, but he believed more than ever in an actual state of Palestine someday. How? Through the strength of the young, organized Palestinian commandos, who would oust Hussein and negotiate directly with the Israelis for a separate land, including the East Bank, the West Bank, and an outlet to the Mediterranean through Gaza. Then there would be an Israel *and* a Palestine, he said, and there would be peace. "But we cannot win now against Hussein's planes and tanks," he added. "America must help us. Tell America to take away Hussein's planes and tanks and send him to Switzerland. Only America can do that, and give us back our Palestine."

ANWAR NUSEIBEH once held the portfolios of Minister of Defense and Minister of Education for the Hashimite Kingdom of Jordan. He was also a member of the Jordanian parliament and was the ambassador to London until a short time before the outbreak of the Six-Day War. Today he lives the relatively quiet life of a Jerusalem lawyer, but many Jerusalem and West Bank Arabs look to him as their


Pattern Yourself After No One

With personalized china from the Studio Collection by Castleton. Each hand decorated, with your signature on the reverse. You select the pattern of your choice from color transparencies. Castleton artistry then creates a singular china collection for your home. One hundred to one hundred seventy dollars per place setting. This is the same artistry commissioned to create the official state dinner service for the White House. The Studio Collection cannot be seen on display in any store. To aid in your pattern selection, write for color transparencies and Airequipt slide viewer which you will retain. Send $2 to:

The Castleton Studio Collection
a product of Interpace Corp.
260 Cherry Hill Rd.
Parsippany, N.J. 07054


The Ideal Christmas Gift . .

THE ANGUS BARN LTD.

Beefeater's Haven Steaks

• Personal Gifts • Business Gifts
• Sales Promotions

Nothing conveys your respects more than Angus Barn Beefeater's Haven Steaks.

Not for sale in any market, these gourmet steaks are the same that you've enjoyed in America's finest restaurants and private clubs. Each steak is selected from U. S. Prime beef and aged to the peak of tenderness and taste. Flash frozen and individually wrapped, each steak is packaged in dry ice for GUARANTEED perfect arrival and taste, then delivered prepaid to your recipient's door.

ORDER TODAY! Make an extra order for yourself. (We won't tell anybody.)

Beefeater's Haven
GIFT BOXES

10oz Rib Eye Steaks	12oz. Boneless Strip Sirloin	8oz Filet Mignon Steaks
6/box $24^95	6/box $30^00	6/box $27^00
8/box $30.00	8/box $37.00	8/box $31.00
12/box $38.00	12/box $45.00	12/box $38.00

THE ANGUS BARN LTD.
P.O. BOX 6357
RALEIGH, N. C. 27608

_____Please send your free gift brochure
_____Check enclosed for $_____
_____BankAmericard
_____master charge
_____Charge to no._____
_____My gift card(s) enclosed.
_____Use your gift card(s).

For additional names use a separate sheet
Item ordered_____Arrival Time_____
Ship to (Name)_____
Street Address_____
City_____State_____Zip_____
Ordered by_____
Street Address_____
City_____State_____Zip_____
Charge Signature_____

The suit for all reasons

The Towncliffe Attitude

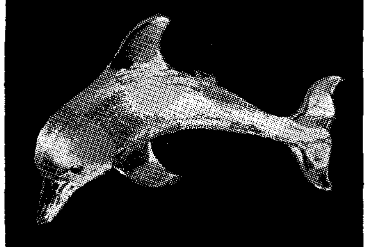
From Britain, via Towncliffe . . .
Living Woolen . . . to wear and love
for at least 10 months a year.
(Of course, you'll need a swimsuit or two.)
Light and supple, utterly comfortable
in all climes. The Glen in Navy/White,
Brown/White. Sizes 6 to 16. $120.
Lord & Taylor—New York
Marshall Field & Co.—Chicago
Gidding-Jenny—Cincinnati & Dayton
Dorothy Rice—Tucson, Arizona
—stores' branches and fine stores everywhere.
Towncliffe, Inc.
512 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018
In conjunction with British Woolens Export Association.

unofficial political spokesman. He has been known to appear at civic functions beside Mayor Kollek. Despite the Jordanian passport he carries, he considers himself a Palestinian, but in the broadest sense.

"Some people will tell you there is a difference between Palestinians and Jordanians," he said. We were in the gracious living room of his house, situated near what was once the Mandelbaum Gate. "I do not believe this. We are, of course, all part of the Arab nation. I happen to have been born in Jerusalem, so I am technically a Palestinian. After Cambridge University—I was in the same college as Abba Eban—I became a judge for the British in Palestine. I worked together with Jewish and Christian judges then, and we were one country. Those who tell you we were not a true country then should have seen our courts under the Mandate; they were fair and independent, without influence from the British. When things went bad, in 1947 and 1948, I fought the Zionists and was badly wounded. Later, I worked for the Jordanian government, and now I live in my native city and hope I will not be deported to Jordan, like so many of my countrymen who speak out. The act of deportation, you know, is illegal and contrary to the 1949 Geneva Convention. There will never be peace unless the deported Arabs can come back."

One of Nuseibeh's six children, an alert, unsmiling boy, brought in two cups of coffee on a brass tray and quietly withdrew. We sipped the thick coffee and discussed the continuing Arab-Israeli war. I told him about the fanciful Egyptian "airborne commando raid" in the northern Sinai a few days before.

"There is much talk about the self-delusion of the Arabs," he said, puffing on a filter cigarette, "but I do not believe there is any more self-delusion among Arabs than among other people. Look at how the rest of the nations lie about themselves. Propaganda has become a fine art. We are no different. However, we are trying to cover centuries in decades, and the importance to us of psychological warfare and of good morale for our people is great. Of course, I myself am a lawyer and I love facts. But what are the facts of the Sinai raid? Does anyone really know?" He made a questioning gesture with his hands. "I can only say that my whole life has been wrapped up in Arab nationalism. It colors many things for me. What the future is for my people depends so much on the world's direction. Ideally, I would like to see the Arabs

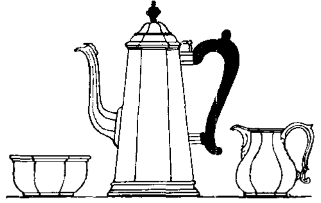


our
she-worthy
dolphin

. . . in 14K florentined gold
with bright polished edges and
a sapphire eye. Shown actual
size, this engaging dolphin pin
will be her constant companion
. . . the perfect accent for bright
winter wools. A delightful
Christmas whimsey for $55.00.
Address mail orders to:

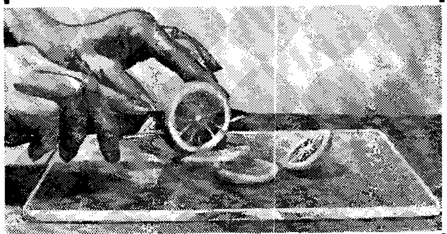
LUX BOND Green & Stevens
AGS
JEWELERS & SILVERSMITHS
15 Pratt Street, Hartford, Conn. 06103

SILVER
"Queen Anne"



ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

INVISIBLE CUTTING BOARD



Clear as a Whistle Something to sing about: a clear plastic cutting board that saves surfaces from scratches while you slice, chop or carve. Plus it lets fancy formica patterns show through when they're too pretty to hide. Dishwasher safe, heat-proof.
8" x 11" $3.49 each, ppd.
12" x 16" $5.98 each, ppd.
Mail orders filled promptly. Money-back guarantee.
COLONIAL GARDEN Dept. NY-11-29
270 W. Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, N.Y. 11582

and the Jews living together in peace, as they once did in Palestine. I would like to see one Semitic race again, free from outside interference. So while I am an old Arab nationalist, I am also a humanist, I suppose—a humanist with faith. Look, the very fact of my remaining here in Jerusalem with my family is an act of faith."

ON my last night in Israel, I was invited to have dinner with Meyer Weisgal, the American Zionist who is president of the Weizmann Institute of Science, at his splendid, rather un-Israeli home on the Institute grounds, in Rehovot, so that I could, as he put it, "see how the other half lives." After dinner, Weisgal broke out some splendid un-Israeli brandy and reminisced about his more than fifty years of unswerving Zionism. He said that he never really believed, way back in the days of the Balfour Declaration and his early association with Chaim Weizmann, the nation's first President, that he would live to see the substantial, robust Israel of today. "But you know," he went on, smoothing his mane of white hair, "I feel happy about it all, yes, but not fulfilled. Despite what the propagandists say, we never intended to have war with the Arabs, to separate ourselves completely from them. The original Zionists were humanists who wanted an area where Arabs and Jews could live together in peace, like Semitic brothers. But then this nationalism thing got out of hand on both sides, and now we have this damn war that never ends."

I mentioned that Anwar Nuseibeh had told me practically the same thing just a few days before in Jerusalem. "Well, maybe there's still hope," he said, with a sigh as ancient as the land itself. "Who knows?"

—BURTON BERNSTEIN

•

Wade Harris, art director of Chicago magazine, will tell members of the Industrial Editors Assn. how his quarterly is put together following cocktails at 5:30 p.m. Tuesday.—*Chicago Near North News.*

And how heavy time hangs between issues.

•

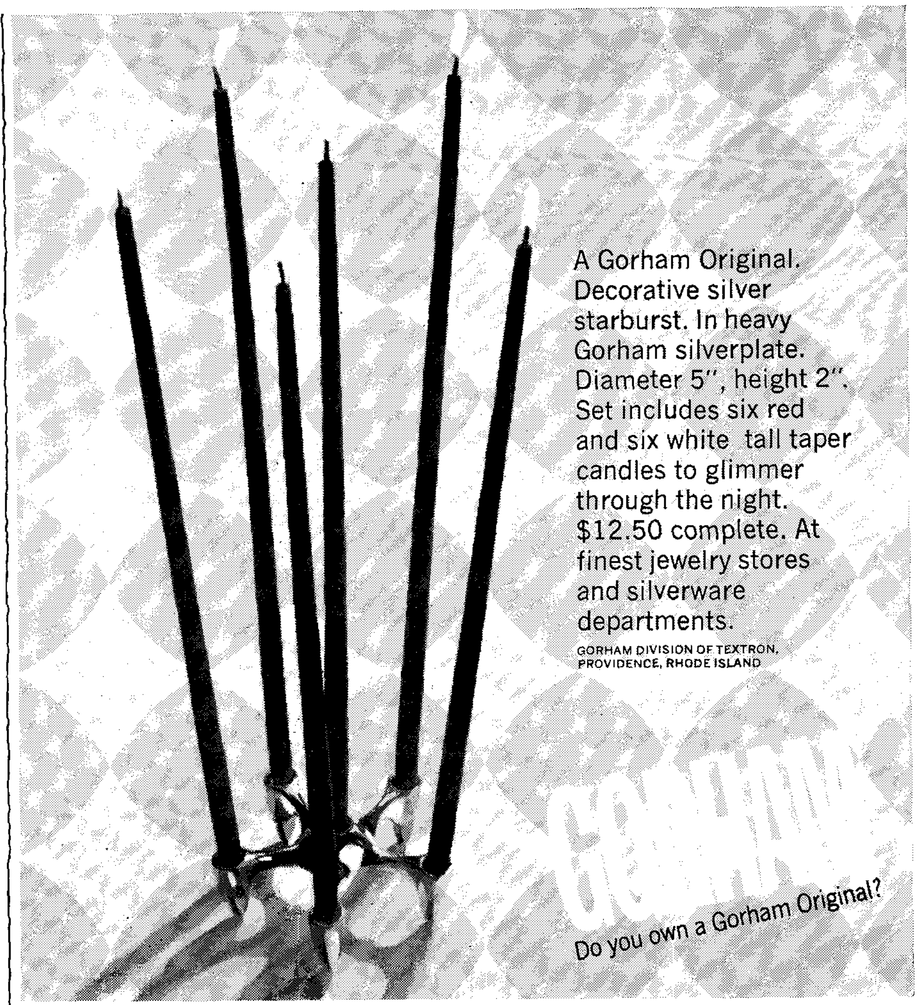
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Letter received by a man in Bethesda, Maryland*]

DEAR DR. H——:

The credit limit on your BankAmericard has been increased to $1000.00.

Thank you for your interest.



A Gorham Original.
Decorative silver starburst. In heavy Gorham silverplate. Diameter 5", height 2". Set includes six red and six white tall taper candles to glimmer through the night. $12.50 complete. At finest jewelry stores and silverware departments.

GORHAM DIVISION OF TEXTRON, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

GORHAM

Do you own a Gorham Original?

Palm Beach •
Fort Lauderdale •
Miami •

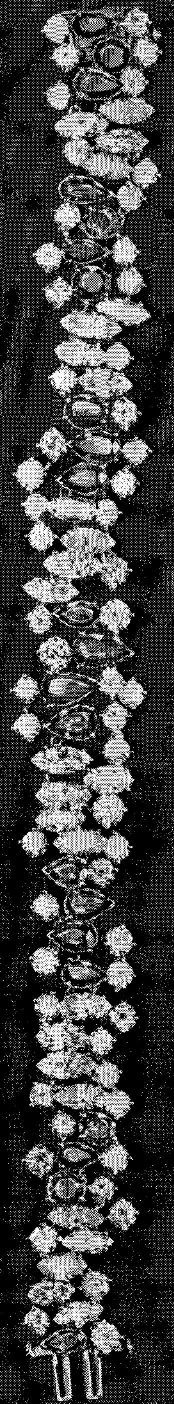
Delray Beach

ocean-front living
suburban delights

Enjoy all the famed resort life of the Florida southeast coast from the vantage point of Delray. Here you have a superb ocean beach, excellent golf, great deepsea fishing and every recreational advantage, minus the hustle and bustle of more crowded communities. Fine restaurants, top-notch places to stay add to its suburban delights.
Get the full details now, simply by mailing the coupon.

For Free
Color Brochure
City Map
MAIL COUPON

CHAMBER of COMMERCE, Dept. NY-8
Delray Beach, Florida 33444
Please rush free color brochure city map, plus lodgings guide for a party of______ people,
for dates______
Name______
Address______
City______ State______ Zip______



Rubies/Diamonds

In the Peacock quality manner, a fascinating collection of elegant Oriental rubies of fancy shapes strikingly combined in this bracelet with marquise and brilliant cut diamonds. Platinum mounting. Shown actual size, $36,000.

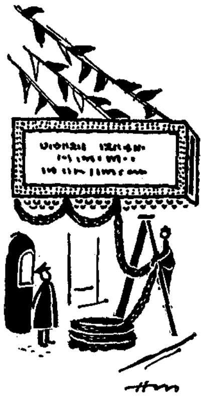
C. D. PEACOCK
State and Monroe, Chicago 60603
Also, 902 North Michigan Avenue

River Oaks • Old Orchard • Hubbard Woods • Oakbrook

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Bourgeoisie and the Rabble

CLAUDE CHABROL'S "La Femme Infidèle" is an exquisitely detailed, impeccably acted, stunningly directed suspense story about adultery and passion among the bourgeoisie. I can't think of anything that's the matter with it; of its kind, it's just about a perfect movie. I only wish it were fundamentally more interesting. Yet to ask for a breath of life in this kind of quiet, civilized thriller would be to ask it to violate its own genre; "life" is as carefully excluded from this web of artifice as it is from certain kinds of detective fiction. A web of artifice is also the subject. Chabrol's hero is of the "comfortable" upper middle class that lives by forms and ceremony; for centuries it has deliberately excluded "life." This gentle bourgeois holds his emotions so thoroughly in check that a sudden access of rage turns him into a killer. You could try to make a case for the film as more than an expert, superbly wrought suspense story, but while you're watching it you don't really believe a second of it, except at the level on which a commercial thriller is gripping, and at the end the wife's "ironic" little smile of new respect for her husband when she realizes he has killed for her trivializes everything—reduces it to carriage-trade perversity.



The movie is "objective" in an odd way—much more direct and sure than Chabrol's earlier "Les Biches" but with that same voiceless quality. It can be seen as an attack on the bourgeoisie or it can be admired for its bourgeois subtlety and control. It is banality—the traditional elements of the triangle, and a few tiny ironies—carried to perfection of craft. From the first lines, about how the husband is putting on weight and not getting enough exercise, we watch each detail in the creation of a cuckold. He listens to classical music in bed while his languorously sensual wife, who can't sleep, lies, overheated, on top of the covers; the seducer, of course, listens to pop music. There's a kind of tired expertise in the writing; the details are as classical as the husband's taste. Yet this is also part of the conception—the symptoms of marital disturbance are intentionally the same old ones. Chabrol seems to have extracted from the performers exactly what was needed—Michel Bouquet's elegant little performance as the husband, the glossy beauty of Stéphane Audran (she looks like a rich, chic Jeanne Hébuterne), and Maurice Ronet's professionalism as the seducer.

When intentions like Chabrol's are perfectly achieved, is it enough? I admire Chabrol's total control of the medium for what he wants to do. The way the camera pans to make points and the way it backs away are truly remarkable; the camera never makes a false move. He's a sublime craftsman, the ideal conventional moviemaker, and the film is, in one sense, a graceful obituary of his own class values. But this kind of formal admiration is not the same as response to a work of art, even a failed one. "La Femme Infidèle" isn't a failure, but it isn't a work of art, either. One could respond with much more feeling to some of Chabrol's earlier movies ("Le Beau Serge," "Les Cousins," and even the rather doubtful "Les Bonnes Femmes") than to this masterly, perfectly slick, humanly empty box. "La Femme Infidèle" is so carefully contained it leaves you with nothing; to enjoy it is probably bourgeois connoisseurship. (The audience gave off an aromatic blend of expensive perfume.) One enjoys not what it is so much as how well made it is. This is not a great pleasure but a minor one, and yet the pleasures of craftsmanship and fine detail are uncommon in movies, and to be savored.

"I WANTS to make your flesh creep," Joe the Fat Boy in "The Pickwick Papers" shouts to deaf old Mrs. Wardle before revealing that he has seen two people kissing and hugging. "Futz," the movie version of Rochelle Owens' play, has the same impulse to excite and horrify us, but the director, Tom O'Horgan, has come some distance from hugging and kissing. "Futz" is the kind of movie in which as soon as you see a fat girl you're afraid her dress is going to be ripped off and, sure enough, it is. And then even your worst expectations are topped when she wallows in mud, with two men smearing it on her gargantuan breasts. By the end, what with the pulsating music and the rhythmic knife thrusts at the hero's genitals, "Futz" has been whooping and hollering so long it does make one's flesh creep. But not only in the way intended.

"Futz" is supposed to be about freedom and conformity; freedom is represented by Futz, who loves his pig Amanda, and conformity by the farmers who are outraged at this individualism and hound him down. (In the farming area where I was born, not far from where the movie was shot, their outrage would get more laughs than any of the jokes in the movie.) An allegory about personal liberty may be lodged in Miss Owens' poetic diction, but the incantatory style, which breaks the lines down into phrases, impedes comprehension, and the poor sound recording makes everything spoken fairly obscure. The O'Horgan rationale is to move us by "primal" fears and "ritual" (a word that has come to stand for much of what I could happily do without in the theatre). "Futz" is all performed in that revealing-everything style of acting that seems to reveal nothing. It is full of screaming and frothing at the mouth and nudity and the new, Kabuki style of sex, in which couples keep leaping into sportive positions, and the actors reveal less than an actor in another style can do with a pause in a line. There is often no decipherable relationship between the actors' words and their actions. O'Horgan sacrifices meaning for effectiveness so consistently that "Futz" is simply about the attempt to excite an audience. He works us over so much that the manipulation disgusts us even when we can't help being affected. The one arresting image, of Sally Kirkland, nude, arm flung up to heaven, astride a huge fat porker, gives the movie its only suggestion of freedom and celebration. The freaky abandon of this shot suggests that some of the material in "Futz" might possibly have worked as bucolic knockabout farce or as a comic revel, with the Village cast (the movie is performed by the La Mama stage company) playing mock-hayseeds—if O'Horgan weren't trying to rape the audience and if he weren't such a hayseed about moviemaking.

It is partly because of the movies' obvious superiority in presenting realistic material that the theatre has in recent years been returning to such anti-realistic techniques as chanting, choreographic movement, and "ritual." Most of this "advanced" theatre staging (as it used to be called) was tried in "avant-garde" and experimental films in the twenties and thirties, such as "Lot in Sodom," and was generally disastrous, not just because stylization

Recent Paintings by
Ogden Pleissner
November 26
through December 13

November
Watercolor
Signed: (lower left) Pleissner

Hirschl
& Adler Galleries inc.

21 East 67th Street New York (212) 535-8810 Cable: Hiramart
Tuesdays through Fridays 9:30 to 5:30 Saturdays 9:30 to 5:00

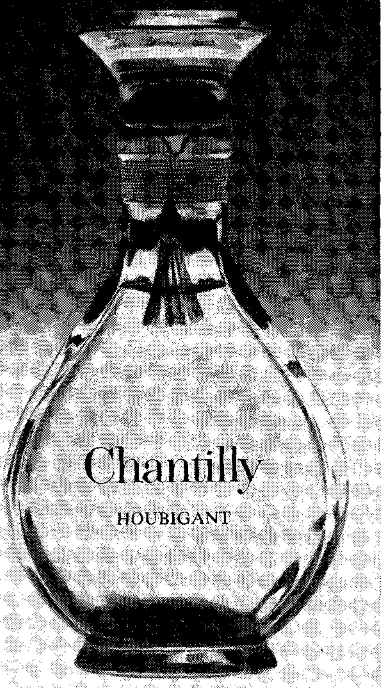
Go with Jerold, baby!
You'll have it made!

The Answer Coat by Jerold

There's really no question: The Answer Coat by Jerold is what you can wear everywhere, any time, with everything. Texturized double-knit of 100% Dacron® polyester, it has ZePel® repellent to foil rain and stain. Off white, coral, camel, jelly apple, leaf green, navy, black or mahogany. Sizes 6-20. About $40.00. Find your Answer Coat at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Hecht Company, Washington, D.C.; O'Neil's, Akron; Famous Barr, St. Louis. Or write Jerold, 512 7th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10018

DUPONT ZEPEL RAIN/STAIN REPELLER

®TM Du Pont


There is enough Chantilly in this bottle to shake her world.
(And yours.)

Chantilly
HOUBIGANT

Perfume, 1 oz., $25.
Gift sets from $5 to $25.
HOUBIGANT
PERFUMERS SINCE 1775.

tends to look pretentious and absurd on the screen but because the screen exposes what was pretentious and absurd in the material to start with. On the stage, when non-dancers move rhythmically, we may have an empathic and kinesthetic response; when it happens on the screen, we simply observe, and it takes truly brilliant direction, camera placement, and editing to compensate for the loss of that response. O'Horgan takes a stylized theatre piece and sets it on a platform outdoors, and starts the howling and carrying on; he repeats the naïve mistakes of the worst avant-gardists of thirty years ago, and is noisier about it. Formalization on the screen is generally achieved by the most austere means, not by people screeching and bending in funny ways while they talk, and though one shouldn't rule out the possibility that formalization might be achieved by group movement if the director knew how to place the camera, surely it would have to be better movement than this. These are actors trying to behave like dancers, but they lack the formalized beauty of dance, or even of interesting choreography for non-dancers. And so we sit there observing this Dogpatch romp and passion play with, dear God, a Greek chorus that does recitations and with the kind of Village bucolic acting that makes one cower in one's seat (especially at Seth Allen's Obie Award-winning loony murderer). Nothing makes us more aware of staginess than actors reciting poetry outdoors—as directors of Shakespearean movies discover when they look at their first day's rushes. O'Horgan uses the movie medium and the outdoors mainly for their superior capacities for realistic mud and blood. And for a realistic pig—whose presence undermines the theatrical conceits, though our embarrassed knowledge that her participation is involuntary reinforces her position as the heroine.

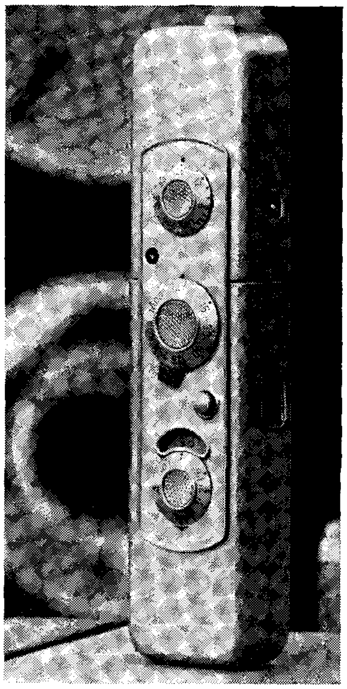
I sat through "Futz" wondering why I was able to skip "Battle of Britain" with such an easy conscience but felt I should sit this damned thing out. I suppose the answer is that I'd been through that war too many times, but to walk out on "Futz," as good sense dictated, seemed like cheating—for a critic, that is. A critic is supposed to be able to say not just that something is awful but why, so I sat there to the repulsive end. It's still not easy to explain why it's awful, and the problem probably isn't just a matter of how execrably it's been filmed. The *Times* reviewer said, "The scandal of this 'Futz' has nothing to do with loving

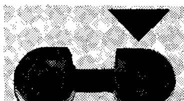
Silver fox in its flattering natural state stages a fluffy day to evening comeback. Lushly hooded, closely belted.
Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

Your own private Eden on one of the world's great beaches . . . a secluded resort and Watersports Center on colorful, sunny St. Thomas in the U.S. Virgin Islands.
Color brochure and Watersports folder on request
See your travel agent or call
HETLAND & STEVENS INC
211 East 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10017
Telephone (212) 867-1450
Sapphire Bay
St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands 00801

FROM ENGLAND
THE ARISTOCRAT
OF CARRYALLS...
Photographers, fishermen, hunters, travelers have found it the most versatile carryall ever. 3 zippered compartments, big back pocket, adjustable shoulder strap, removable waist strap, washable snap-out liner. Best tan waterproof duck leather trimmed. Roomy 16½" x 11½" x 5". Perfect flight bag. N.Y. Residents Add Tax
$25 add $1 post
Visit Our SAFARILAND™ Showroom
or Write For Free 76-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St. New York 10022

pigs, or your mother's breasts or the smell of your own two feet. It has to do with violating that sacred space between camera and subject, that dense and highly charged field of view that is in fact the 'medium' by which movies live." That has an impressive sound, but when the play was staged the *Times* drama critic took a similar way out: after explaining that some people were scandalized by the subject, he explained that he was "scandalized that such slovenliness should be permitted to masquerade as new art." Well, the performance is no longer slovenly but fairly precise (the La Mama company has by now had considerable practice in its roles), and it's still scandalous. Is poor placement of the camera really what's the matter? One reviewer wrote, "D. H. Lawrence defined obscenity as anything which is anti-life. The Christ which this movie continually mocks, along with everything else, wasn't life-denying. Not even Nietzsche in his 'Anti-Christ' lays that blame on the man. 'Futz' is. I am opposed to any form of censorship for adults. But 'Futz' strains that conviction. It's a depraving movie—watching it one can only be sickened, or, I think, ashamed." That review appeared in the *New York Review of Sex & Politics*, and in those pages it may seem like flipping out. But though I think this view is overwrought and overstated (I don't consider the movie "depraving"), it may be a more honest response than to deal with "Futz" strictly at the level of technique. The production is gross and mean-spirited. The way O'Horgan uses the actors—their general cretinous, white-trash piggishness, with snouts and tongues and jaws thrust at the camera and the big girl in the mud like a sow—is mainly just ugly, and it speaks much louder than the supposed message about respect for the rights of individuals. The fact is that though we (particularly critics) may be a little uneasy about appearing to reject a *subject*, we're not really mad to see a play (or a movie) about a hillbilly who loves a pig, especially a verse play about a hillbilly who loves a pig, and this lack of enthusiasm (fully justified though it may be by past experience) is, psychologically, used against us. It's treated as inhibition, and hence the reason we need to be assaulted by this sexy romp and Shocking, Overpowering Experience. The subject certainly isn't appealing, but it's the assault—being subjected to battery by O'Horgan—that's the big offense. Despite the fancy parable-theme that sur-





This is the MINOX film cartridge. Just drop it in, aim and shoot. Weight? A mere 2 ounces gives you a month's film supply—enough for day-in, day-out picture-taking of family, sports, clients, documents, girls, products, boys, pets, travel—you name it!

the $200 four ounce computer... the new MINOX® C camera is here!

Here's the world's first ultra-minature camera with solid state transistorized exposure automation and electronic shutter. Its computer times exposures from 1/1000 to 7 seconds... automatically. Big full-sized pictures in both sparkling black-and-white ... and brilliant full color are yours, every time.

Featherlight too! Weighs in at less than 4 oz. with battery and 36 shots. Size? A mere 4¾" x 1⅛" x ⅝".

You've always wanted a MINOX—now, come see it . . . come try it.

At better camera counters. Under $200.
Still scarce . . . but worth waiting for.

sole U.S. distributor
MINOX CORPORATION
P.O. Box 1060
Woodside, New York 11377

A DIVISION OF Berkey Photo Inc.

Now...a gift that lets you change pictures as fast (and as often) as you change your mind.

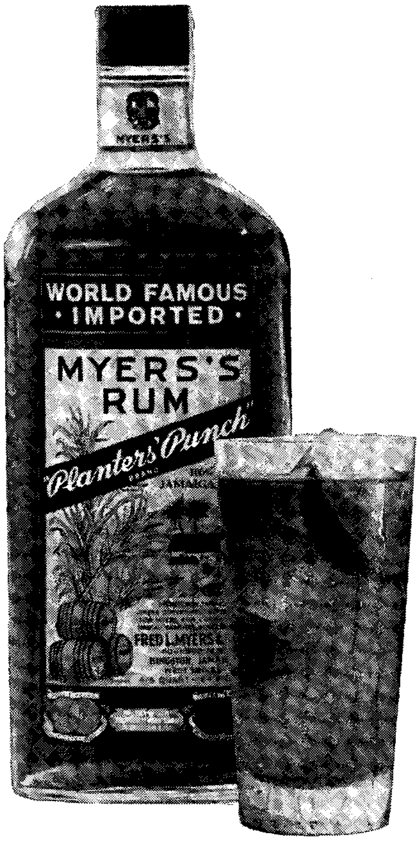
Magnaframe™ is a great new picture framing idea. No mounting, no pins, no glue to mess with. Place a picture (or several) on the soft mat. Press the Lucite frame in place. That's all.

Magnaframe is made of strong, clear Lucite. Comes with a matching easel. Can be wall hung, too. It's available in three sizes with gold, walnut or silver borders.

C.R. GIBSON
GIFTS THAT NEVER FORGET

The C. R. Gibson Company, Norwalk, Connecticut 06856.
Magnaframe is available where better gifts are sold.

MYERS'S DARK RUM. THE FLAVOR WON'T MELT WITH THE ICE.

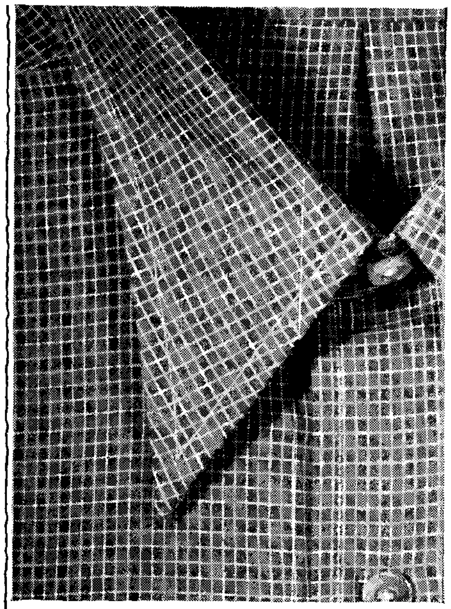


Myers's isn't ordinary rum. It's dark Jamaican premium rum. The rummiest rum of all. It has a big, hearty flavor that won't get lost in a drink. Use Myers's every time the drink calls for rum. You'll love it. If you're ready for a good full-flavored rum.

Myers's rum is also available in a shaker top bottle for cooking. For free recipe booklet, write General Wine & Spirits Co., Dept. 339 375 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Myers's—The true Jamaican rum—84 Proof.

rounds the production with a liberal moral nimbus, O'Horgan tries to force us to respond to the juicy piggery of it. He treats us with contempt, and he gets back what he gives us.

PROBABLY the most moralistic film around is the sex-exploitation film "All the Loving Couples." It proselytizes for wife-swapping as a way of keeping the American home together. The villain is a young insurance salesman who tries to sully the purity of wife-swapping by getting into a group of Friday-night swingers for business reasons and thus "selling" his wife. The Friday-night regulars include a bush-jacketed Bircher who turns out to be impotent, and a Jew who looks mild but turns out to be a good, strong Indian wrestler and such a fine liberal humanist that he often seems to be addressing a Reform congregation. Because the sex-exploitation filmmakers now have their own association and their own self-policing code (in order to keep the law off), there's actually less nudity in this movie than in many current big-studio pictures; there are glimpses of breasts and rear-view shots of nude women, and that's it. What makes it a sex-exploitation picture is not what it shows but what it's about and the way it conforms to the blatant simple-mindedness of the genre. The casting is rather amusing—especially a very tall girl and a blond giggler and the inevitable refined girl who's there sort-of-by-mistake—and a comic stag movie within the movie has a very good sullen blonde who keeps up a traditional smoker-movie moaning about how hot she is. There are also parody commercials coming in at such regular breaks that you have to remind yourself that you're not watching television. Despite its subject, the movie has a television banality. "All the Loving Couples" domesticates vice. The whip that the amazonian girl displays turns out to be merely a tease. These are not sadists or perverts; they are plain American folks (befitting the company name, Cottage Productions). At times, "All the Loving Couples" lectures us like a government training film: "Orgy is just another name for group therapy," etc. It's message-coated sex—an exploitation film carefully plotted to make you feel you're getting something that's good for you as well as some eye-poppers. The big difference between this picture and old exploitation items like "The Immoral Mr. Teas" is that "Mr. Teas" (a much more inventive and entertaining movie) was still aimed at the old burlesque audience, and this

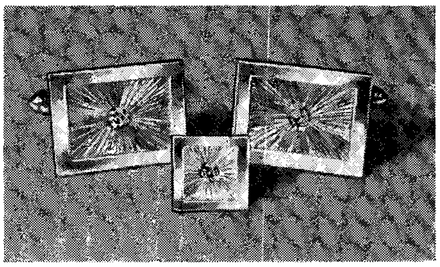


CALICO CHECKS

A new deep-hued Paul Stuart shirt with a graceful long point collar for today's wider ties. In fine silk-like cotton broadcloth. Miniature checks of white on deep shades of red, blue or brown. Neck sizes 14½-16½; sleeve lengths, 32-36. $15.

PLEASE ADD $1 FOR POSTAGE.

at
Paul Stuart
Madison Avenue at 45th Street New York, N.Y. 10017



at Select firms

For men of distinctive taste! Meticulously crafted 14K gold cufflinks, brilliantly diamond-set, $200.00 Matching diamond tie tac $54.00. See your nicest jeweler or mail check to: SLIP-ONS, Box 4020, G.C. Sta.. New York City 10017. 14K

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $49.50 Color from $150.

Fabian
Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

is aimed at the general public—probably the same public that enjoys "The Beverly Hillbillies."

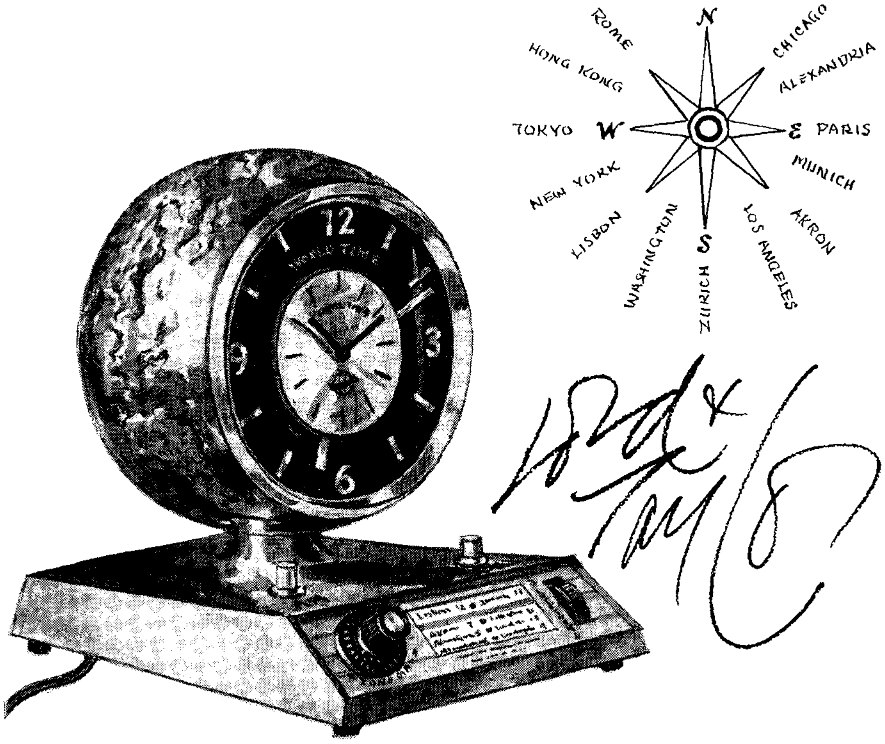
THERE is a particular kind of shooting and editing that I despise, and "Popcorn" is, almost *in toto*, an example of it. The method is to film very close in, for "immediacy," so the movie is almost all closeups and details, without the "establishing" shots that show you where you are, where the people are in relation to each other, or even what a whole person looks like. When this kind of footage is put together, with details of rock singers and musicians intercut with details of brutality and poverty and death, it all becomes sensation. The kids around me at the theatre recoiled as I did; they had gone to see the Rolling Stones and a rock show, and it's a hell of a way to make a revue to show you animals being butchered in the middle of it. It's perfectly obvious that the "significance" stuff is just padding for the skimpy rock footage, and this makes including it a doubly lousy thing to do. It's bad enough to disappoint an audience without throwing in this pretension to significance. "Popcorn" is a trap: hardly enough footage of the Rolling Stones and a few other groups to make a short, stretched to feature length with surfing, shots of Twiggy, a disc jockey mugging for the camera, a sickeningly cheery singer named Johnny Farnham, a Western gundown, fictional shorts, travelogues, and documentary footage of a cremation in India. There is so little of the good performers, and they are photographed with such overreliance on the zoom and funny-house lenses, that you never get a chance to see them at their best—you hardly see them at all, under the jumping "strobe" cutting and the superimpositions thrown in to make the photography look more exciting. The sound, as you might expect, is post-synched, and rarely in synch. A boy sitting next to me said the picture was for "the uninformed teen-ager." I left before the threatened views of Vietnam and the atomic bomb. I'm told they came on schedule. —PAULINE KAEL

•

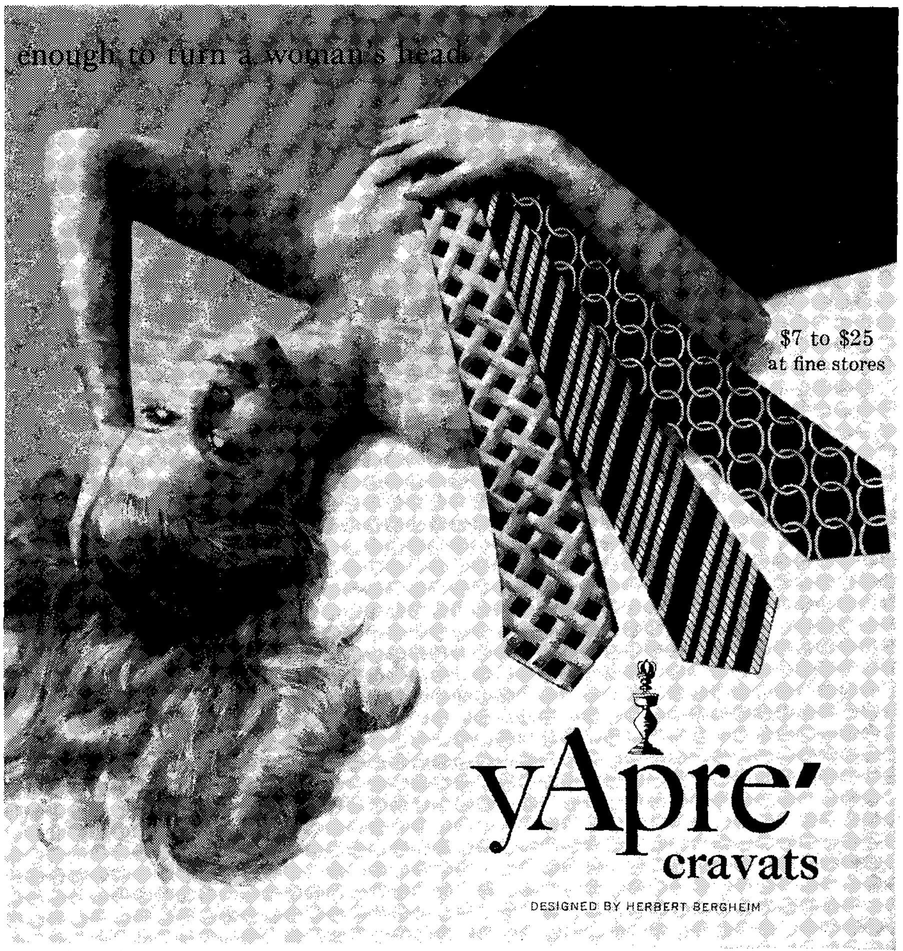
A telephone milestone was reached in Denton's growth Wednesday when General Telephone Company of the Southwest installed the 20,000th telephone in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Smith of 1101 Monterrey.

Smith, a biology instructor at North Texas State University, is working on his doctorate in biology.—*Dallas Morning News.*

Nothing bothers Smith.



World enough and time Our global clock tells the time in 164 cities at the turn of a dial. Zonemaster's® miracle is electric, with a topographic map for spotting locales. Great desk gift, in burnished gilt, 150.00 At all Lord & Taylor stores



99 Madison Avenue, New York 10016. In Montreal: 901 Bleury Street

"But emeralds go so well with red hair," says Mrs. Cooper, the redhead.

Last year, you may remember, Mrs. Cooper (wife of Douglas Cooper, the Philadelphia jeweler), told you how tough it was to be Mrs. Cooper.

Now, we'd like to report Mr. Cooper says it's just as tough to be Mr. Cooper. "No husband," he says, "likes to turn down even his wife's most innocent requests."

But somehow he must. You see, Mr. Cooper has found *the* emerald necklace of the royal house of Russia. He describes it as simply the finest grouping of emeralds he has ever seen.

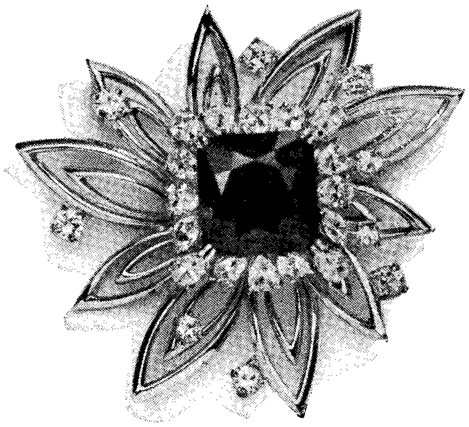
One of the necklace's most important emeralds, in its new surroundings, has just been finished by our senior craftsman. See below. (We hardly redesign one before we start on another.) The center cluster can be removed from its 18 karat gold and diamond brooch and worn as an exotic ring or as a simple pendant. (We wonder what Catherine would have to say about all this.)

Mr. Cooper will show this incredible gem to anyone anywhere, passport validations taken into consideration, of course. The price: $230,000. P.S. Other emerald creations from same historic necklace available from $12,000. That's just a little more than the average American luxury automobile. (And it doesn't cost as much to run.)

Add 6% for Pennsylvania delivery. Mail address 1406 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19110.

F·J·COOPER INC.
jewelers by birth . . . since 1883
1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
F. J. Cooper International Company.
2 Orange Street at Union, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.
251 Cristo Street at Fortaleza, Old San Juan, Puerto Rico
Herengracht 402, Amsterdam, The Netherlands
F. R. Cooper, Colchester, England

We've done up a really neat catalog this year. You may now send for it.



LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 20

THE Vice-President will strike again tonight, in Montgomery, Alabama, but while he may provoke another controversy, it is unlikely that anything he says will quiet the one he created in Des Moines last week with his assault on what he called the "privileged sanctuary" of network television. (It was a curious—or perhaps not so curious—phrase to use in this connection, since in recent years it has generally referred to a piece of enemy territory that is temporarily exempt from attack but that some people, at least, think should be bombed or otherwise ravaged.) The responses have been innumerable, and while many have been ominous, a few, for a change, have been amusing. One of the latter was that of Representative Andrew Jacobs, Jr., of Indiana, who professed to find in the Agnew speech "a creeping Socialistic scheme against the free-enterprise broadcasting industry." Jacobs, a liberal Democrat, had his tongue well in his cheek as he issued that comment, but it was not entirely a joke, and not entirely beside the point. The thrust of Agnew's argument was, of course, against men whom he must regard as standing some distance to the left of him and of the Nixon Administration—as being, perhaps, galloping Socialists, and even collaborators with Communist governments. However, the ideological basis of his case was, in terms of American politics, distinctly radical. The airwaves, he said, do not belong to the commentators, who, as he seems to see it, are intent on harassing the Nixon Administration, or even to the networks who employ these unworthy men and transmit their voices, faces, and frequently raised eyebrows through the ether. On the contrary, Agnew explained, "they belong to the people," and it was this concept of public ownership that emboldened him to remind the free-enterprisers of their responsibilities and to remind the people that, as owners of the air, they have the right and obligation "to press for responsible news presentation." The view of the air as public property is one that liberals and radicals have held and expounded for many years, and one that has necessarily been institutionalized in agencies that regulate private and commercial aviation and assign frequencies to broadcasters. But in general it has been accepted with considerable reluctance by the industries—not excluding aviation—that use the air and pollute it with noxious and occasionally lethal elements as well as with views the Vice-President regards as unhealthy and possibly contaminated.

There continues to be much talk, some of it informed, some of it merely speculative, about why and by whom the speech was written. The question of authorship is, as usual, largely irrelevant and uninteresting. Agnew has always claimed the principal credit for compositions attributed to or spoken by him, and this seems only right. It all appears to meet fairly well the test of "*Le style, c'est l'homme même.*" He retains the services of a rhetorician, Mrs. Cynthia Rosenwald, who is said to have done a bit of work on this speech, and the White House has acknowledged that Patrick Buchanan, an aide to the President and a heavy thinker on questions pertaining to law and order—especially order—passed along some thoughts. Less is known and less is knowable about the "why" of the speech. It has been stoutly denied that the President "ordered" it prepared and delivered. In all likelihood, this is true, though unless the President's office and living quarters are bugged, no one could possibly know. The President and the Vice-President meet alone from time to time, and there are surely occasions when Richard Nixon gives firm and explicit instructions to Spiro Agnew. In a matter of this sort, however, the merest suggestion—possibly not in words but, in the manner of the commentators described by Agnew, by tone of voice or facial expression—could produce the same results as a formal ukase. This hardly matters. The President knew of the speech, listened to it, and was much pleased by it. No confidential sources are needed to explain what pleased him. It may well be, as many here fear, that powerful forces in the Administration are determined to "stifle" dissent—or, failing that, at least to muffle it when they can—but no such intent or motive is necessary to explain the President's satisfaction in this particular case. It must be galling to any Chief of State—or, for that matter, to any lesser figure—to address a large audience on a question of grave concern and to know that before those listening to him have had more than a moment to digest what he has said, many of them will be listening to a crew of exegetes who have themselves had little time to consider the speech. Long before Agnew spoke out on the subject, many other people—both speakers and listeners—had been bothered by this practice of the networks, in part because of its unseemliness, in part because the results are so often as meagre as the meagrest of the addresses under analysis. This was surely the case when the address that Agnew had in mind—the President's talk on Vietnam on November 3rd—was the subject of comment. Reading the transcripts of those now controversial commentaries—which several people here have been doing lately—is a chore that produces sympathy for both the President and those who followed him on the air. They cast very little light, and none of the heat of which the Vice-President complained.

However, the "instant analysis" that so annoys the President and the Vice-President (as, indeed, it annoyed Lyndon Johnson, ac-

Exotic, Exquisite Jewelry from India

Necklace with bells, $10.50

Pillbox necklace with more bells, $7.50

Pendant, $5

Bracelets, $5 each

Filigree earrings, gold-washed pure silver, $22 pair

Filigree evening bag, gold-washed pure silver, $165

Ramayana Scarf

Beauty, love and truth triumph over evil in this hand-blocked silk scarf illustrating the Ramayana myth. Here good Prince Rama returns to his castle with his wife Sita, after years of war and exile forced upon them by wicked Queen Kaikeyi.

It's beautiful framed, or worn by an elegant woman. In yellow, turquoise or brown. $10.50.

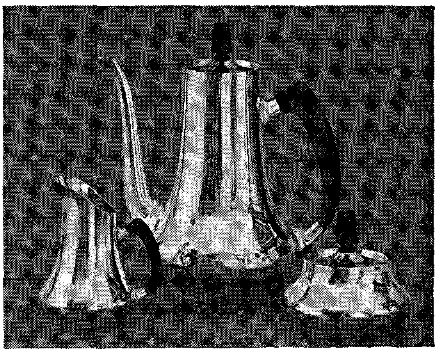
Mail orders accepted. NYC residents add 6% Sales Tax, NYS residents 3%.

SONA I&II

The Boutiques of India
at 11 East 55th St.
New York, N. Y. 10022

cording to a recent interview with George Christian, the last of his several press secretaries) was not invented as an instrument of political torture by either the networks or their commentators. On the contrary, it can be said to have been foisted on the networks by a number of politicians more or less of the Nixon-Agnew persuasion in a strange and clearly unpremeditated alliance with a professional critic of television—Jack Gould, of the New York *Times*. The origin of this questionable form of electronic journalism can be quite precisely dated. In late May of 1957, the Columbia Broadcasting System dispatched a team of reporters and technicians to Moscow to interview Nikita Khrushchev for its program "Face the Nation." The program was shown in this country on June 2nd of that year. In it Khrushchev, then at the height of his power and at the top of his blustering form, said *any number* of things calculated to serve his own cause and to outrage the Administration that Richard Nixon served as Vice-President. The Soviet Premier denounced the presence of American troops in Europe, predicted that the interviewers' grandchildren, like his own, would live blissfully under "Socialism," and for an hour went on spouting all manner of Communist propaganda. Spiro Agnew was then a household name only in his own household, and it is not recorded that Richard Nixon had *anything* to say about the propriety of the program (he was later to stage his own Khrushchev interview, in a trade-fair mock kitchen in Moscow), but a good many other people became agitated because a network had allowed Khrushchev to make his pitch over the air that belongs to the American people. Representative Francis Walter, then chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, thought it un-American in the extreme and demanded to know of the network whether a "rebuttal" was planned, and Representative Frances Bolton, a conservative Republican from Ohio, announced that it was "high time some notice should be paid to what was going on over our airwaves." And there were others—many of them—who, although they could stand having their countrymen's intelligence insulted and assaulted by what was on the airwaves day in and day out, were distressed for the first time only when a Communist leader had his say for an hour. Though the *Times*' critic had himself been affronted by other aspects of television, he felt that these people had a point, and he proposed a remedy,

DANISH SILVERSMITHS INC.



For holiday giving. Our elegant eight-cup coffee service. Created in gleaming silverplate by Danish Silversmiths, Denmark's leading craftsmen. Three-piece service is $78.00* postpaid.

*Mich. residents add 4% sales tax.

Artisans Inc.
1122 South University
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

BARBARA MCNAIR
touches and glows
from Nov. 26 to Dec. 16
Performances at 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000

PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
An HCA Hotel

Authentic French Soufflé Set

The perfect set for making the Perfect Soufflé. It consists of a 12-inch flexible piano wire whip, a 10 inch unlined solid copper beating bowl and a 6-cup oven proof white soufflé dish. An ideal Christmas gift for the gourmet enthusiast.

Complete Set $22.95 ppd.

No C.O.D.'s please! Write for complete catalog.

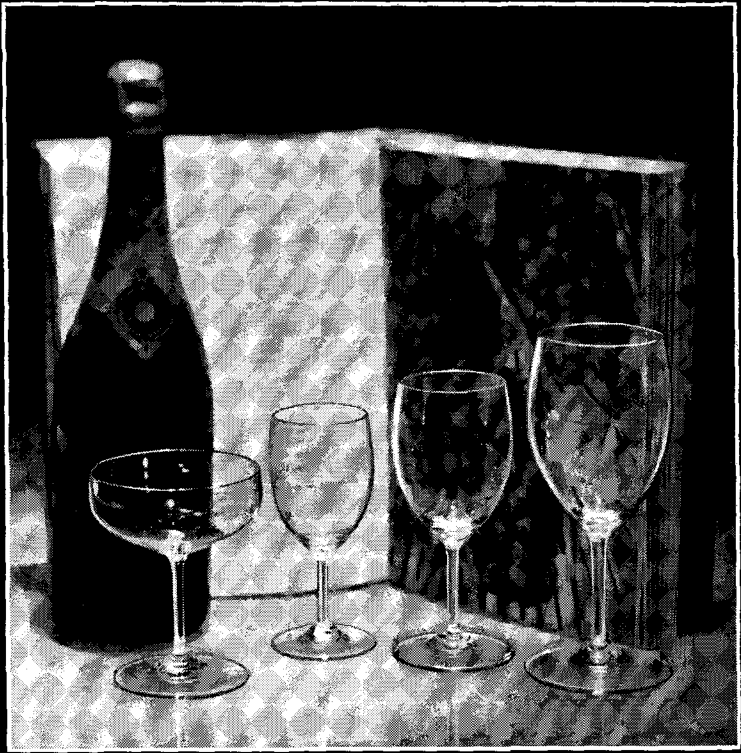
Bazar Français
EST 1877
666 SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

which the networks adopted—to the regret of many Americans, and now, perhaps, to their own. In his column for June 3, 1957, Gould reported that "it was Mr. Khrushchev's hour, and what he said needed to be put in perspective." He went on to say that the network involved had "many able and thoughtful commentators," and that "they should have been used immediately to analyze" Khrushchev's asseverations. With the air of a prophet, which he was, and of a man of considerable power, which he is, he wrote that "on subsequent news programs undoubtedly this will be done." It was.

The whole affair is rich in ironies, many of which are being savored with delight here. At the end of his speech, Agnew told his listeners, "In tomorrow's edition of the Des Moines *Register* you'll be able to read a news story detailing what I've said tonight. Editorial comment will be reserved for the editorial page, where it belongs." How could Agnew be so confident of the *Register's* objectivity and so certain that it would find the speech worthy of an editorial—tantamount to "instant analysis," in a newspaper then going to press? Either he was playing a hunch or he knew something he wasn't telling. The question is as yet unanswered. What is known, though, is that the Administration recently sought and is currently enjoying the counsel of Clark R. Mollenhoff, a former reporter for the *Register* and, in these past few days, Agnew's—as well as Judge Clement Haynsworth's—stoutest defender. In his journalistic career, Mollenhoff specialized in exposés of wrongdoing of one sort or another—he was the scourge of persons as varied as Jimmy Hoffa and Robert McNamara, both of whom he considered betrayers of the public trust—and for some years during the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations he carried on a one-man crusade against government interference with the press, and pursued it with such zeal that, while he may not have coined the phrase "news management," his name is associated with it in the minds of most people here. He would have been acting in perfect honor if he had recommended that his former employers recognize the importance of the Vice-President's impending speech and be objective in their handling of it, but whether or not he performed this service to journalistic virtue, he has become a "news manager" for the Nixon Administration and the scourge of his former colleagues.

Another interesting feature of the

bACCARAT...the crystal of Kings...since 1764



bACCARAT...for brides...for gourmets...for hostesses

bACCARAT...for stemware...for gifts...from France

HAUT BRION, a classical, tulip-shaped pattern for the wine connoisseur and the discriminating bride or hostess. Goblet, red wine, white wine and champagne glass. $7.50 each.

Write Dept. Y26 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china, or gifts, 25c each, and/or $1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
bACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

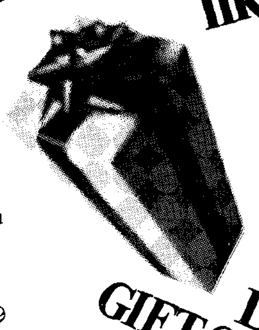
Liquor Gift Service

a great idea for turning any occasion into a celebration.

Through LGS, you can send gifts of fine liquor, wine, champagne, cordials and beer anytime, anywhere—as easily and conveniently as you'd send flowers. *But who ever heard of liquor wilting?*

Pay only the price in the city of delivery plus $1.50 service/delivery charge per order—whether you send a bottle or a case. Your gift will be beautifully wrapped and if you wish, your personal card enclosed. There's no extra charge—and a signed receipt will be obtained.

Send good spirits like flowers coast to coast



For a free catalog of brands and prices in all states, please mail this coupon today.
Or call: 617-755-2726

Liquor Gift Service
339 Main St., Worcester, Mass. 01608 1129

Name
Address
City
State Zip

LIQUOR GIFT SERVICE

Importique

likes the pro approach to ski: V de V's quilted acrylic suit in black, rust or khaki—snow- and rain-proof to boot. Found in Paris, 95.00

Ours alone, Lord & Taylor New York and Atlanta

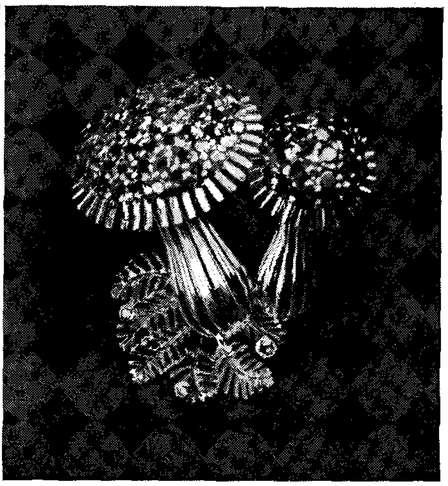
speech—and it is one that lends credence to assertions that the President did not read it in advance—is that the Vice-President chose as his first target the American Broadcasting Company. He did not mention it by name, but the fact is that it was A.B.C. that, as Agnew put it, "trotted out" W. Averell Harriman to present his understanding of the President's views on Vietnam. Had the President read the Agnew speech and made the right connections (and making the right connections in such affairs is something he rarely fails to do), he might have pointed out that Agnew was attacking one of the large and leading figures of the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration—James Hagerty, press secretary to Dwight Eisenhower throughout his two terms. When Hagerty left the White House in 1961, he went directly to A.B.C., where he became vice-president in charge of news. He is still there, as vice-president in charge of corporate relations. He rebuilt the news staff, relying largely on reporters whom he had known in Washington and who had won his respect not only for their native talents but for their generally friendly treatment of the Eisenhower regime. Two of the A.B.C. commentators who offered "instant analysis" of the Nixon speech and joined in the discussion with Ambassador Harriman were William Lawrence, who covered the White House for the *Times* in the Eisenhower years, and John Scali, who covered the State Department for the Associated Press in the Dulles years—both Hagerty men in their subsequent television careers.

The Vice-President feels, as do many others, that the power of television as a disseminator of news and opinion is awesome and potentially dangerous. Since he tends to equate "responsibility" with acceptance of the Nixon Administration's views, he would presumably be satisfied with existing arrangements if the networks would simply share and broadcast his interpretations, which he claims are those of the vast majority of Americans outside the northeast quadrant. The remedy that seems to attract him and other members of the Administration—most notably, and alarmingly, Dean Burch, the Arizona lawyer who served as Republican National Chairman when Barry Goldwater dominated the Party, and who is now the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission—is the simple and available one of threatening to withdraw F.C.C. franchises. A remedy that attracts other

MUSHROOM GARNISH

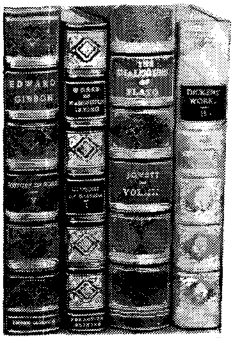
Our 18 kt. gold mushroom pin capped with pavé sapphires and rubies and dew-dropped with diamonds. $475.

Shown actual size.
Mail and phone orders carefully filled.
Pa. residents add 5% tax.



NAN DUSKIN
1729 Walnut Street, Phila., Penna. 19103

Visit New York's Most Fascinating Book Shop!



For that unusual lasting gift or your own collection

Sets of famous authors in beautiful leather bindings priced reasonably. Color Plate books. Fore-Edge Paintings. Cloth Bound sets etc. A fascinating general antiquarian book-shop containing one of America's largest collections of fine books.

Open Monday to Saturday, 9 AM to 6 PM 2nd Floor

Write for Free Catalog available shortly

J. N. BARTFIELD
47 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019 PL 3-1830

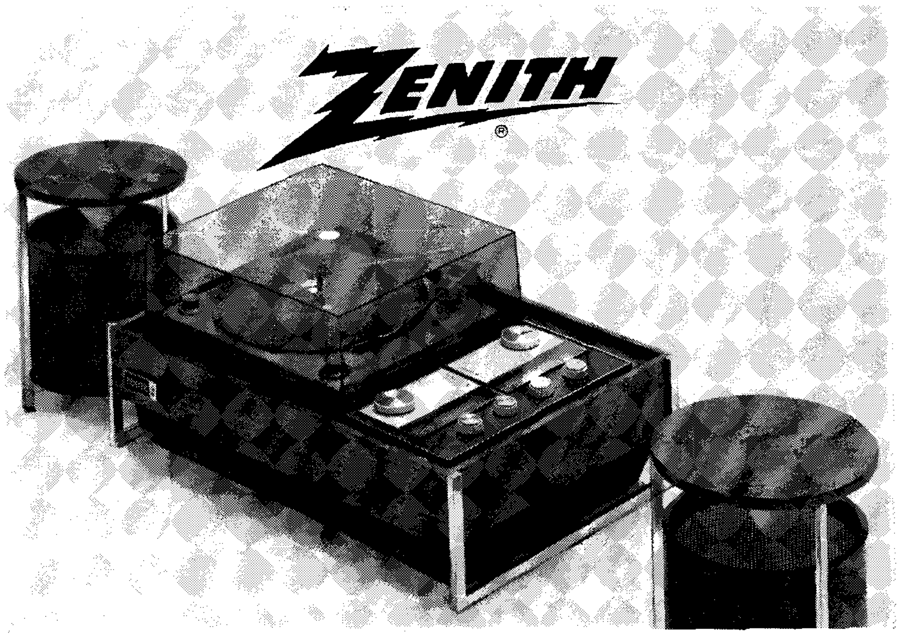
PARADISE ISLAND IN **NASSAU**

You're closer to all-round island fun amid our nautical decor overlooking beautiful Nassau Harbour from Paradise Island . . . Intimate informal festivity garnished with attentive service in true Bahamian tradition. Golf, tennis and virtually all resort activities. Fantastic Sip 'n Dip Poolside Bar. Gourmet Bahamian dining. Entertainment. Moments from casino. See your travel agent, or our representative, Leonard Hicks.

Flagler Inn
FLAGLER SYSTEM

people who share Agnew's complaints about the networks' status quo, but do so on other grounds—mainly that they afford too little in the way of diversity—is to increase the possibility of diversity by using the licensing power to promote it. If there were the political will to do this, ways could be found. The near-monopoly of the networks could be broken by revoking the licenses of broadcasters who offer next to nothing in the way of news and commentary, and by encouraging pay television and the use of ultra-high-frequency channels. A powerful opponent of both approaches is Senator John Pastore, a Democrat from Rhode Island, who is chairman of the Subcommittee on Communications of the Senate Commerce Committee. Senator Pastore, generally regarded as a congressional spokesman for the broadcasting industry, is trying to push through a bill that would have the effect of making it all but impossible to promote competition. It would give broadcasters who currently hold franchises an almost permanent title to them by requiring the F.C.C. to consider new applications only after finding that a particular station had been gravely delinquent in complying with a set of vague standards having to do with "the public trust." Up to now, the Senator's case has been fundamentally an economic one. He and his supporters have held that increased competition and rigorous reviews of the licensee's "public-service" record would threaten the "stability" of the industry. Though Pastore is to be counted among the liberals on most questions of domestic policy, he has not enjoyed the support of many of them in his efforts to protect the broadcasters. Now, however, he seems persuaded that Agnew and Burch have forced the liberals into his camp. To his economic argument for giving the broadcasters tenure has been added an ideological one. The Pastore bill, if passed, would assure present licensees not only of secure profits but of increased protection from political pressures. In the present circumstances, the liberals may feel that this is justification enough, and the Vice-President may find that he has wrought something quite different from what he intended. Sometimes happily—and sometimes, to be sure, most unhappily—this is often the case in American politics.

Henry Cabot Lodge has today confirmed rumors that have been in circulation for months by resigning as our chief representative to what, for



How to enjoy stereo anywhere in the room without losing your balance

Zenith's unique Circle of Sound® stereo features twin 360° speakers that drive the sound outward in all directions, to surround you with perfectly balanced stereo no matter where you sit in the room. Stereo Phono with 100 watts peak music power, and FM/AM/Stereo FM Radio. Ask to hear *The Troubador*, Model Z590, at your Zenith dealer's.

At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on

Tired of shoulder to shoulder skiing?
Ski Utah!
THE GREATEST SNOW ON EARTH
Tell me more about the Greatest Snow on Earth. Send your free Utah Ski Fact Book.

Utah Travel, Dept. U1
Salt Lake City, Utah 84114

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP (essential)

soar

L'AIR DU TEMPS
the romantic perfume
by Nina Ricci, Paris

The collector's bottle: A Lalique Crystal Original

want of a better term, are still spoken of as the "peace negotiations" in Paris. It is unlikely that his departure will either advance or delay the cause of peace. When he succeeded Averell Harriman early in the year, some people had misgivings about the appointment, based on his commitment to the Saigon government during his two periods as our Ambassador to South Vietnam; others, though, felt that this might be an asset, since he could be expected to have an influence over the military junta that Harriman could not. In retrospect, all such speculation was idle. This Administration wants peace in Vietnam if it can get it on the "honorable" terms the President has so often described, and it may even be ready to accept peace on terms that some of its members might regard as dishonorable. However that may be, no one seems interested in meeting any of our conditions, and there is reason to believe that none of the indigenous parties to the war have any current interest in accommodating us. Logic—though of a perverse sort, as the logic of war always is—seems on their side. The Nixon Administration could survive the war—and would be greatly strengthened if it could claim the peace to be of its making—but the Thieu Administration could not hope to survive it. As for the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese, they would hardly wish to be party to any agreement that Nixon could define as honorable, or wish to let him lay claim to the title of peacemaker. Their war aim is the humiliation of the United States, and they would abandon it only if they could no longer support the military effort necessary to its pursuit. There is no evidence that this is the case.

Ambassador Lodge's resignation follows by only two days an acknowledgment by the Secretary of State that the meetings in Paris continue to be disappointing, and that he expects no early improvement. His remarks to the press, which were made after three hours of testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, taken together with the announcement of Lodge's resignation have led some people to conclude that the Administration may be preparing to cease attending the Paris meetings and, in time, to bring home all the non-negotiating negotiators. While there is general agreement that the Ambassador's resignation in itself is a matter of small consequence, this, of course, would not be so if it were made the occasion for an American *démarche* in Paris. The fact that the meetings have been unproductive for

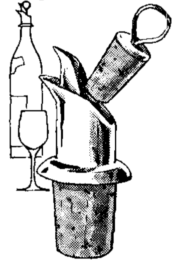
la maisonette
presents

Marguerite Piazza
Dec. 1-17
HAL TURNER & his Orchestra
QUINTERO & his Latin Band
Dancing 7:30 'til 2
Dec. 18-31
THELMA CARPENTER
LA BOITE
Dinner at 6:30, Music 'til 1:30
Ernest Schoen and Julius Kuti
Nightly except Sunday
PLaza 3-4500
St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel
5TH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET, NEW YORK
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

BEST MUSICAL
NEW YORK DRAMA CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD
TONY AWARD
1776

THE NEW MUSICAL
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY, PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $12.; Mezz. $9.; Balc. $7, 5.; Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $15., 12.; Mezz. $10.; Balc. $8., 6.; Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $8.; Mezz. $7.; Balc. $6., 5. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.
46th STREET THEATRE, 226 W. 46 St., N.Y. 10036

PRINCETON GOURMET



THE SWEDISH SILVER DRIP-STOPPER . . .
This beautifully designed stopper, prevents spilling wine or liquor when serving. The perfect gift for every man on your list.
Fits all standard bottles.
$6.00 ppd
gift wrap on request
write for our "Cookware" brochure
344 nassau st princeton, n.j. 08540

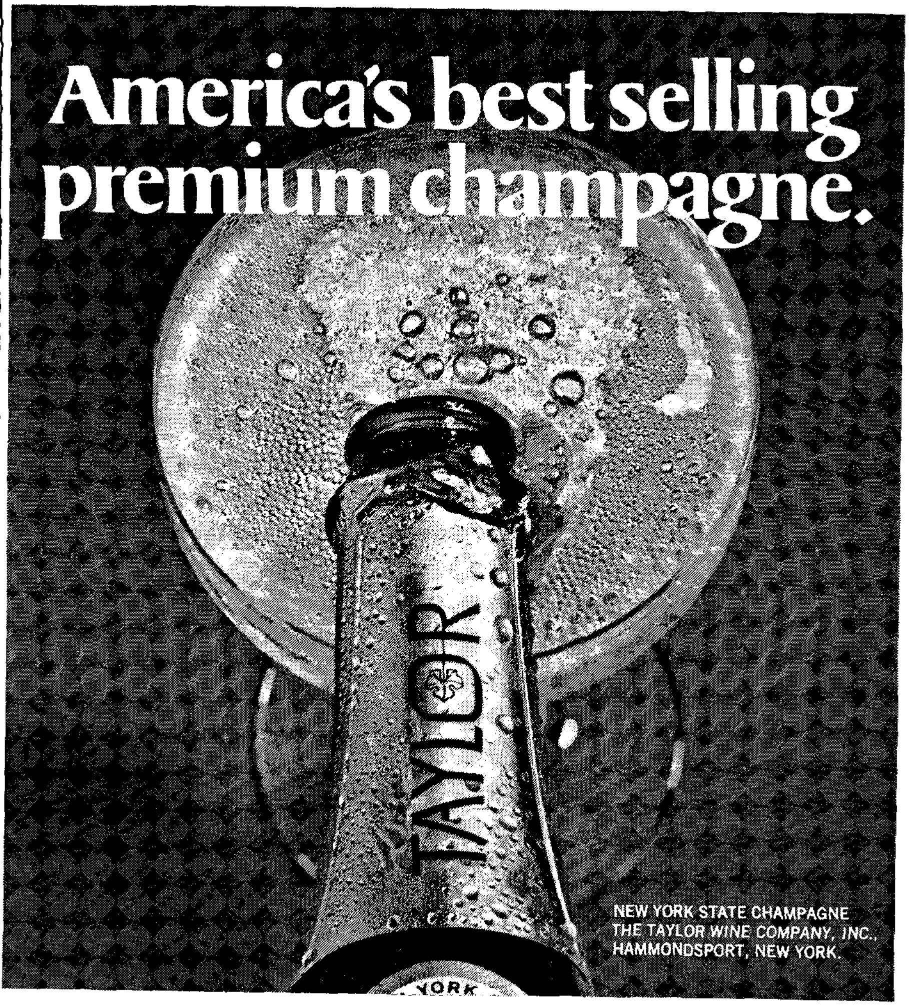
a year and a half, and that more of the same can be expected for some time to come, does not constitute any kind of excuse for calling them off. Our staying on may do nothing to bring peace nearer, but our departure would almost certainly lead to an intensification of the war—if not by our adversaries, then surely, in time, by us. Any acknowledgment that diplomacy is hopeless strengthens the military's case for escalation. Governments do not invariably base their actions on strong "cases"—in fact, as has been demonstrated too often in recent decades, they often find the weaker cases more compelling—and it can be maintained that the option of unilateral withdrawal from Vietnam would not be closed simply by closing down the talks. But a military withdrawal by a government that is continuing to pursue diplomatic and political settlements by every available means would surely seem more "honorable"—in the President's view, one must assume, as in everyone else's—than one that followed the abandonment of all hope for the negotiating process.

SENATOR ALAN CRANSTON, a freshman Democrat from California, tomorrow opens hearings by the Veterans Affairs Subcommittee (of which he is chairman) of the Committee on Labor and Public Welfare that will be concerned with "the medical treatment available to the veteran." The investigation probably won't draw much attention, partly because the subject is a disagreeable one, and partly because the common assumption is that a great deal of medical treatment—and treatment of a high quality—is available to present and past members of the military service. Moreover, we have been assured that we are now doing better in this field than we have ever done before, and that, thanks to new medical knowledge and practices, and to certain other prodigies of technology, thousands of men who in earlier wars would not have survived their battle wounds are now being rapidly and effectively treated. This is an easily documented fact and no doubt a cause for celebration. Senator Cranston, however, has lately called attention to a set of closely related facts that have been largely neglected and that, when examined, provide no cause for celebration whatever. In a statement announcing the hearings, which he issued on Veterans Day, he pointed out that although fewer men are dying in Vietnam than would have died in earlier wars, there has been an appalling

GLENOIT MILLS, INC., SUB. BOTANY IND., INC., U. S. A. • CANADA • UNITED KINGDOM • FINLAND • ISRAEL • MEXICO

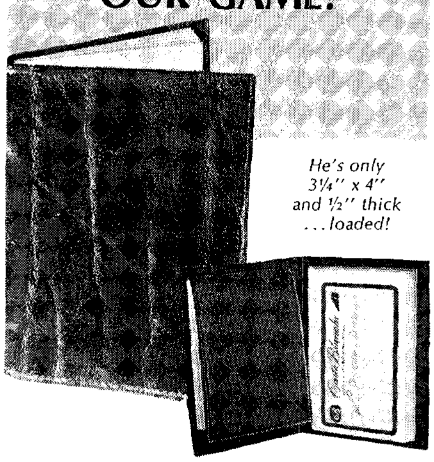
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES
this is definitely GLENSEA
Crylor ACRYLIC FIBER

NORTH BAY coats you in lavish, luxurious Glensea by Glenoit®. With the great Alaskan feel. Sizes 3 to 15. About $90 in black, navy or brown at **GIMBEL'S,** New York; **LYTTON'S,** Chicago; **CASUAL CORNER,** New England.



America's best selling premium champagne.
TAYLOR
NEW YORK STATE CHAMPAGNE
THE TAYLOR WINE COMPANY, INC., HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

ELEPHANT IS THE NAME OF OUR GAME!



LET OUR SKINNY ELEPHANT TAKE THAT LUMP OUT OF YOUR SUIT! Our famous soft, supple, luxurious Genuine Elephant leather, superbly fashioned into the slimmest wallet imaginable! Slipout, flip-thru cardcase organizes your credit cards, photos, documents sensibly in 12 windows. Money clip secures cash compactly. Two pockets for business cards. Black only.

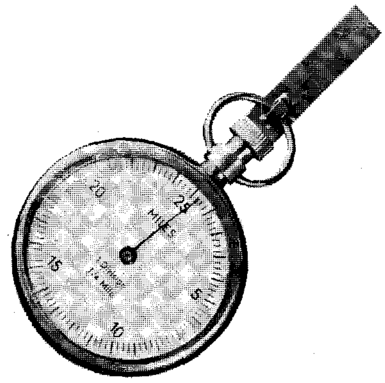
$14.95 add 75¢ post

Satisfaction Guaranteed N.Y. Residents Add Tax

Visit Our SAFARILAND™ Shop or Write For Free 76-PAGE CATALOG

HUNTING WORLD

Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St., New York 10022



PEDOMETER

How many miles do you walk? Pedometer will tell you. Set it to your stride, clip to your belt or slip it in your pocket. Pedometer operates on pendulum principle and registers as you walk... tallies your walking score accurately. You'll be amazed how much walking you do... Ruggedly engineered, 1 yr. guarantee. *Full refund if not pleased.*

$7.95 2 for $15.25 plus 50¢ post.

Ship ....Pedometer(s)

Name ....

Address ....

Check encl. ....

J.D.BROWNE

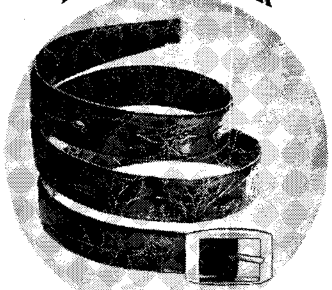
Ghirardelli Sq. 900 North Pt. San Francisco, Ca 94109

increase in the number of those who are brought home to live out their lives in more or less complete immobility, and often in all but unendurable agony. "This war has been a terrible crippler," he said. "The fighting in Vietnam is producing total-disability cases at a rate nearly double that of the Korean war and almost triple that of World War II." According to his researches, "out of every hundred veterans receiving compensation for wounds received in action in Vietnam, 12.4 per cent are totally disabled. The comparable figure was 6.7 during the Korean war, and only 4.4 per cent during World War II."

Seen from any point of view, these are chilling figures. Had we been as efficient in the two previous wars, the number of totally disabled would have been greater than it was by approximately a hundred and twenty-five thousand cases. (The actual figure for those two wars combined was about seventy-eight thousand totally disabled.) To be sure, there are statistics from which real comfort can be taken. The same techniques that have consigned many who would otherwise have died to something approaching living death have also restored to tolerable health and well-being many who would otherwise have been in the ranks of the totally disabled and, in many cases, anything but grateful for the various kinds of expertise that led them to their beds of pain. Senator Cranston's purpose, however, is not to delve into metaphysical questions but to prod the government into doing what it can and should do to treat and, where possible, heal those whom it ordered into the carnage in Vietnam. Perhaps the most shocking of his revelations is that "the Veterans Administration full-time employment of nurses and doctors is now at approximately the same level it was in fiscal 1965, although Vietnam casualties requiring hospital care have increased more than 300 per cent, and total U.S. military troop strength has tripled during that period." Their services have been supplemented by quite a few part-time doctors and nurses, but the help these can offer is limited. After four years of escalation, the basic personnel, according to the Senator, is what it was before large-scale escalation began. And now, so that we may have an ABM system and pursue the war further, the Nixon Administration has cut seventy million dollars from its medical-care budget for the present fiscal year. It is against such madness that the Senator hopes to prevail.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

Brown to Black



and Back Again

Elegant Two-in-One

ALLIGATOR BELT

Two superb belts in one. Reverses from brown to black to match your attire and mood. In beautifully matched choice alligator with handsome satin finish bronze buckle. Sizes: 30" to 44". Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Please specify size $45 *Postpaid*

Also available in reversible Cobra, $16.

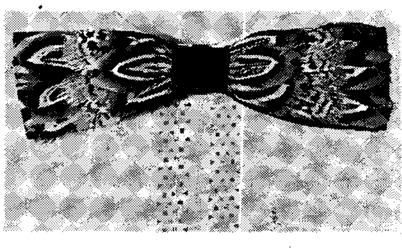
London Harness Company

Established in 1847

60 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS. 02110

Branch Stores in Chestnut Hill

Harvard Square · Braintree · Concord



Beau Brummel Bow

A genuine pheasant bow tie to wear with either a dressy business suit, or a dinner jacket. The feathers are matched with a careful eye for an artistic color effect. It slips on, so needs no tieing. So—feather your vest. 4" across. $7.85 includes mailing. Comes boxed.

Add 50¢ if sent as gift.

EC Edith Chapman ROUTE 303 • DEPT. 24

ROCKLAND COUNTY, BLAUVELT, N.Y. 10913

paradise found!

Two great resorts — Miles of white satin beach, all water sports, tennis, GOLF (by card)...fine cuisine and beautiful accommodations.

FRANZ GROSS, V.P., General Manager

Rock Sound Club

Plantation Estate

Rock Sound Club Beach Cottages

on Winding Bay

ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS

See your Travel Agent or

ELEUTHERA SOUTH ISLAND RESORTS

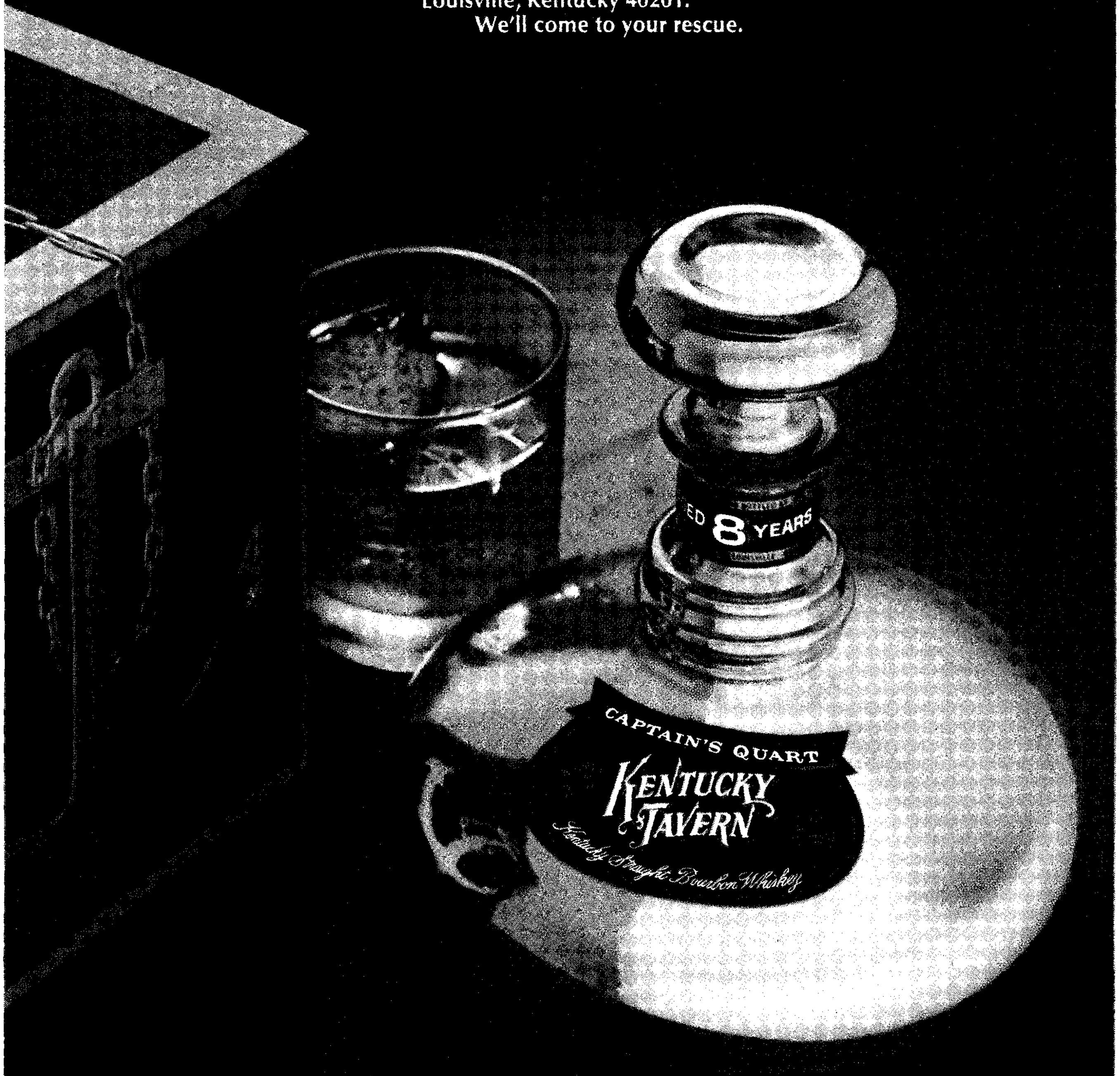
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

Give our best to the Captain... personalized!

Here's your chance to let the old salt know what you really think of him. Give him the Captain's Quart. It's a gold replica of the original Captain's bottle that came to America in 1640. Inside, the smooth, mellow eight year old...Kentucky Tavern.

And if you really want to get personal with the Captain, you can have his name or the name of his yacht printed right on a special second label. Suggestions for personalized labels and ordering instructions are included in each presentation gift box. If your local dealer can't fill your order, just drop us a line at Glenmore Distilleries Company, P.O. Box 900, Dept N, Louisville, Kentucky 40201.

We'll come to your rescue.



80 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. © 1969 Glenmore Dist. Co., Louisville-Owensboro, Ky.

Now available at leading New York retailers, also.

Grace island.

Summer sails every Friday.

We know a place where it's always summer. Grace island. A 13-day luxury cruise that will take you from New York to the Caribbean any Friday of the year.

You'll visit 6 different ports-of-call: Curacao, Caracas, Aruba, Kingston, Port-au-Prince and Fort Lauderdale.

Your ship, the Santa Rosa or Santa Paula, is all First Class. Fin-stabilized and air conditioned. Every stateroom overlooks the ocean. There's gourmet dining. And service like no place on earth.

See your Travel Agent or call Grace Line. Ask about our special "Charge-A-Cruise" plan.

Safety Information: All Grace Line passenger ships are registered in the United States and meet International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960, and meet the 1966 fire safety requirements.

NY 1129

GRACE LINE
3 Hanover Square, New York, N.Y. 10004

Please send me more information about Grace Line Caribbean cruises.

Name__________________________________

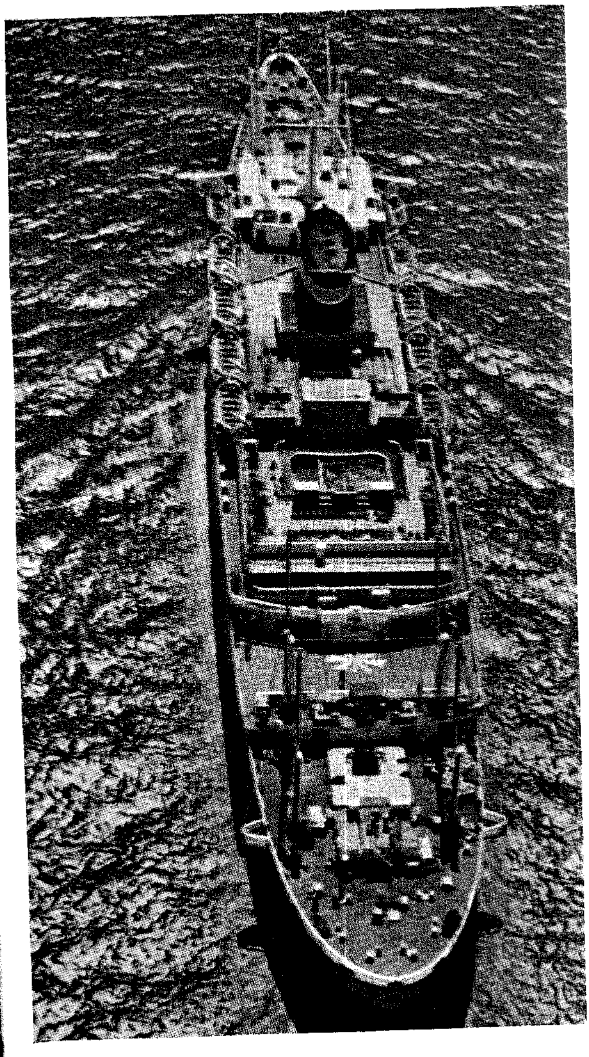
Address________________________________

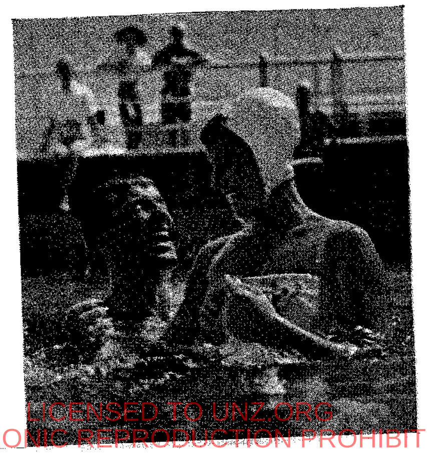
City___________________________________

State_________________________Zip_______

The Santa Fleet to the
Caribbean and South America.

Grace Line





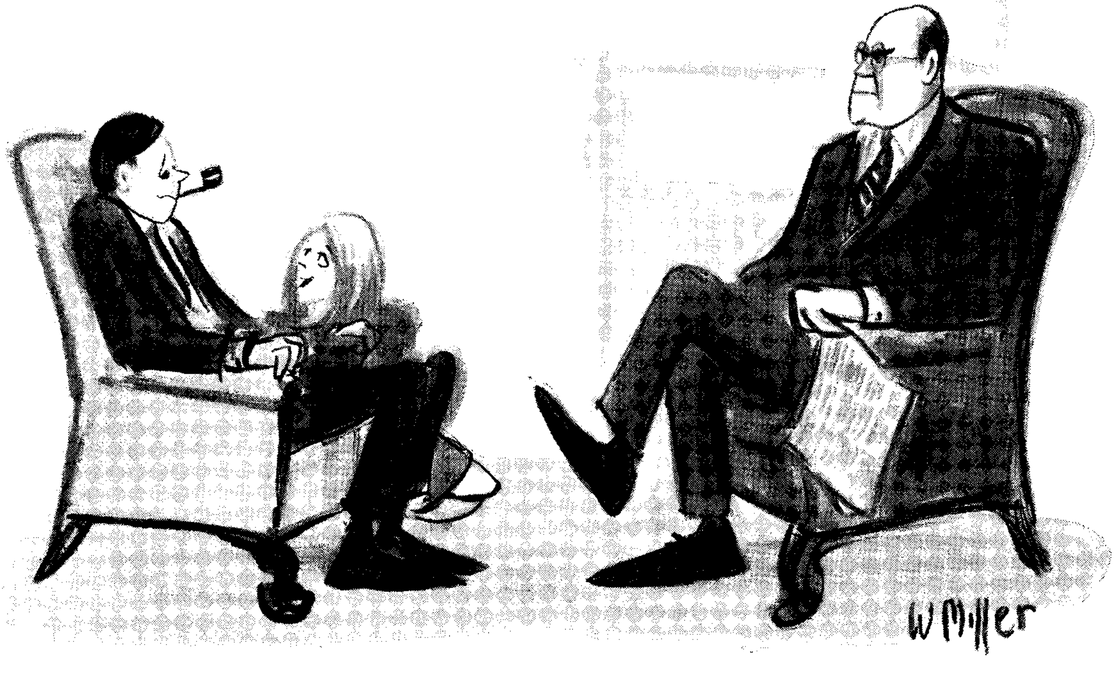
U.S. JOURNAL: PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS.

JUST THE NORMAL GREED

WHEN Hurricane Camille struck the Gulf Coast of Mississippi in August, Pass Christian was the town hit worst of all, and its citizens still assert their role as primary victims with something like civic pride. When asked about Gulfport or Biloxi—the larger, more commercial cities down the coast—people in Pass Christian are likely to say, with some condescension, "Mostly beach damage there." But the discussion of how badly Pass Christian was treated by Hurricane Camille is gradually giving way to discussion of how badly Pass Christian has been treated by those involved in the recovery efforts. Citizens having lunch at the Plantation Café, one of the few business establishments left standing, still tell some stories about their experiences that night, but their stories are more likely to be about their experiences since then with the Red Cross or the Small Business Administration or the Department of Housing and Urban Development or, most often, with insurance adjusters. (In Pass Christian, the American insurance industry would finish second in a popularity contest with a hurricane.) Among the Negro families living in trailers provided by H.U.D. for a temporary trailer park—a park consisting of rows of shiny new trailers lined up on a bleak, isolated field of dirt—a popular subject of conversation is why the money for Gulf Coast disaster relief raised by Bob Hope on a celebrated telethon has not been used to help hurricane victims in Pass Christian. "I've got a real story to tell you," a man said to me one day in the Plantation Café. I thought he might want to tell me about being rescued just as his house blew away, but it turned out that he had been out of town during the hurricane. His story was that in the same mail he had received two letters from the Small Business Administration in response to his application for a low-interest disaster loan—one telling him he made too much money to qualify and the other saying he didn't make enough.

Every issue of the Biloxi-Gulfport *Daily Herald*, the Gulf Coast's only daily, carries the statement of John Bell Williams, the Governor of Mississippi, that the Gulf Coast will be rebuilt into one of the finest recreation areas in the country. A lot of cars bear bumper stickers that say "Together We Build the Gulf Coast." American flags—which soon after the disaster became a symbol on the coast for determination to rebuild—still fly from the gutted remains of Pass Christian houses. But virtually nothing has been rebuilt in Pass Christian. In fact, of the trailers being provided by H.U.D. as temporary shelters for the homeless more than a hundred have yet to arrive. Ronny Caire, a former New Orleans newspaperman who puts out a feisty Pass Christian weekly called the *Owl*, regularly exhorts his readers to rebuild. But he has also called for an investigation of the Red Cross, and he has begun to run a post-hurricane feature called "Vulture of the Week." Lately, Caire has found almost as much to criticize about local merchants and politicians and land speculators as about outside insurance adjusters and Washington bureaucrats. Not long ago, the *Owl* reported that a number of the American flags had been stolen. "The normal greed has started," Milton Simpson, the proprietor of the Plantation Café, told me one day. "It's just the normal greed."

People on the Gulf Coast have always prided themselves on not becoming too excited about a bit of normal greed or about any of the other natural weaknesses in the human character. They often say that the prevailing attitude on the coast is "live and let live"—a phrase that nobody has ever used to describe the atmosphere in the rest of Mississippi. In a state that has always been able to muster powerful legislative sanctions against Demon Rum, the businessmen of Biloxi have always recognized that a weary traveller might want to stop now and then for a drink, and maybe even a game of blackjack. Pass Christian residents often say they like the town because it is one place in Mississippi where a man can have a drink on his front porch without worrying about his neighbors' reporting the transgression to the nearest Baptist minister. Without being liberal about racial matters, white people on the Gulf Coast are sufficiently uninterested in evangelical racism to be considered backsliders by a lot of other white Mississippians; without being satisfied with their lot, black people on the Gulf Coast have never organized an effective civil-rights movement. (Pass Christian



"Eddy, tell Daddy about how you've read Hemingway, Joyce, Fitzgerald, and all those people, and how you know what they mean and everything."

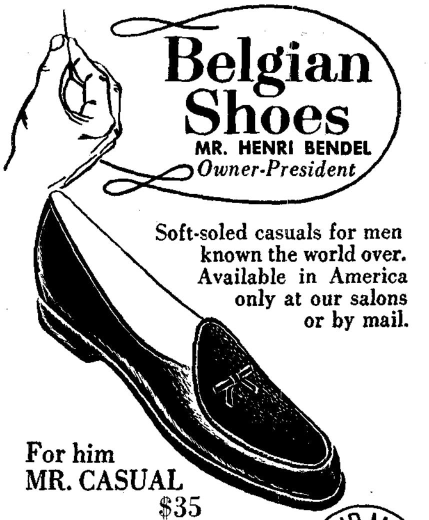
show
your colours

Old world craftsmen have achieved the truly individual cuff link set. Fusing colours into molten glass & hand painting others, they make each pair a singular creation. The set includes three distinct pair, interchangeable on their 24-carat gold plated holders. Housed in a glass continental bell jar.
Individual on a shirt.
Unique on the mantel. $20.
Please add $1 for parcel post.

the
claymore shop
722 N. Woodward, Birmingham, Mich. 48011

MORE COMFORT THAN BAREFOOT

Belgian
Shoes
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President



Soft-soled casuals for men
known the world over.
Available in America
only at our salons
or by mail.

For him
MR. CASUAL
$35

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN

☐ Black Calf
☐ Brown Calf
☐ Brown Calf/trim black
☐ White Buckskin
☐ Patent Leather

My regular shoe size is________
Send________pairs @ $35. each
Add 75c per pair mailing charge
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice________
Name________
Address________
City________State________

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56th St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

was finally going to switch to a unitary school system this fall even if there had not been a hurricane that left it with only one school.) A lot of people in Pass Christian like to identify with the worldliness of New Orleans rather than the rigidity of Jackson. The Plantation Café serves not only fried chicken but red beans and rice, fried-oyster po' boys, and beer. The huge, rambling gulf-front houses that Pass Christian has been known for were built earlier in the century as summer houses for rich people from New Orleans. Those who live in Pass Christian now are more likely to be year-round residents, but many of them are also likely to be outsiders—people who are retired or semi-retired. Until missile contracts began to be cut back, there were a lot of people from the companies involved in a nearby NASA missile-test facility. The rest of Mississippi continues to regard the Gulf Coast in somewhat the same way that northern Louisiana regards New Orleans—a slightly degenerate place that should be denounced by anybody who returns from his annual inspection of its sinfulness, a place sprinkled with foreigners and Catholics and outsiders, a place that, for all its faults, has a lot of taxable assets.

Priding themselves on a worldly view of human nature, a lot of Gulf Coast people tend to take it for granted that the rest of the state sees the hurricane partly as an opportunity to exert its control at last over the Gulf Coast—the way a frugal, repressed bank clerk might finally get control of a charming playboy brother whose luck at gambling suddenly ran out. After the hurricane, Governor Williams, with the approval of President Nixon, appointed a ten-man Governor's Emergency Council from the state's white business community to oversee the recovery effort. The Council, seven of whose members are from other parts of the state, has control of all federal and state money coming into the area—giving it the political power of what one recent visitor described as "a disaster pork barrel." (One Pass Christian resident who has been critical of the Council did point out to me one way that the formation of such a coastwide authority protected Pass Christian: since Pass Christian was almost obliterated and had to be totally evacuated, the towns with less damage could have probably soaked up all the federal recovery money in sight before Pass Christian had recovered to the point of being able to submit grant proposals.) Being worldly, Gulf Coast res-

a fabulous fur

to warm his heart
From far away Denmark
comes this magnificient
all-weather coat.
And inside are
wonderfully matched little furs
formerly worn by Danish hamsters.
What can be better this season—
and oh so limited. $325.
FREE COLOR CATALOG

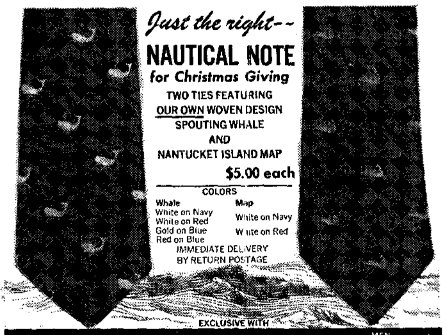
Langrock
44 Nassau Street
Princeton, New Jersey 08540

Oaks
Naples, Fla.

TURN hard port after clearing Doctors Pass from the Gulf, run up Moorings Bay 300 yards to your covered berth — you are home at Oaks. Forty eight properties, each amenable to your personal expression. Unique features in the Condominium concept — features that are different for the sake of the residents — *not* for the sake of the differences.

Brochure on request

W. Roy Smith & Company
797 Fifth Ave. South Naples Fla.



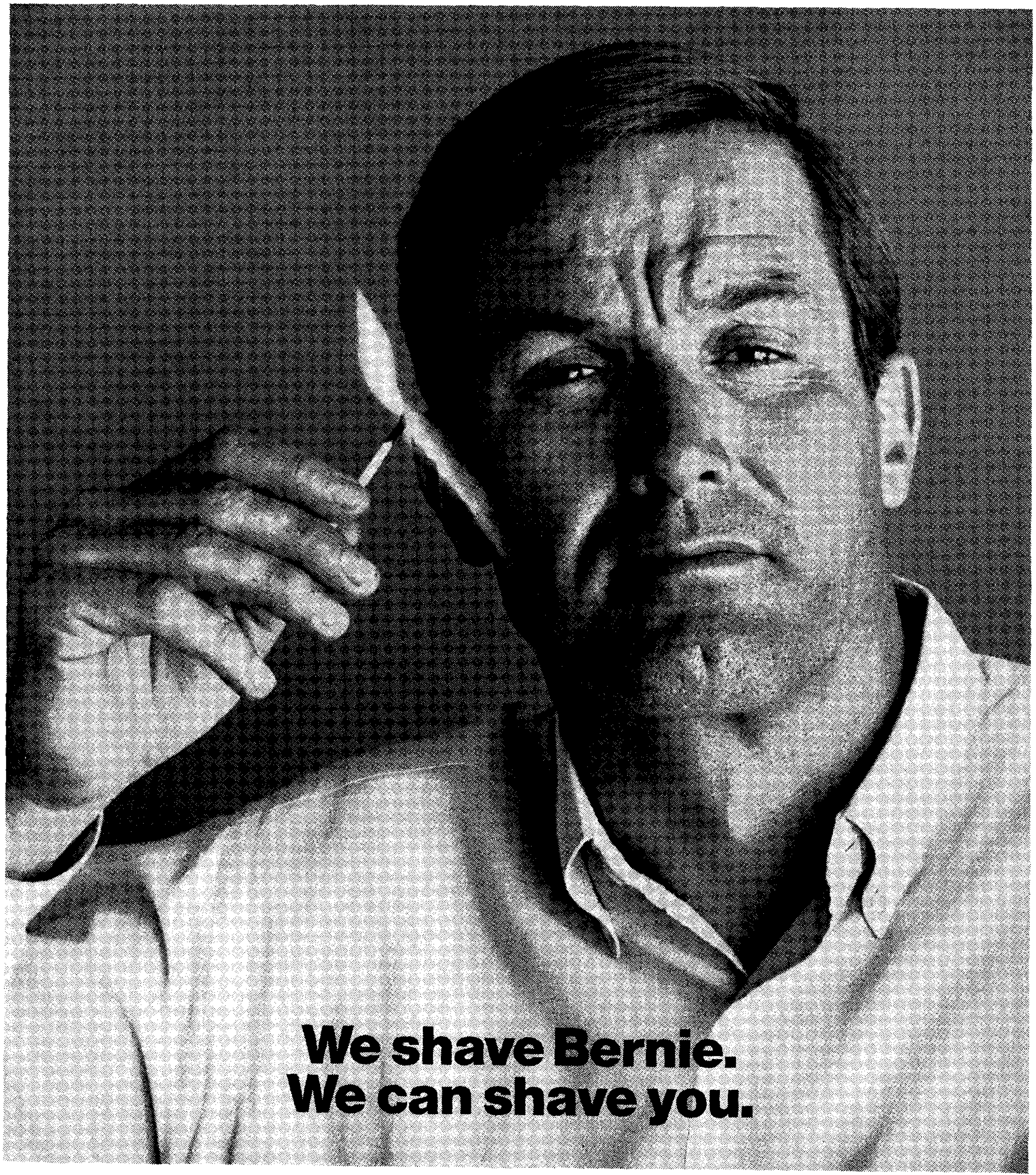
Just the right--
NAUTICAL NOTE
for Christmas Giving
TWO TIES FEATURING
OUR OWN WOVEN DESIGN
SPOUTING WHALE
AND
NANTUCKET ISLAND MAP
$5.00 each

COLORS

Whale	Map
White on Navy	White on Navy
White on Red	White on Red
Gold on Blue	
Red on Blue	

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY
BY RETURN POSTAGE

EXCLUSIVE WITH
MURRAY'S TOGGERY SHOP MEN WOMEN CHILDREN
62-68 MAIN STREET - NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS. 02554
SEND NOW FOR FREE CHRISTMAS GIFT FOLDER


We shave Bernie.
We can shave you.

The Norelco Tripleheader is for guys like Bernie. For guys who are proud of their beards. Who think their beards are as tough as they come.

Of course, Bernie had some pretty stiff arguments against electric shaving at first.

He'd show you his beard. Tell you there was obviously only one way to shave a beard like his. With a blade.

You could tell him that an independent lab proved the Norelco shaves as close as a leading stainless blade in 2 out of 3 shaves. But he had an answer ready: "Sure, maybe... but not on a really tough beard like mine."

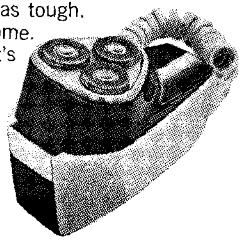
Well, we finally got Bernie to face up to the Norelco Tripleheader. Instead of just talking big.

When it was over, Bernie took it pretty hard. But he was man enough to admit that the Tripleheader could match shaves with a blade on any beard—even a beard like his.

You see, the Norelco Tripleheader's got floating heads that fit the curves of a man's face. And inside those floating heads are 18 self-sharpening blades that shave close and smooth every day. The Norelco unique rotary action keeps the blades sharp while it strokes off whiskers. Every time you shave.

And besides that, the Tripleheader has a pop-out trimmer. Plus flip-top cleaning.

Bernie's beard was tough.
As tough as they come.
But so's Norelco. It's even tough enough for a beard like yours.



Norelco®
Even on a beard like yours.

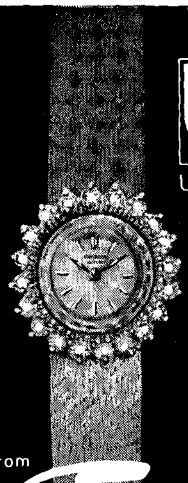
©1969 North American Philips Corporation, 100 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. **Other Products:** Rembrandt Square Lotions, Instant-Hairsetters, Mini-Saunas, Hearing Aids, Radios, Audio-Video Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Electronic Educational Kits, Training & Educational Products, Medical-Dental X-Ray, Electronic Tubes, Commercial Sound, Closed Circuit TV, TV Studio, Motion Picture, Cryogenic and Telephone Equipment.

Copenhagen boasts the world's most unusual towers. Atop the Stock Exchange is one made of four Dragon's tails. And Birger Christensen has caught the most unusual furs by their tails!

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN

38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court



UNIVERSAL GENEVE

From Cini

ELEGANT 18kt Yellow or White Gold wrist watch set with 20 diamonds(1ct) Sapphire crystal - finest craftmanship.

$1000.

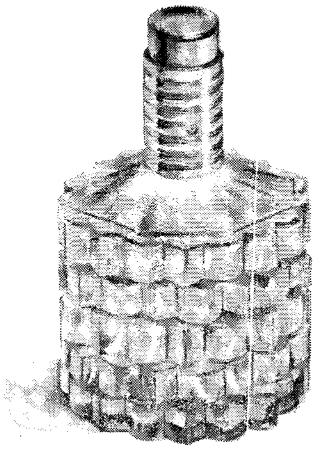
send for brochure

GUGLIELMO CINI INC.
867 SOUTH COAST HWY.
LAGUNA BEACH, CALIF. 92651

Phone (714) 494-1440

idents find it unsurprising that the government agencies involved in recovery are interested in accruing credit and power or that the businesses involved are interested in making money. A month after the hurricane, the federal Office of Emergency Preparedness found time to publish a forty-one-page report on how much of a contribution had been made toward recovery by every federal agency that could conceivably be considered involved—even the United States Marshals, who, it turned out, found quarters for families of United States judges whose houses had been wrecked, salvaged some records from the courthouse, and, in the midst of all this, "searched for and located relatives of Senator Eastland." Immediately after the hurricane, General Electric loaned the city of Pass Christian some administrators and technicians from its establishment at the missile-test facility, and it is expected that the relationship will eventually become contractual, as it already has with a neighboring town. "It's very simple," Ronny Caire, of the *Owl*, told me. "They were phased out at the missile site, so now they're getting in on this."

AT a City Council meeting I attended in Pass Christian, the councilmen spent most of the evening discussing what kind of machine could best send out water bills. A couple of men from a new computer company made a presentation for producing bills through a computer print-out method. A man from Burroughs explained how his machine had the advantage of offering instant access to the billing history of each account. Except for occasional references to the Office of Emergency Preparedness, which is expected to pay for the new machine, and the fact that the meeting was held in a trailer, it was difficult to keep in mind that the discussion was going on in a town that has been estimated to be eighty-five per cent uninhabitable. Pass Christian hasn't changed much since the hurricane. A lot of buildings—two or three motels at the edge of town, a church, some blocks of houses, a block of the business district across from the Plantation Café—are gone without a trace. The Richelieu apartment building—where a couple of dozen people insisted they could party out the storm, and were killed—exists only in the form of a couple of piles of used bricks offered for sale. The poor people living in the trailer parks are physically isolated (many of them lost their cars as well as their houses in the storm) and, in many cases, are unaware of the relief they



STEP PERFUME DISPENSERS GIVE YOU MORE FRAGRANCE FROM YOUR PERFUME.

The Secret—A unique patented mechanism actually transforms each drop of perfume into 20 or more sprays of fragrance-laden mist. Perfumes stay fresher, last longer. Absolutely leakproof, evaporation-proof, fully guaranteed, imported from France. Beautiful styles for purse and table. The "Delphic", as shown for the dressing table (3¾" high) $5.00. Others from $3.50—$35.

Step

5 E. 57th St., N.Y. | At fine stores

Beautiful hangups for Christmas. Hand made in India. Colorfully beaded and mirrored on lacquer with gilt chains. Exclusively ours. 2" balls or cubes, $3.00 ea. Rounds at $2.00 and at $1.50 ea. Sets of four (one of each) $10.00 postpaid.

R.R. Robinson Inc.

1290 Third St. So. Naples, Florida 33940

This is the impossible dream.

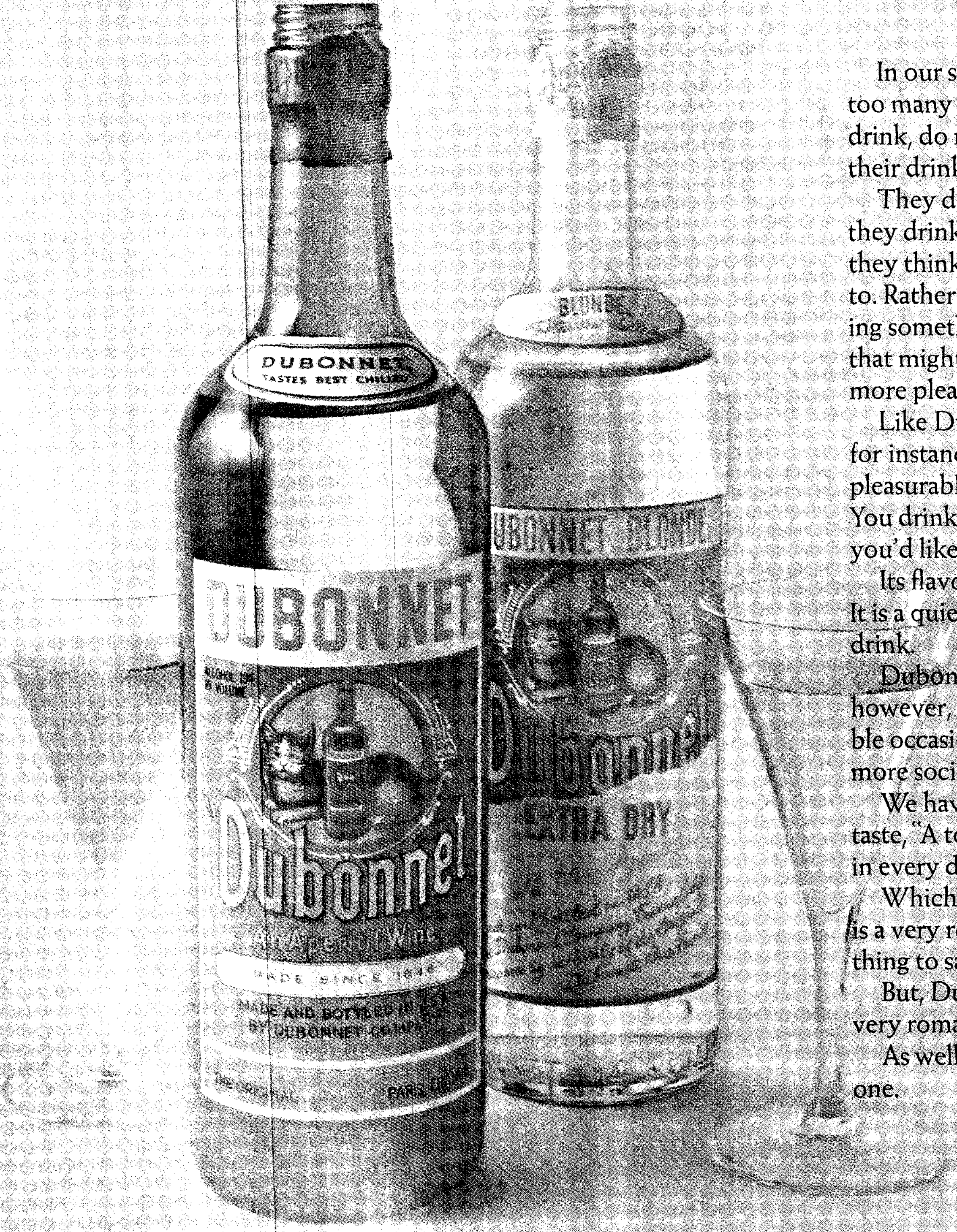
Just 8 miles west of Montego Bay you'll find a hillside of wonders, a beach of delights and the beautiful sea. Where the accommodations are excellent, food epicurean and service impeccable. Impossibly perfect but perfectly possible to enjoy. *Nov. 22nd to Apr. 15th.*

Round Hill

MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA

See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc. • 630 Fifth Ave., New York. JU 6-4500 • Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Washington, Toronto, and Miami.

A bit of common sense in the Drinking Society.


DUBONNET
TASTES BEST CHILLED
DUBONNET
Dubonnet
An Aperitif Wine
MADE SINCE 1846
BY DUBONNET COMPANY
THE ORIGINAL
PARIS
BLONDE
DUBONNET BLONDE
Dubonnet
EXTRA DRY

In our society, too many people who drink, do not enjoy their drinking.

They drink what they drink because they think they ought to. Rather than drinking something else that might give them more pleasure.

Like Dubonnet, for instance—a very pleasurable drink. You drink it whenever you'd like a cocktail.

Its flavor is subtle. It is a quietly civilized drink.

Dubonnet will, however, make sociable occasions slightly more sociable.

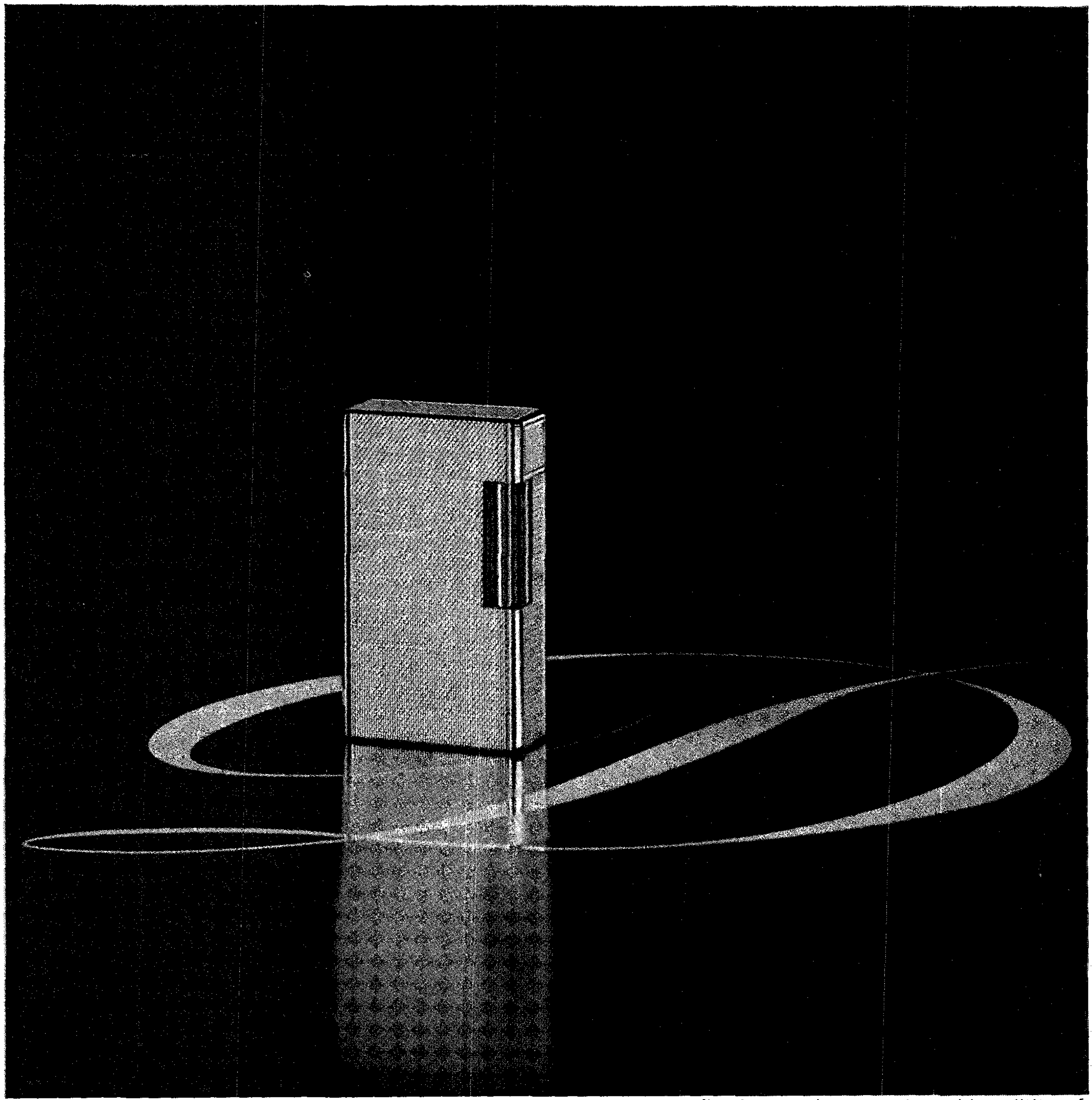
We have said of its taste, "A touch of Paris in every drop."

Which, admittedly, is a very romantic thing to say.

But, Dubonnet is a very romantic drink.

As well as a sensible one.

Dubonnet. A touch of Paris in every drop.



From the S. T. Dupont of Paris collection of fine jewelry butane lighters—reflecting an almost century-old tradition of superb craftsmanship. The ultimate accessory for men and women . . . exemplifying an apotheosis of elegance, supreme quality, and highest precision. Heavily electroplated in 18 karat gold, or silver. Also in ancient Chinese lacquer.

THAT IT LIGHTS CIGARETTES IS ALMOST INCIDENTAL.

LIGHTERS FROM $800. TO $45.

S. T. Dupont
OF PARIS

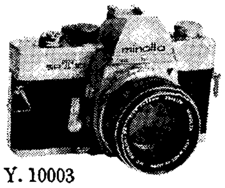
At *fine* tobacconists in 80 countries around the world. **New York:** Arnolds Tobacco Shop, De La Concha, Alfred Dunhill, Lane Ltd., Member Smoke Shop, Paige One Smoke Shop, Peterson's Ltd., Pipe & Pouch, Plaza Tobacco Shop, Rex Pipe Shop, Nat Sherman, Village Smoke Shop. **Baltimore:** A. Fader. ***Birmingham*, Ill.:** Churchill (also Dearborn, Fort Wayne, Lake Forest). **Boston:** David P. Ehrlich. **Cherry Hill:** Tobaccoland. **Chicago:** Ambassador Smoke Shop, Alfred Dunhill, Iwan Ries & Co. **Cleveland:** Continental Smoke Shop. **Denver:** Jerries Tobacco Shop. **East Orange:** Brick Church Pipe Shop. **El Paso:** *Mills* Smoke Shop. **Englewood:** Smoker World. **Hartford:** The Tobacco Shop. ***Hollywood:*** *John's* Pipe Shop. **Los Angeles:** B/G Smoke Shop, The Tinder Box (also Century Plaza, Santa Monica, Westwood.), The Tobacconist (also Canoga Park, Topanga Plaza, Inland Center, Huntington Center, Newport Center, Laurel Plaza, La Habra, Montclair Plaza). **Madison:** The Tobacco Bar. **Miami:** Briar Bowl, Zelicks *Tobacco*. **New Haven:** The Owl Shop. **Norfolk:** Toback. **Plymouth Meeting:** Tobaccoland. **Portland:** Arthur Leonard Pipe Shop. **Providence:** Red Carpet. **St. Louis:** John Dangler, Inc. **San Francisco:** Benaderet's Smoke Shop, Alfred Dunhill. **Sarasota:** Bennington Tobacco Shop. **Seattle:** Pipeland Ltd. **Washington, D.C.:** W. Curtis Draper, Powder & Smoke. **West Palm Beach:** The Pipe Bowl. ***Wilmington:*** Bee Hive. Also at fine Department Stores and Jewelers. For store nearest you write: S. T. Dupont Corp., 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

would be entitled to if they managed to fill out the proper forms. City councilmen are able to sit in the center of this wasteland discussing ways to dispatch water bills partly because the larger problems seem beyond their control. The government and city services of Pass Christian can continue to exist only through federal assistance, and the mayor says that the town, having submitted the proper applications, is just waiting to see what form the assistance will take. The Pass Christian share of the "We Care" fund raised on the Bob Hope telethon—a hundred and thirty-four thousand dollars—is safely invested in short-term bonds. The mayor and councilmen say they couldn't decide what else to do with it—most of the projects they had in mind being much more expensive than a hundred and thirty-four thousand dollars.

To those who have been concerned with poor people and black people in Pass Christian, the investment of the "We Care" money in the bond market is symbolic. "I've been thinking of writing Bob Hope and asking him if he realizes what's happened to that money he raised," a leader of the Negro community told me. "I finally got up at the last Council meeting, when they were discussing water bills or something, and asked, 'What are you *doing* for these people?' " Those who run Pass Christian tend to believe that people have been taken care of when a trailer has been provided—particularly when the trailer is superior to the house they were living in before the storm. (It is true that some Pass Christian Negroes and poor whites have finally found in the H.U.D. trailers the shiny wood panelling and modern dining alcoves that their television set always displayed as the American Home—although some of them are still making payments on the television set despite the fact that it blew away in the storm, and many of them are baffled about where they're going to live when they have to leave the trailers.) The city did form a housing authority after the hurricane, and the housing authority decided, over the objection of the only Negro member, to charge rent for the trailers after the first three months to cover maintenance—thirty-five to fifty dollars a month, unless the rent and utilities combined would exceed a quarter of the family income. But days after the decision the people in the trailer park were still worried about rumors that the rent would be eighty-five or a hundred dollars a month. The people in the parks are mostly Negroes—people who couldn't afford the installation charge

(*Advertisement*)

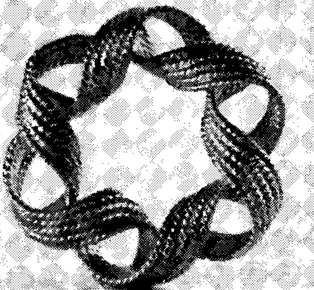
*"It's a pity your husband doesn't have a Minolta SR-T 101.
He could have taken that shot and been back in the tree by now."*



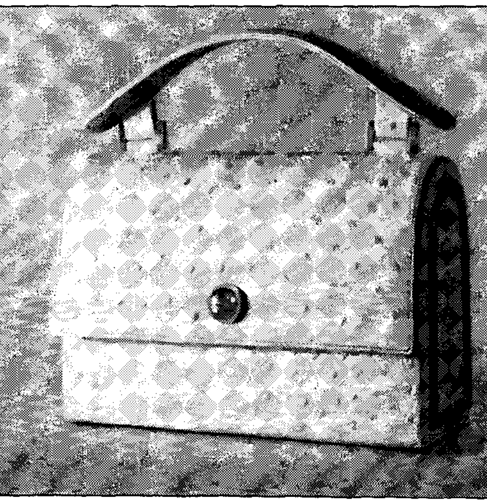
You can catch your shot in time to catch the game with Minolta's 35mm single lens reflex. It handles fast because you see the shutter speed and lens opening indicators right in the viewfinder. And it has its own through the lens meter. The Minolta SR-T 101 starts at under $245 plus case.

MINOLTA—write for brochures to 200 Park Ave. South, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Serpentine ribbons
circled into a 12 karat
textured gold filled pin
by Winard. 12.
Christmas gift wrap 1.00
Mail orders to Dallas
Add 75c postage

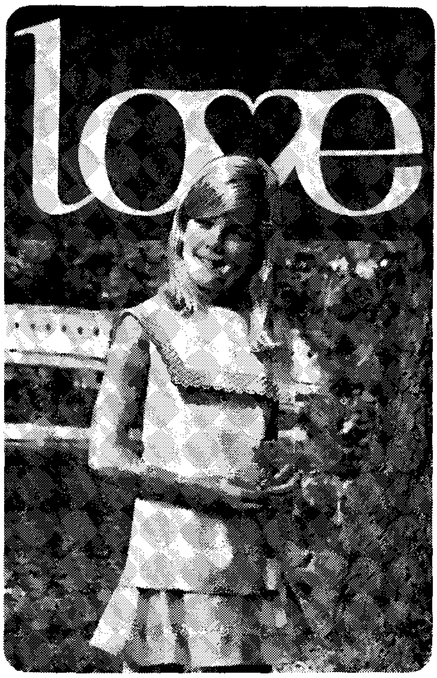


Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth



The arch frame boxbag
Bienen-Davis quality crafted
white or bone ostrich calf;
black, bone, white patent;
navy, black, bone, white
smooth calf. 40.
Christmas gift wrap 1.00
Mail orders to Dallas
Add 1.15 postage

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth



It must be Love. Bon-bon pink
party sweetener, in Dacron® polyester
and cotton dotted Swiss. Blouson,
flip skirt. Machine-washable.
No-iron. 2-4T, $10. 4-6X, $11. 7-12, $12.

FAO Schwarz, New York & branches
Martin's, Brooklyn
Battelstein's, Houston
The Blum Store, Philadelphia
Nordstrom Best, Seattle
Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.

Joseph Love Inc.
1333 Broadway,N.Y.10018
®Du Pont Reg. T.M.

BROTHER AND SISTER ANGELS
in living porcelain
by Edward Marshall Boehm.
5 in. high. Fifteen dollars each.

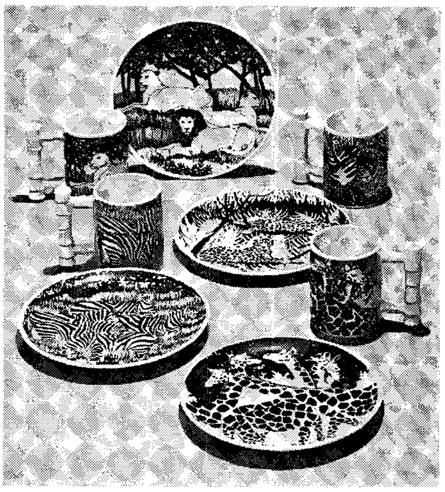
Write for gift brochure

Schwarzschild
BROTHERS, INC.
Broad at Second Street • Richmond, Virginia 23219

made when a government trailer was put on private property, or people whose lot was too small for a trailer, or people who had no lot of their own—and being hurricane victims has not suddenly entitled them to be involved in or informed about the decisions made by a duly constituted city housing authority.

The hurricane has given middle-class whites some exposure to this kind of helplessness. When the Governor's Emergency Council established an appeals-and-review committee, Pass Christian, the worst-hit town, was given no representation. After an initial period of mass assistance, the Red Cross set up a caseworker system, and a lot of middle-class whites in Pass Christian now sound like ghetto welfare recipients when talking about how the caseworker they happened to get is insensitive and rigidly bureaucratic and arrogant. White wage earners as well as Negroes and poor whites complain that the forms and red tape of the Small Business Administration are beyond them. But the reaction of middle-class whites to this experience has not been any new sympathy for the poor and the powerless or any outrage about their own lack of control over the machinery that is supposedly helping them. In fact, one of the most common complaints on the Gulf Coast, from black and white alike, is that the way the Red Cross and the Small Business Administration operate penalizes those who are trying to help themselves in favor of those who always needed public assistance before the hurricane. In the days just after the storm, there were a number of press accounts about how differences of caste and class were erased by the common need—accounts that Pass Christian Negroes always considered somewhat exaggerated, since Pass Christian residents who were evacuated to Jackson were separated upon arrival, with the whites going to a hotel and the blacks to Jackson State College dormitories—but there is no indication that the hurricane changed anybody's notions about who ought to have a right to participate in decision-making. A team of investigators sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee and the Southern Regional Council has concluded that poor people and black people have been denied any influence in the recovery effort by just about every private and governmental agency involved.

The people on the Gulf Coast may have become irritable about their treatment at the hands of government bureaucrats and private operators, but their capacity for outrage seems limit-



Invite the jungle bunch to lunch.

Lions and tigers—zebras and giraffes—cleverly make an ordinary table an exciting safari. Black and white. Everybody's got Royal this and Golden that. But who do you know that can set a table like this?

THE SHOP OF **JOHN SIMMONS**
MEMPHIS • GATLINBURG
JACKSON, MISS. • JACKSON, TENN.
LITTLE ROCK • NASHVILLE • SAVANNAH
HOUSTON • WINSTON SALEM • ATLANTA

$12.50 the set of 4 mugs and 4 plates
plus $1.75 postage. Mail orders to
416 Grove Park, Memphis 38117.

as timely as the walk on the moon!

Here's a real fun watch that also keeps good time. Lunar Module is second "hand". Earth is hour "hand". Command Module is minute "hand". Golden tone finish, midnight blue face, matching suede strap. 7 jewels.

© R. Gsell & Co. Inc. 1969

ASTROTIME $25

Mail Orders Invited. Add 50¢ postage. Air mail $1.
GIFTS • SUITS • GOWNS • COATS
MAY BRANDT (212) BU 8-7653
1066 Lexington Ave., NYC 10021 (75 & 76 Sts.)

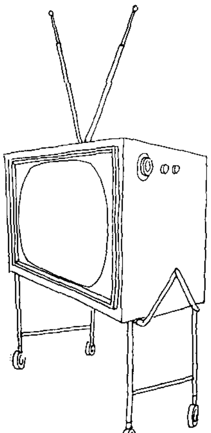
FOR THE SWINGING GENERATION

OUTDOOR FUN INDOORS — Give the DOORWAY GYM for hours of happy active play during the long winter months. Swing, trapeze, rings, climb rope. Install & detach by hand. Superior quality. Ages 2-10. Guaranteed. $17.95 ppd.

Send for free catalog

Child Life
Play Specialties, Inc.
1646 Washington Street
Holliston, Mass. 01746

You who are about to give, sit back and receive.



We're inviting you to step off the tinseled merry-go-round. To sit back and let us entertain you.

Here's something for you to keep handy, a partial listing of December's programs. Included are music, drama and ballet.

And, for the children, some favorites we haven't space to list—Rudolph, Charlie Brown, the Little Drummer Boy and Dr. Seuss's Grinch.

And, because not even the Christmas season can halt the world's doings, there'll also be news and information programs.

In all, a sampler to choose from when you want to receive.

Sadbird. CBS Playhouse—Comedy-drama starring Jack Albertson, Gabriel Dell, Linda Lavin and Robert Foxworth. Monday, Dec. 1 (9:30-11 pm).

Siberia: The Endless Horizon. National Geographic Society—Picturesque study of Soviet's "frontier." Tuesday, Dec. 2 (7:30-8:30 pm).

A Timetable for Vietnam. CBS Reports—Progress of attempts to "Vietnamize" the war. Tuesday, Dec. 2 (10-11 pm).

The Engelbert Humperdinck Show. With Jose Feliciano, Dionne Warwick, Barbara Eden, Tom Jones. Tuesday, Dec. 2 (10-11 pm).

The Littlest Angel. Hallmark Hall of Fame–Original musical stars Johnnie Whitaker, Fred Gwynne, Cab Calloway, E. G. Marshall, Tony Randall, Connie Stevens. Saturday, Dec. 6 (7:30-9 pm).

Discovery. Taming the Killer Whale; A Matter of Pride; The Hidden World of the Forest; The Plain People. Sundays, Dec. 7, 14, 21, 28 (11:30-12 Noon).

Directions. The Nun—Parts 1 and 2; The Magical Mystery Miracle Box; Gandhi. Sundays, Dec. 7, 14, 21, 28 (1-1:30 pm).

Wild Kingdom. Year of the Otter; The Day the Grizzly Disappears; People That Time Forgot. Sundays, Dec. 7, 21, 28 (7-7:30 pm).

Frosty the Snowman. Animated children's story. Sunday, Dec. 7 (7:30-8 pm).

J. T. CBS Children's Hour—A shy, lonely, black youngster befriends a wounded cat. Saturday, Dec. 13 (12 Noon-1 pm).

Hans Brinker. Musical filmed in Holland. Starring Eleanor Parker, Richard Basehart, Cyril Ritchard, Robin Askwith. Sunday, Dec. 14 (7-9 pm).

The Great Dollar Robbery: Can We Arrest Inflation? ABC News Special probes nationwide problem. Monday, Dec. 15 (10-11 pm).

Sahara. G-E Monogram Series—Sociolcgical study of desert nomads. Friday, Dec. 19 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Nutcracker. New York City Ballet Company with Edward Villella, Patricia McBride. Tuesday, Dec. 23 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Legend of Silent Night. Story of the Christmas carol, with James Mason, Kirk Douglas. Wednesday, Dec. 24 (9-11 pm).

S. Hurok Presents [Part III]. Concert features Russian pianist Emil Gilels and cellist Mstislav Rostropovich. Thursday, Dec. 25 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Christopher Discovers America. American Rainbow—A Korean orphan's first view of the U.S. Saturday, Dec. 27 (10:30-11:30 am)

Music For The Movies. New York Philharmonic Young Peoples Concert—Composer Aaron Copland conducts. Sunday, Dec. 28 (6-7 pm).

Election '69: What We Learned. The revolt of the white middle class, which President Nixon has called "the forgotten Americans," will be examined. Sunday, Dec. 28 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturday: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Jambo/G-E College Bowl/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Eternal Light/Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office
745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

ed—even when it is outrage at the most despised insurance companies. At the Pass Christian City Council meeting I attended, some of the councilmen refused to approve the bond routinely required for the city clerk because it had been underwritten by the Travelers Insurance Company, but they eventually changed their minds. There is no doubt that just after the hurricane insurance adjusters pressured homeowners who were desperately in need of cash to settle for ridiculously low figures, and in the minds of most Pass Christian property owners a lot of the insurance adjusters now arguing over settlements are people who would claim that a house blown away by a desert sandstorm was damaged mainly by rising water—damage by rising water not being covered by household-insurance policies. In this atmosphere, it was discovered not long ago that the state insurance commission had quietly approved a fifty-per-cent rate increase for the Gulf; Jack Anderson, the inheritor of Drew Pearson's column, printed a letter indicating that the state insurance commissioner, an official elected to police the insurance business, was having his statements edited by an industry representative in Jackson; and a Jackson grand jury supported Anderson's charge that the state insurance commission is "in the pocket of the insurance companies," going on to say that "the people of Mississippi can only be expected to be 'skinned' by these insurance companies." The insurance commissioner then demonstrated his concern for his constituents by holding public hearings on the Gulf Coast, but the hearings were a disappointment to those who expected to see an angry mob of citizens attacking the commissioner and the industry. Not many people came to make formal complaints, and practically nobody came to watch. On the first day of the hearings, I read a column in the Biloxi-Gulfport *Daily Herald* that started with the information that the insurance commission, a board of three citizens appointed to pass on rate changes, was composed of two insurance agents and a lawyer for insurance companies. That sounded to me like information likely to draw some angry comments from a columnist in a district where a lot of people had good reason to be angry about insurance. But, sounding barely irritated, the columnist went on to say, "It should not be considered a slur against any of the three to suggest that a fourth person, a consumers' representative, should be added to the Commission."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

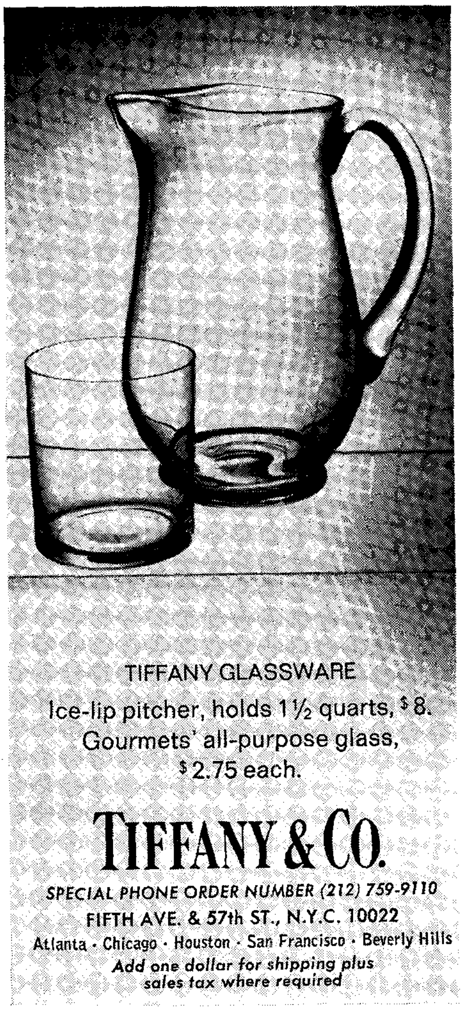
Travel without KART-a-BAG® Never!

Patents Pending

I go first class—anywhere in the world—luggage-free. Kart-A-Bag weighs less than 2 lbs. Sturdy 2-piece construction assembles in a jiffy. Vinyl carrying case. Send for yours today. Only $16.95.

Remin's Kart-A-Bag, 510 Manhattan Rd., Joliet, Ill. 60433 (Dept. G)

FREE BROCHURE



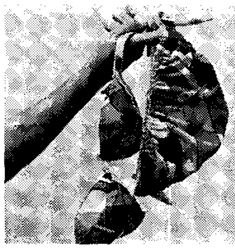
TIFFANY GLASSWARE

Ice-lip pitcher, holds 1½ quarts, $8.
Gourmets' all-purpose glass, $2.75 each.

TIFFANY & CO.

SPECIAL PHONE ORDER NUMBER (212) 759-9110
FIFTH AVE. & 57th ST., N.Y.C. 10022
Atlanta · Chicago · Houston · San Francisco · Beverly Hills
Add one dollar for shipping plus sales tax where required

At Tower Isle, you can get by on next to nothing.

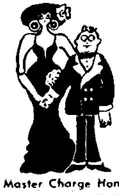


A beautiful, self-contained beach resort nestled in a cove by the sea is no place to stand on ceremony. It's a place for a morning's stroll on a magnificent, white beach. An afternoon of tennis on Jamaica's finest courts, or a swim in our fresh water pool. An evening dancing the Reggae and sipping a potion called Sink or Swim. It's a place for letting your hair down and your spirits up.

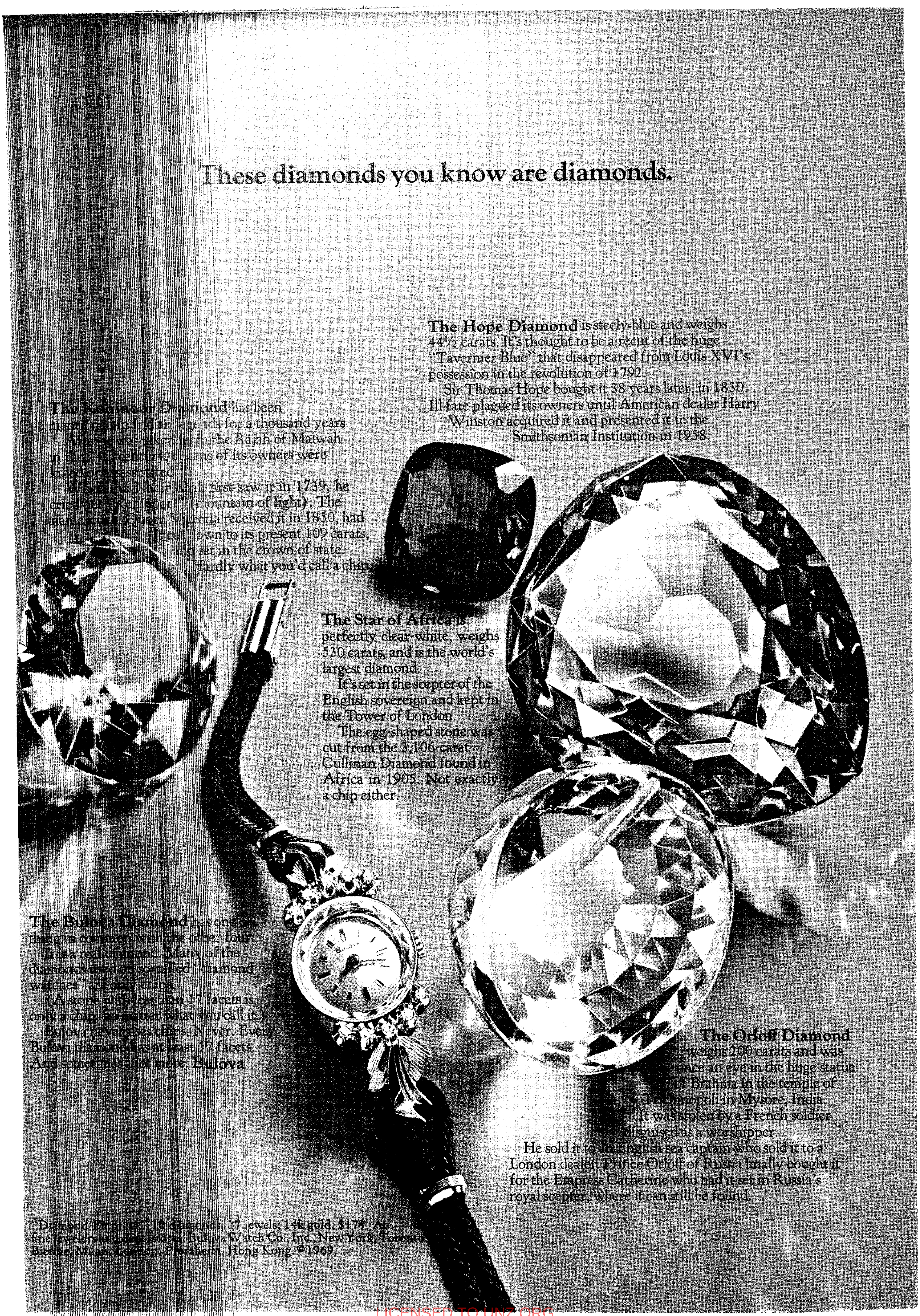
Jamaica's Tower Isle
Like no place else on earth.

Tower Isle, P.O. Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W.I.
An Issa Hotel—Nick Brimo
Vice President & General Manager.
See your travel agent or our international representatives, Leonard Hicks.

NEW YORK
Antiques Fair
DEC. 1 - 7
at a new location
Armory at
Lexington Ave. & 26th St.
New York City
everything for sale
Mon. - Sat.
1 to 10:30 P.M.
Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.
Admission $2.50
BRING THIS AD AND SAVE
50c TOWARD ONE ADMISSION
ANY DAY AFTER OPENING DAY



PARTY SUPPLIES
PAPER PLACE
1024 A LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10021
Master Charge Honored
(212) 249-6540



These diamonds you know are diamonds.

The Hope Diamond is steely-blue and weighs 44½ carats. It's thought to be a recut of the huge "Tavernier Blue" that disappeared from Louis XVI's possession in the revolution of 1792.

Sir Thomas Hope bought it 38 years later, in 1830. Ill fate plagued its owners until American dealer Harry Winston acquired it and presented it to the Smithsonian Institution in 1958.

The Kohinoor Diamond has been mentioned in Indian legends for a thousand years.

After it was taken from the Rajah of Malwah in the 14th century, dozens of its owners were killed or assassinated.

When Nadir Shah first saw it in 1739, he cried out "Kohinoor!" (mountain of light). The name stuck. Queen Victoria received it in 1850, had it cut down to its present 109 carats, and set in the crown of state. Hardly what you'd call a chip.

The Star of Africa is perfectly clear-white, weighs 530 carats, and is the world's largest diamond.

It's set in the scepter of the English sovereign and kept in the Tower of London.

The egg-shaped stone was cut from the 3,106-carat Cullinan Diamond found in Africa in 1905. Not exactly a chip either.

The Bulova Diamond has one thing in common with the other four: It is a real diamond. Many of the diamonds used on so-called "diamond watches" are only chips.

(A stone with less than 17 facets is only a chip, no matter what you call it.)

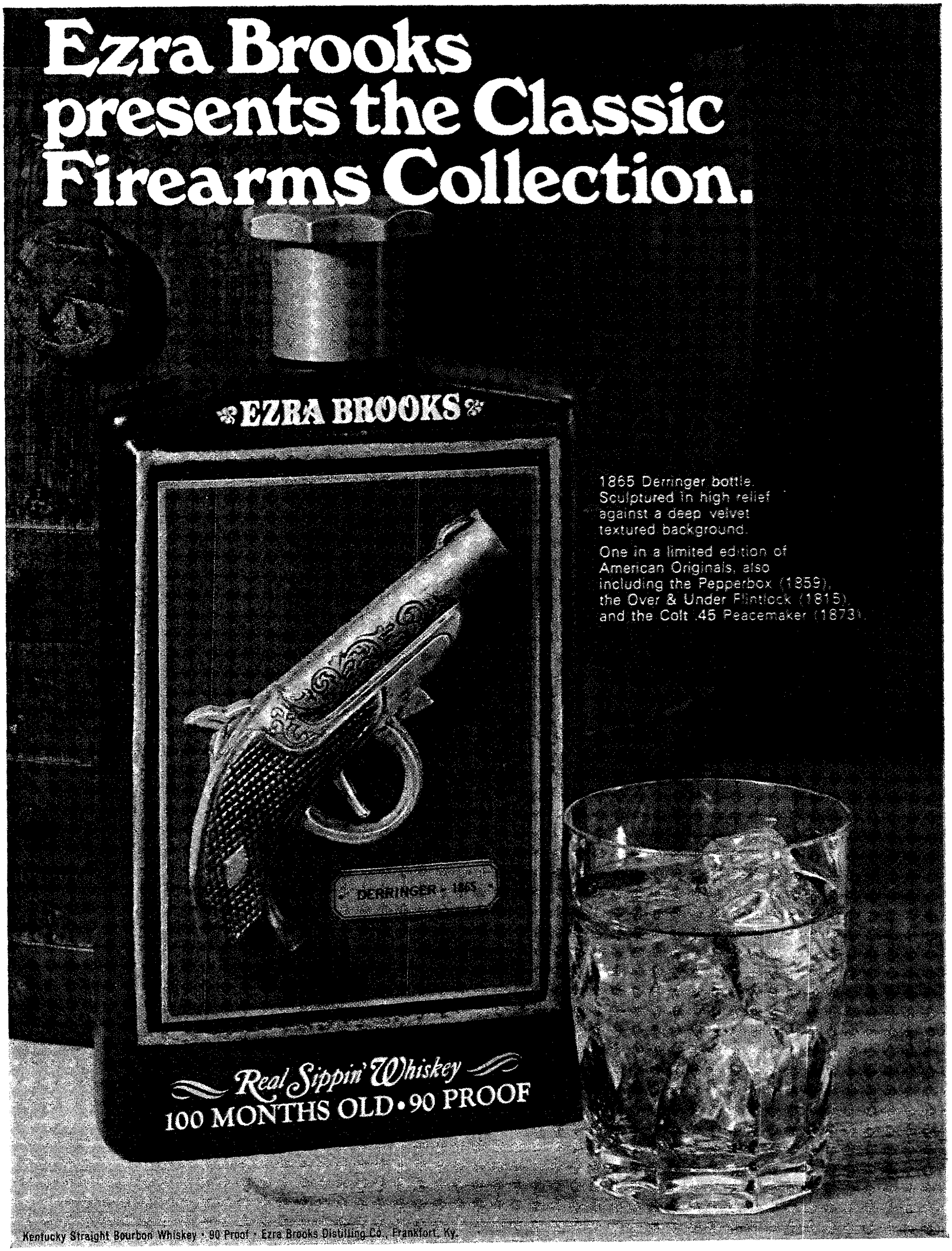
Bulova never uses chips. Never. Every Bulova diamond has at least 17 facets. And sometimes a lot more. **Bulova**

The Orloff Diamond weighs 200 carats and was once an eye in the huge statue of Brahma in the temple of Trichinopoli in Mysore, India.

It was stolen by a French soldier disguised as a worshipper.

He sold it to an English sea captain who sold it to a London dealer. Prince Orloff of Russia finally bought it for the Empress Catherine who had it set in Russia's royal scepter, where it can still be found.

"Diamond Empress." 10 diamonds, 17 jewels, 14k gold, $175. At fine jewelers and department stores. Bulova Watch Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan, London, Pforzheim, Hong Kong. ©1969.


Ezra Brooks presents the Classic Firearms Collection.
EZRA BROOKS
DERRINGER • 1865
Real Sippin' Whiskey
100 MONTHS OLD • 90 PROOF

1865 Derringer bottle. Sculptured in high relief against a deep velvet textured background.

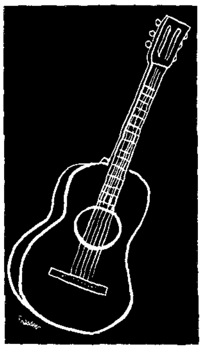
One in a limited edition of American Originals, also including the Pepperbox (1859), the Over & Under Flintlock (1815), and the Colt .45 Peacemaker (1873).

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey • 90 Proof • Ezra Brooks Distilling Co., Frankfort, Ky.

Now the real sippin' whiskey gives you something beautiful. From both barrels.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Götterdämmerung?



THE New York City Ballet opened its fall season last Tuesday night on schedule, and, thanks to a last-minute agreement with its musicians (this included a raise of minimum salaries from $241 to $272.25 a week), it seems prepared to continue. The two works on the program, both familiar, are twenty years apart in age. The older one, Balanchine's "Symphony in C," is a sturdy classic—formal, elegant, and altogether delightful, with its choreographed Fugue, its fluid Adagio (danced that night by Kay Mazzo and Conrad Ludlow), its Allegro Vivace (with Suki Schorer and Deni Lamont), and a number of other striking moments. The newer one, Jerome Robbins' "Dances at a Gathering," which had its première last spring, has undergone some changes of cast, but is just about as enchanting as it was the first time around. To me, it is a miraculous piece of choreography—never static, never symmetrical, always seemingly casual, and understated to the point at which the most extraordinary athletic feats are so disguised that they seem tossed off without effort. It is probably the finest ballet to be shown here in a decade. Its dancers that night were Gelsey Kirkland, Sara Leland, Kay Mazzo, Patricia McBride, Violette Verdy, Anthony Blum, Robert Maiorano, John Prinz, Edward Villella, and Robert Weiss. The ballet, of course, is accompanied by Chopin waltzes on the piano, and the excellent pianist was Gordon Boelzner.

I enjoyed the evening's performances, but that last-minute agreement with the musicians' union (happy though it was) bothered me, because it is symptomatic. There is no question but that the performing arts all over the country are in crisis today—some institutions blacked out and others hanging by a thread. Inflation has had its effect, and one can hardly blame musicians for wanting to be able to support their families. But the amount of private money available is steadily shrinking, and the crunch of rising salaries and sinking resources is now upon us. Not long ago the San Francisco Symphony considered the idea of disbanding, the National Symphony of Washington and the Kansas City Philharmonic are on strike, and other such institutions are on the verge of foundering. The most conspicuous case is, naturally, the Metropolitan Opera. Most of those who really know have written off the present season in its entirety, and many believe that the season of 1970-71 is also doomed. That means two years without a top-ranking opera house for New York, and let us not have any illusions—it is a black eye for the city. The Met has had its ups and downs, but in general, with its multi-language policy and its celebrated singers, it has had a genuine claim to being the greatest opera house in the world. What will be put together after two years of darkness at Lincoln Center will be an entirely different opera company. There are, to be sure, clashes of personality in the negotiations between the Met and the unions, and they have reached such bitterness that both sides seem willing to let the Metropolitan perish rather than give an inch toward a compromise. But there is much more to the problem than these squabbles; they are only part of a larger picture—the picture of the performing arts in America on what is possibly their deathbed.

As I see it, the only long-term solution of this gloomy problem is government subsidy, either federal or state or municipal—the sort of subsidy that, under the Labour Government in England, has made Covent Garden and the Royal Ballet international-prestige organizations. If we can subsidize the farmers, the oil interests, and a war in Vietnam, we ought to be able to subsidize the things that make this country respected for its civilization. The amount ($209,000) the National Endowment for the Arts said last week that it would donate to assist the opera, the theatre, symphony orchestras, and dance groups is welcome, but it is not nearly enough.

Usually, when government subsidy for opera is mentioned, Germany, Austria, and Italy are held up as models. They have, among them, scores of opera companies—all subsidized, and most of them playing to vast crowds. (The argument that opera ought to pay its own way if it is really worthwhile is a naïve one, put forth only by

bleyle
PARIS · STUTTGART · MILANO

Two for the seaside: long striped pullover plus color-cued pants. Both in easy-care polyester knit. At the best stores. For the one nearest you, write:

Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.

1451 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036

For the man who has made his mark in his world...

the incomparable
LAMY
2000

A new experience in flawless writing, distinctively styled especially for men by a famous German designer. Perfectly balanced, man-size, non-slip grip; smooth rolling twin-suspension tungsten ball point. Giant cartridge. At selected fine stores.

The Ball Pen $12.50

CBP
CONSOLIDATED BUSINESS PRODUCTS
Division of Consolidated Foods Corporation
1318 S. Leavitt St.
Chicago, Ill. 60608

International Code Flag Button Set
French Ceramic Enamel Tile Flags on Brass Buttons $8.95
(specify your initial)
English Woven Nautical Motif Ties
all colors — Whale, Clipper Ship, Lobster, Sailfish $6.00
International Code Flag Cuff Links
cuff links $10 tie tack/or bar $2
Ship's Wheel Wind-Up Clock
desk or wall mount, solid brass or chrome eight day—actual size 2½" dia. . . $60.00
ORDER NOW (POST PAID)

Item: ____________

Quantity: ____________
color: ________ price: ________

send order to: MARK FORE AND STRIKE
1045 E. ATLANTIC AVE.
DELRAY BEACH, FLA. 33444

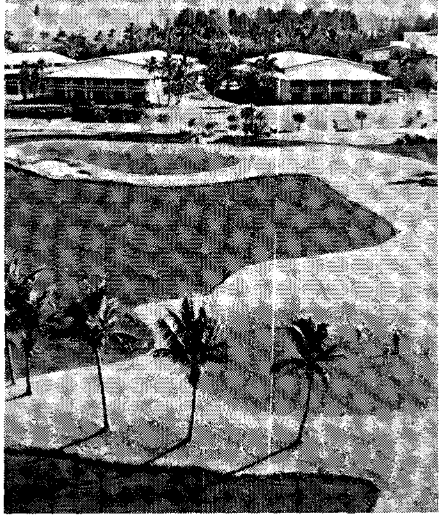
Mark·Fore & Strike
SPORT RESORT BEACHWEAR
East Hampton, L.I. · Bayhead, N.J.
Osterville, Mass. · Chatham, Mass.
Delray Beach/Palm Beach/Naples/Sarasota, Fla

people who are not interested in the art. Opera has never paid its own way. Before rich men lost money on it, kings and archdukes lost money on it. It simply can't be managed as a commercial undertaking.) But Germany and Austria and Italy are not exactly the right models for us. They are small, compact countries, where it is easy for even the most outlying citizenry to get to town. What would a citizen of Nebraska or Oklahoma say about a federal subsidy for the Metropolitan? Obviously, only the State of New York, assisted, perhaps, by the city administration, could do this particular job, and the Metropolitan would surely have to reciprocate by performing in such cities as, say, Binghamton, Syracuse, Buffalo, and Albany on a regular schedule. The administration of the Metropolitan is oriented only toward performances in this city, plus short national tours. This administration is an archaic structure that dates back to when the house was a social showplace. While there are dedicated people, such as Anthony Bliss, on its board of directors, there isn't a single professional musician on it, which means that it contains no one who has a profound knowledge of what the professional problems of the Met are. One must be thankful for the interest of important bankers and the like, but much more qualified people are also required if an enduring understanding with the musicians and singers is to be arrived at. A recent rumor declares that Leonard Bernstein is willing to take over the management of the Met *after* its presumed two years of darkness and the completion of the composing job he is at work on. The rumor is probably only a rumor. But what a prospect would present itself if only it were true! Whatever Mr. Bernstein's prowess as a composer, he is America's most famous musician, and a man of sufficient experience to become America's most respected musical statesman.

LAST Monday night, I caught up with the presentation of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony by George Szell and the New York Philharmonic, which has been impressing Philharmonic Hall audiences ever since the Thursday night of week before last. It was preceded this time by Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 2—a work less often performed than the No. 3 and that has, among other things, a different set of trumpet calls. Mr. Szell's style with the Philharmonic is, as always, quite unlike that of other conductors. When he appears on the

DORAL
COUNTRY CLUB
AND HOTEL / MIAMI

Now golf on four 18-hole courses. The Red *Tiger*, The White *Wonder*, the Blue *Monster*, and this winter's new *Bachelors'* Gold—for men only. *And all golf is complimentary here.*
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT



ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
CHATEAU MADRID
Presents
Los CHAVALES de ESPAÑA
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080
NOW AT 48th ST.
just e. of Lex. Ave. in Hotel Lexington

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63rd ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6 5950

podium, he commands an atmosphere of reverence and dedication that few other contemporary maestros can bring about. There is also a Toscanini sort of tension and precision in the forward thrust and the details of the music. The Philharmonic has not been long enough under the baton of Mr. Szell to acquire the dry (as in wine) tone of his own Cleveland Orchestra. But that Monday performance revealed tendencies in that direction. The brass, for one thing, had adopted the light embouchure that is one of Mr. Szell's specialties. The string tone was a sort of compromise between normal Philharmonic and Cleveland tone—not an altogether happy compromise, for it resulted in harshness now and then. The great Ninth was set forth in the most authoritative fashion. Every note was under almost dictatorial control, and many an episode—such as the long horn solo in the slow movement—was done with quite unusual poetic feeling as well as absolute accuracy. Horns are generally thought to be unpredictable instruments, and I remember hearing a young conductor say that he never looked at his horn players when they were making their entrances for fear they would miss the bull's-eye. This, he felt, was the secret of accuracy in the horns, but what he was proposing is comparable to advising an automobile driver to close his eyes whenever he believes he is about to have an accident. I have found, through years of listening, that horn players are accurate in precise relation to the dedication exacted by the maestro. When it is so great that the player can forget himself, he is likely to play like an angel. The soloists that night were Heather Harper, a pleasant soprano, who coped with the high notes of the part without apparent effort; Jane Hobson, mezzo-soprano, who sang in tune, at least; Ernst Haefliger, a tenor who seemed to be forcing throughout in a desperate effort to be heard; and Thomas Paul, an admirable bass. The Camerata Singers, trained by Abraham Kaplan, did the choruses very well indeed.

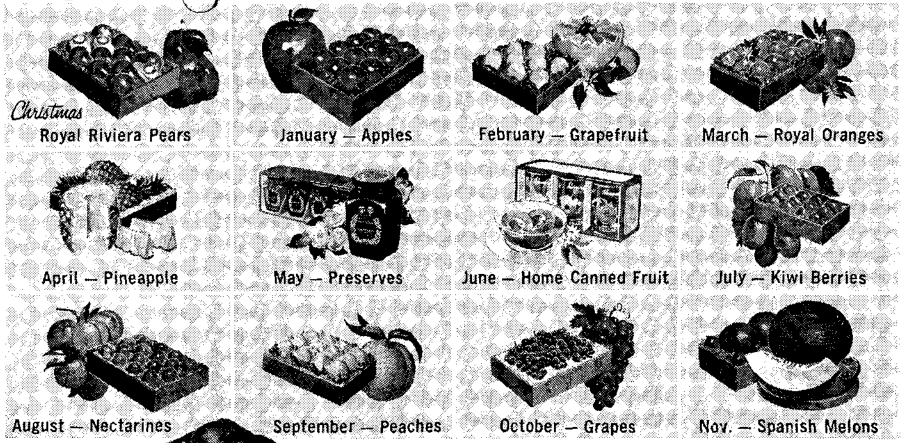
—WINTHROP SARGEANT

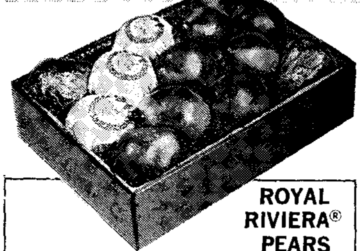
•

Walter J. Nickel, the Secretary of the Interior, noted that he has been described as an "oil man."
now am really both an oil
But, he said this week, "I
man and a coal man . . . and
a fish man and . . . wildlife . . .
—*The Times.*

It isn't what you are, it's what the *Times* says you are.

Fruit-of-the-Month Club® from 'way out in Oregon





ROYAL RIVIERA® PEARS

So juicy they'll eat 'em with a spoon! Handsome gifts you'll never hear the end of! Perfect arrival guaranteed.

GIFT NO. 1 (10-14 Huge Pears).... $5.95 *delv'd*
GIFT NO. 2 (16-20 Whoppers)......$7.45 *delv'd*
GIFT NO. 3 (20-25 Smaller Pears)..$6.95 *delv'd*

A dozen dazzling gifts – all year

You never SAW 'em so big or TASTED 'em so good. Only 1 person in 1000 ever gets such impressive, exciting gifts. You'll get thanks and praise all year from the lucky folks you name. They'll receive a sumptuous Gift Box every month, each with your greetings.

3-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 111, only $15⁹⁵ *delv'd*
Surprise 'em with gorgeous Gift Boxes for Christmas, January and February!

8-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 151, only $39⁹⁵ *delv'd*
Delight 'em to pieces, again 'n again – Christmas, Jan., Feb., May., Aug., Sept., Oct., and November!

12-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 201, only $64⁹⁵ *delv'd*
A Gift Box every month, all year around!

FULLY GUARANTEED

Harry and David®
Box J-420 Medford, Oregon 97501

Easy to Order: Send list of names plus check or money order. (No stamps or C.O.D.'s) Tell us how to sign greetings. Everything's beautifully packaged.

©1969 H&D

swervy curvy topsy turvy tipsy skipsy doodle

A great activity toy for indoors and outdoors—fun and good exercise too. Watch your kids teeter and rock, crawl over and under, balance and sway, even watch TV in it. It's so excitingly different you have to see it used to fully appreciate it.

The All-Day Toy
by Blazon®

Available at F.A.O. Schwarz, Macy's, Gimbels, Bloomingdale's, Gertz, Stern's, Bamberger's and other leading toy and department stores.

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.

Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.

For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner
Banquet Facilities

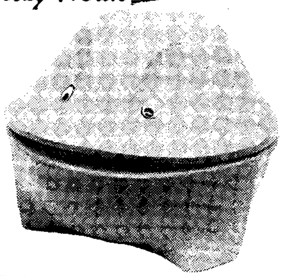
IN THE HEART OF B'WAY AND THEATRE DISTRICT
200 W. 44 ST. • 524-4707

- IMPERIAL, 935 LEX. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
- GOURMET 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
- EAST, 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930

FLUSHING • SUNNYSIDE
QUEENS (ELMHURST)

Holiday House

Frog Box



This was designed to be a toy box – but it's so cute there's no telling where you'll find it being used – as a cooler for ice, a catchall? Great green molded frog is 18" x 21" with hinged lid. **$15.00**
Mail orders shipped promptly (west of Miss. add $1.00)

Holiday House 11 Bellevue Theatre Bldg.
Upper Montclair, N. J. 07043

Apollo
Moon-Landing

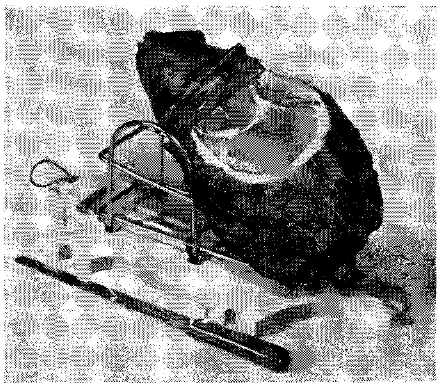
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA FIRST ON THE MOON
THE 20TH OF JULY 1969

Commemorative
Plate

The triumph of man's first steps on the moon, is shown in superlative detail! This beautiful decorative plate, cobalt blue on brilliant white porcelain, is our exclusive import from Denmark. A collectors' item, a unique gift, a splendid heirloom for generations to come. 8″ diameter, ready to mount for hanging. **$13.50.**

On mail and phone orders add correct
Sales tax plus $1.00 for shipping.

NORSK Dept. N1
114 East 57th Street, New York 10022 • PL 2-3111
SILVER • JEWELRY • CRYSTAL • PORCELAIN
PEWTER • TEAK • RUGS



Tasteful Gift

For people who have just about everything, what could be more appropriate than a Broadbent & Bingham registered Kentucky Country Ham? We guarantee unvarying quality and flavor because we do everything ourselves—from raising our own hogs to curing and smoking our hams the old-fashioned sassafras way. Delight your special friends by giving or serving this famous Kentucky delicacy for Christmas. Each ham is registered for absolute quality control. Guaranteed or your money back.

Write for descriptive brochure or send check for size ham desired: Uncooked weight—Apx. 11 lbs. $16.50; Apx. 13 lbs. $19.50; Apx. 15 lbs. $22.50. Add $2.50 for shipping, or $7.50* for shipping and cooking. Ham rack and knife, $15.

Smith & Barry

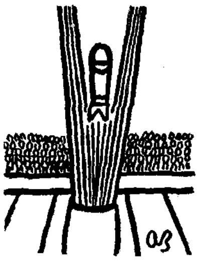
PRIDE OF TRIGG COUNTY KENTUCKY
BROADBENT'S
B&B BINGHAM'S
REGISTERED KENTUCKY COUNTRY HAM

Broadbent-Bingham
Kentucky Food Products, Inc.
Dept. NY, P. O. Box 6108
Louisville, Ky. 40206

*$3.50 & $8.50 west of Mississippi.

FOOTBALL

Raising Players for Fun and Profit



BEFORE this sees print, Yale and Dartmouth, the best two exhibits of confidence and competence in this year's Ivy League, will have wound up their careers, and plenty of other squads will have followed suit, but there is still work to be done this weekend—by Army and Navy and so on—and for a long time after that by the professionals. Army and Navy being as fragmented as they are, their match will decide little beyond what is established fact—that the stadium in Philadelphia is the most uncomfortable habitation in the trade. Yes, there is work to be done not only *by* but *on* Army and Navy, and the same goes for the Jets and the Giants. Pro football is show business, or circus business, or—if you like—bread-and-circus business, and Sonny Werblin, who held the basic patent on the invention that turned out to be the Jets, should never have been allowed to escape from it. It was Werblin who invented, or overinvented, Namath; deprived of his Jets, Werblin turned to flat racing, and this season invented Silent Screen, who, the last time I looked, had collected $397,966. Let Werblin run show business. Or maybe just the Giants. Lombardi, a firmly based story goes, could have now been in charge of the Giants had he been proffered a bit of stock (a piece of the action, or, to judge by current results, the inaction), but the Redskins got him, and under his jurisdiction another Sonny—Jurgensen—was tossing off passes worth three hundred and thirty-eight yards on the recent Sunday I had a look at him. Jurgensen is an old man, and a great one, but he is only approximately half the age of Benny Friedman (University of Michigan backfield, ret.; New York Giants backfield, ret.). Friedman is *really* too old to play, but he is not too old to instruct. Boys' life in summer camp has changed since Friedman began running off six-day seminars from Maine to California (song cue) in the art of passing a football and not getting hurt in the process—an art with which a plenitude of professional quarterbacks are not totally familiar. Let him commence with the Giants' Tarkenton, a handy piece of

FRENCH BENCH

From our collection of interesting seats

Very French . . . very beautiful . . . our Directoire Bench done in pale French mahogany (acajou). A replica of the unique original, with a most comfortable saddle seat and handsome ormulu mounts on both sides. Can be used in so many places. Shown here in a breathtaking olive green Scalamandrè crushed silk velvet. Also available in other colors and in black or gold woven linen. Available in antiqued fruitwood. 14″x 19″x 17″ high. $135

F.O.B. New York City. Add $8 crating charge beyond normal delivery area.

Lloyds has been called one of the most unusual shops in New York . . . and for good reason. This is one of those rare places where you can browse to your heart's content through a wonderful collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and estate pieces. Your own sense of good taste will be pleased . . . your sense of values will be delighted . . . and you'll find the things you want most to live with. Stop in soon.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

A WREATH OF RED PEPPERS FOR CHRISTMAS

Tired of holly? Bored with mistletoe? Decorate your home this year with a wreath of genuine chile pepper pods ripened to ruby red in the Southwestern sun. The only Christmas wreath you can eat! Free cookbook telling you how to prepare best chile and Spanish dishes with each wreath. No one in your town will have a holiday decoration like it. Large wreath (18″ diameter), with about 100 chile peppers, postpaid, with cookbook: $7.50

The OLD MEXICO SHOP
Patio 51, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501

KEY BISCAYNE FLORIDA 33149
Royal Biscayne
A SHERATON HOTEL
1500 ft. beach, pools, tennis pro, award dining, entertainment. See Travel Agent or Sheraton Reserv. Off.
N.Y CH 4-0700

This Khalabar will simply not allow festivities to end!

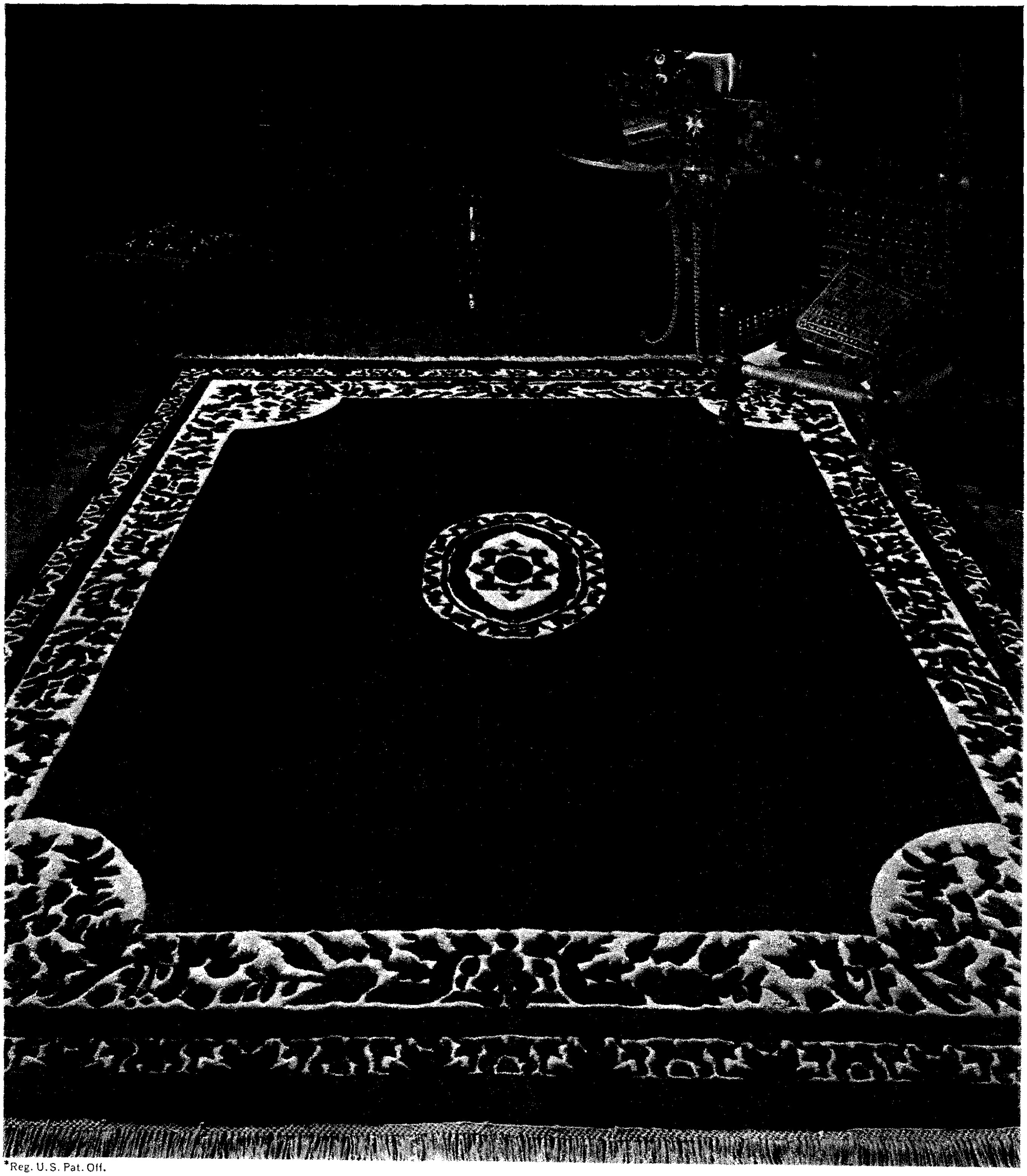
This is the carpet that begins to glow when you get it and then glows and glows. Isn't it just like the legendary Khalabar* to spring to such gorgeous life on your floors every day of the year?

How real are the pleasures of this genuine India handmade Khalabar. Its pure long-life wool invites you to touch, stroke, walk on, sink into. Its crimson depths are as lustrous as only our own special dyes can make them. Its hand-carving gives a light-and-shadows sculptured dimension.

But, if you think this great elegance will pall when the poinsettias are no longer in bloom, you don't know Khalabar. Get to know and love this hand-woven carpet now . . . such beauty is truly a joy forever. You'll find Khalabar (Bengali* and Chindia* too), at a fine store near you.

Look for the distinctive gold and black medallion – it's your assurance that your selection is *genuine* . . . a Pande, Cameron original. And send for our full-color illustrated booklet of India hand-woven carpets . . . just 50¢ to

PANDE, CAMERON AND COMPANY OF NEW YORK,
295 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016.



*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

This is a love story.

The year was 1948.

In a rented building outside of Stuttgart, Germany, an old man, his son and a dozen workers began building an automobile.

After a lifetime of designing cars for other people, this one would be the first to bear his name.

Three years later Professor Ferdinand Porsche was dead. But he'd left behind, in his son, the determination to build great cars.

Today, Porsches are still made in Stuttgart. And Porsches are still made by Porsches.

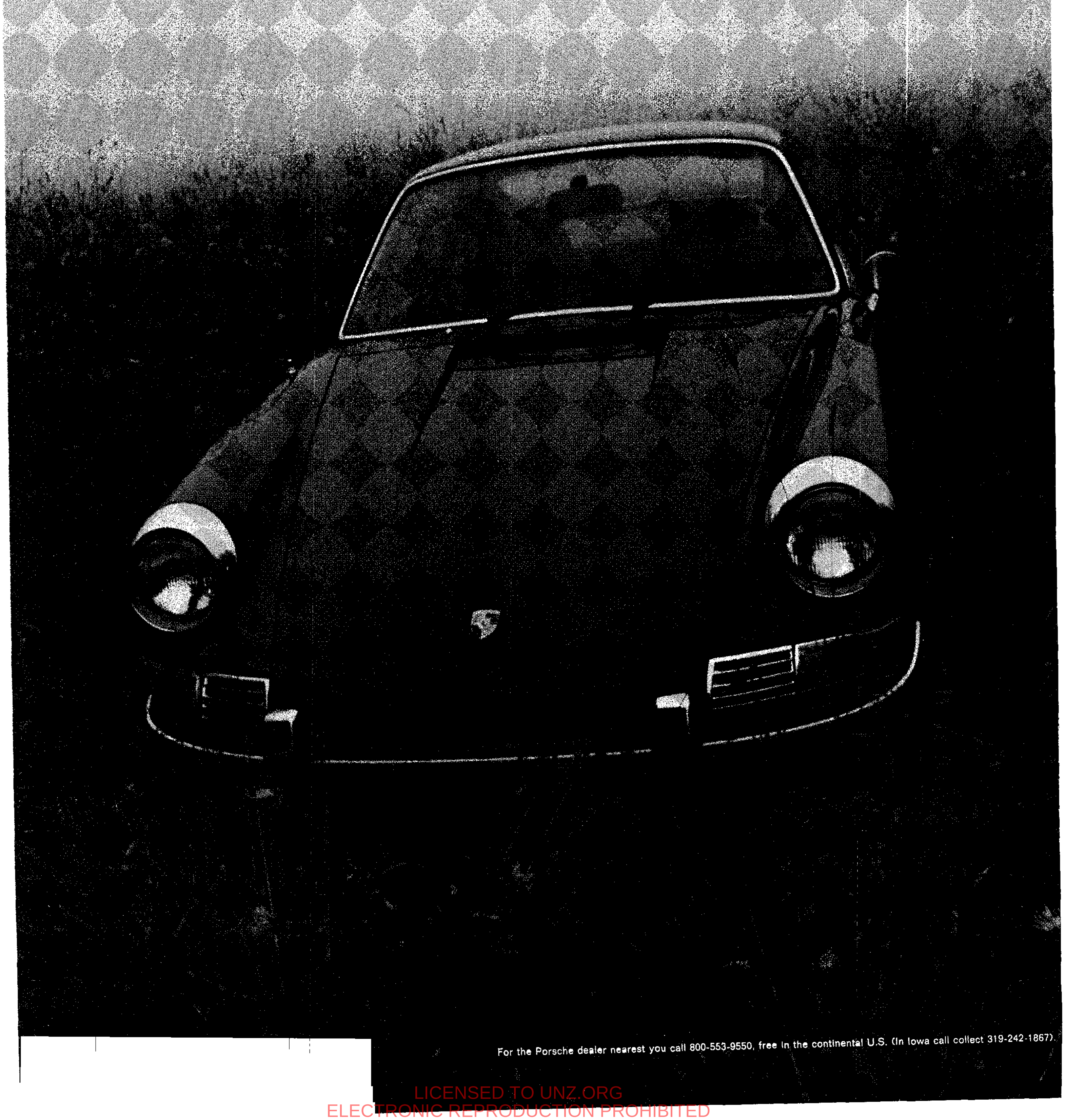
Ferry, the son who worked on the 1948 car with his father, works on the 1970 cars with his sons.

Butzi, who designs them. Peter, who's in charge of production. And Wolfgang, who'll learn the business from the bottom up.

The generations have changed. And so have the cars. But one thing has stayed the same.

The love that went into the first Porsche over 21 years ago goes into every Porsche that's made today.

PORSCHE®



For the Porsche dealer nearest you call 800-553-9550, free in the continental U.S. (In Iowa call collect 319-242-1867).

material. This fall, Friedman was on duty at the training camp of the Dallas Cowboys, who simply must end their season as the best pro team of the year; Friedman served as inspector general of the quarterback squad. Next summer, at the boys' camps, he said from his office on East Fifty-seventh Street (when maybe he should have been up at Yankee Stadium with the Giants), he will be teaching, in addition, the correlation between quarterbacks and their receivers, and between the receivers and the players set to cover them. *Ars longa, vita breve* for those who go from the universities into another sort of calling; for young men who intend to grow into twenty-thousand-dollar quarterbacks, a benefit.

But can matters get out of hand? Already there is minor-league competition for Friedman. Beaters working the bush beyond the Hudson have discovered camps in Sullivan County and one just outside Monticello. The process of getting fresh performers to market is being accelerated by the coaches of high schools, who forward docketed résumés of their best young men to campuses rife with athletic scholarships—résumés docketed with television tapes and movie clips. Athletic scholarships *do* grow on trees, and there will be more: the Wisconsin legislature has just voted two hundred and eighty of them (no fees, free tuition), to improve the box office at Madison. Whither, after the scholarships are distributed and used up? Well, the National League is not a solid-state but a big-bang universe; it cannot be long before still another bewildering division is activated—the Deep South Division, at a guess, to include Bangor, Nome, Juneau, and Hilo. I keep trying to think—yes, I do—that all this is all to the good. —J. W. L.

•

THE CONFESSION

You have no name, intimate crime,
Into which I might plunge my hand.
Your knives have entered many
    pillows,
But you leave nothing behind.

Dressed in the silence you were
    sworn to,
You passed without recognition.
No door holds you, no mirror;
I am the lone witness.

You have escaped into smoke,
Into the dark mouths of tunnels.
Once in the streets you were safe,
You were one among many.
—DONALD JUSTICE

GIVE A PAPER BAG LAMP FOR CHRISTMAS.
Don't try stuffing it in a stocking, however. Unusually gift boxed, you get seven 11" x 15" flame resistant bags. Six are already designed in yellow, white, red, blue, olive, and black. The seventh bag is blank. We provide this one for "Creative Types". The lamp is easily assembled by placing one of the bags over the 11" x 18" white metal frame provided. (Collapsible for easy storage in the sturdy gift box.) Also provided is a socket which takes a 75 watt bulb. George Kovacs plays Santa with the price. It's only $9.95.

THE PAPER BAG LAMP

SEND 25c FOR OUR NEW CATALOG. Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited.
On mail orders add $1.50 postage.
GEORGE KOVACS
Dept. N-122, 831 Madison Ave., 69th St., N. Y. 10021, UN 1-8955, Open 10-6, Mon.-Sat.

GUATEMALA
We have everything . . . .
but YOU!

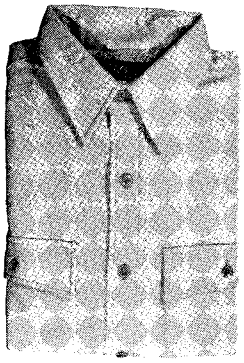
Wonderful climate, superb scenery.
Pre Colombian, Spanish Colonial
and contemporary Indian traditions
More than we can mention here.
See it all with CLARK TOURS.

MAYAN INN
The world renowned hostelry in the
relaxed, refreshing highlands.
Comfort and personal attention in a
Spanish Colonial setting.
Brochures:
CLARK TOURS of Guatemala
P.O. Box 591, Guatemala City, C. A.
or 331 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

MAYA SAFARI
to the realm of the Ancient Maya
in Guatemala's Petén river—jungle.
Archeology, Sportfishing, Birdwatching,
Hunting.
Write now for brochure:
SAKBE of Guatemala
3a. Ave. 14-64, Guatemala City 1, C. A.
or 331 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

MONSIGNORE
ELEGANT CONTINENTAL CUISINE
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
STROLLING VIOLINISTS—CHARGE CLUBS
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070

Bean's Chamois Cloth Shirt
For Men and Women



Sueded cotton. Looks and feels like high grade chamois leather. Machine washable and is more durable than wool. Mr. Bean personally used this shirt on his hunting and fishing trips. Colors: Tan and Bright Red. Men's sizes: 14½ to 19. Price $7.50 postpaid. Ladies sizes 10 to 20. Price $7.25 postpaid.

☐ Send Free Catalog
Ship ________ Men's Chamois Cloth Shirts @ $7.50
Size ________ Color ________
Ship ________ Ladies Chamois Cloth Shirts @ $7.25
Size ________ Color ________
Name ________
Address ________
________ Zip ________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
363 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Hunting, Fishing and Camping Specialties

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(*All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes originally appeared in this magazine.*)

A Roomful of Hovings, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95*).

A Profile, in many scenes, of our local Renaissance man Thomas P. F. Hoving, at present director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, together with reports on a number of other free spirits—Temple Fielding, travel tipster; Euell Gibbons, stalker of wild foods; Robert Twynam, keeper of the lawns at Wimbledon; and fifty-two M.I.T. Fellows in Africa—who have been able to go their own private or adventurous ways without sidestepping the twentieth century.

The Long-Winded Lady, by Maeve Brennan (*Morrow, $6*).

Miss Brennan, indefatigable naturalist of the side street and the half-empty restaurant, presents her scrupulous and reflective field notes, taken as she wanders—eyes, ears, and heart open—through our city.

Scattered Returns, by L. E. Sissman (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.75*).

The voice is composed and clear. The themes are love and war and life and death. There are twenty-five poems, of assorted weights and all previously uncollected.

Darwin and the Beagle, by Alan Moorehead (*Harper & Row, $15*).

The education of Charles Darwin, who boarded H.M.S. Beagle as ship's naturalist at the age of twenty-three in order to prove the fundamental truths of Christian doctrine, and left it five years later with much of the evidence for "The Origin of Species." Using Darwin's own journals and letters and the records of his shipmates and acquaintances, Mr. Moorehead reports on the round-the-world voyage of the Beagle from 1831 to 1836, on Darwin's frequent trips ashore, and on the specimens of various kinds that he found and classified along the way. Many illustrations, in color and black-and-white.

A Stronger Climate, by R. Prawer Jhabvala (*Norton, $4.95*).

Nine ironic stories of present-day India. In many of them, impulsive and romantic left-over Anglo-Saxons can be seen stepping gingerly (but seldom gingerly enough) among guileless and romantic Indians.

A Political Life, by Nat Hentoff (*Knopf, $6.95*).

Mr. Hentoff has been keeping an admiring but not uncritical eye on John Vliet Lindsay—at Gracie Mansion, in City Hall, and all over the place. This Profile is also an account of these last four turbulent, strike-ridden years, during which the Mayor tried, with mixed success, to break down the idea that our city is no longer living or livable.

In the Middle of the Fields, by Mary Lavin (*Macmillan, $4.95*).

The setting for these six stories is the Irish countryside. The theme is love—love lost and remembered, love recurring, and the surges of love that suddenly intrude into the most unlikely situations.

The Life in the Studio, by Nancy Hale (*Little, Brown, $5.95*).

A family portrait composed of Miss Hale's memories of her parents, both of them distinguished painters, and of her own childhood in a small suburb of Boston—and composed also of her discoveries about her mother and father from clues they let slip, and of feelings and experiences that extended way beyond the family circle. There are two studios here, and three lives, and a tremendous measure of affection all around.

The O'Hara Generation, by John O'Hara (*Random House, $6.95*).

Twenty-two short stories selected from the more than two hundred and fifty that have appeared in O'Hara collections since 1935. Their progenitor "has approved their selection," the editor tells us.

Casualties of War, by Daniel Lang (*McGraw-Hill, $4.50*).

On November 18, 1966, a group of American soldiers on special patrol in Vietnam abducted a Vietnamese girl and then raped and murdered her. This book, much of it in the words of a non-participating member of the patrol, is a report on the crime and on the trials that followed it, and on the universal and insupportable burdens of combat.

Barnett Frummer Is an Unbloomed Flower, by Calvin Trillin (*Viking, $4.50*).

A series of edged parables about the doomed quest of Barnett Frummer for the hand (or even the momentary attention) of Rosalie Mondle, a distant Diana of the With-It woodlands.

What's Left, by Berton Roueché (*Little, Brown, $5.95*).

Pilgrimages to eight of the sadly dwindling number of places in America where the wildlife and natural beauty have so far escaped the meddlesomeness of man. Participant as well as reporter in each instance, Mr. Roueché, among other adventures, was able to take a long walk by himself along the towpath of the old Chesapeake & Ohio Canal and to go wild ricing with the local Indians on a Minnesota lake without in any way disturbing the local ecology.

Apollo on the Moon, by Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr. (*Dial, $4.50*).

A report that amounts to a full scenario for a lunar landing. Mr. Cooper discusses the activities of the scientists and technicians concerned, as well as those of the astronauts, as he picks his way through MSC, NASA, ALSEP, RTG, SIDE, LM/LRV, and other monograms of their brave new world.

In and Out of Never-Never Land, by Maeve Brennan (*Scribners, $5.95*).

Twenty-two short stories, some in the guise of casual essays or personal reminiscence. The settings are small houses near a beach in East Hampton or in the suburbs of Dublin. The heroines are a Dublin wife, a Dublin mother, and a Labrador retriever who has no trouble calling her soul her own.

Allen Ginsberg in America, by Jane Kramer (*Random House, $4.95*).

A Profile of the peripatetic laureate and guru of a whole generation of the young and disaffected—a man capable of returning their devotion and always ready with a little help for his friends.

The Complete Poems, by Elizabeth Bishop (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.50*).

A festival of Bishop. To this volume of verse that she has published over the past thirty years or so Miss Bishop has added a set of translations from the Portuguese and a liberal handful of poems that have never before appeared between hard covers.

Whitmore, by Fred C. Shapiro (*Bobbs-Merrill, $5*).

On April 24, 1964, a young Negro named George Whitmore was picked up by the Brooklyn police for attempted rape and was later charged with the murders of Emily Hoffert and Janice Wylie, to which he confessed under duress and out of confusion. This book is an account of the years he spent in and out of courtrooms and behind bars before the impossibility of the charge became clear, and an account, too, of the efforts of those who tried to convict him and those who tried to help him—among the latter the author.

Artworks and Packages, by Harold Rosenberg (*Horizon, $17.50*).

A set of critical essays on the artists, past and present—Jackson Pollock, Claes Oldenburg, Willem de Kooning, Paul Klee, Joseph Cornell, and Saul Steinberg among them—who have helped to close the gap between art and objects of entertainment or information. Mr. Rosenberg also includes a report on a visit he made to the Soviet Union in 1967, and reviews of exhibitions at galleries and museums around town. Many reproductions, in color and black-and-white.

Audubon: A Vision, by Robert Penn Warren (*Random House, $4*).

A sequence of poems inspired by the life of the great ornithologist and painter. Some of them first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

Bankers, Bones, and Beetles, by Geoffrey Hellman (*Natural History Press, $5.95*).

A history of the American Museum of Natural History upon the occasion of its hundredth birthday last April. For his report on founders, financiers, politicians, scientists, and guests of the management of this treasure house of bones and beetles, Mr. Hellman has assembled many anecdotes and choice specimens of intramural and intercuratorial correspondence.

The Collected Stories of Peter Taylor (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10*).

A selection of twenty-one stories from among all those that Mr. Taylor has published over the past thirty years or so. The settings, for the most part, are in the South; the themes, for the most part, are universal; and several of the stories have not appeared in any of his previous collections.

Levels of the Game, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.50*).

A double Profile centered on a tournament semifinal at Forest Hills. The players are Arthur Ashe (black, of West Point and Richmond, Virginia) and Clark Graebner (white, of Cleveland and the suburban good life), both members of our Davis Cup team. Mr. McPhee watches the match—and the lives and thoughts of the two athletes—with such intensity that serves, volleys, and lobs are transformed into the dialogue of a moral drama.

Time Out of Hand, by Robert Shaplen (*Harper & Row, $8.95*).

A collection of reports from our correspondent in Southeast Asia. Indonesia, Malaysia, Singapore, the Philippines, Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, South Vietnam, and North Vietnam are the countries covered. The news, for the most part, is rather discouraging, but there are bright and hopeful spots here and there.

The Collected Stories of Jean Stafford (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10*).

A repository of Miss Stafford's Bad Characters (and a sprinkling of Good Ones). This volume contains almost all the stories she has published.

The Fear of Crime, by Richard Harris (*Praeger, $4.95*).

A report on the stormy passage of the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, which was sponsored and pushed through Congress by Senator McClellan, of Arkansas, in order to overturn the Miranda decision and other decisions of the Supreme Court designed to protect the rights of suspects in criminal actions. ("I think this is the worst bill I have ever seen since I have been a member of the Senate."—Senator Yarborough, of Texas.)

The Love Object, by Edna O'Brien (*Knopf, $4.95*).

Eight stories of great emotional expectations and rather skimpy emotional returns. The settings are London or rural Ireland.

Living-Room War, by Michael J. Arlen (*Viking, $5.95*).

Impressions of our turbulent life and times as recorded on the television screen and as influenced by the television camera. Mr. Arlen has included a couple of reports on trips he made to Vietnam and to the Democratic Convention in Chicago to see for himself events that turned his own living room into a chamber of horrors.

A Set of Variations, by Frank O'Connor (*Knopf, $6.95*).

A collection of twenty-seven short stories that Mr. O'Connor wrote between 1957 and his death, in 1966. In an introduction by his widow, he is quoted as saying, "I can't write about something I don't admire. It goes back to the old concept of the celebration: you celebrate the hero, an idea." This volume, then, can be considered a celebration of its author and of his ideas about men and women and their meaning for themselves and each other, which made his stories great.

Business Adventures, by John Brooks (*Weybright & Talley, $10*).

Mr. Brooks, continuing to investigate finance and financiers, here presents some new reports, along with a few previously collected, on the far from simple annals of the rich.

Walking to Sleep, by Richard Wilbur (*Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95*).

"You, whoever you are,/If you want to walk with me you must step lively" (page 29). You'll never catch up with him, though. Not a chance. This volume of lyrics, all new, is Mr. Wilbur's first collection in eight years.

The Dead Sea Scrolls, 1947-69, by Edmund Wilson (*Oxford, $6.50*).

Mr. Wilson has added a great deal of new material to "The Scrolls from the Dead Sea," which first appeared in this magazine fourteen years ago. This material includes an account of academic and theological bickering and hanky-panky over the interpretation of scrolls recently discovered in the Dead Sea caves, and a report on his own visit to Israel and Jordan in 1967 to talk with scholars there and to bring himself (and the rest of us) up to date on the discoveries.

Come Back If It Doesn't Get Better, by Penelope Gilliatt (*Random House, $5.95*).

An eminent old couple submitting to a point-missing interviewer, a philosopher and linguist at home on a Sunday with his houseparty milling about him, and a comedy team that should not have broken up but has are among the characters on display in this collection of short stories. Most of the people are English, and each of them is one of a kind.

Counterplot, by Edward Jay Epstein (*Viking, $4.95*).

An investigation into the investigations of District Attorney Jim Garrison, of New Orleans, and into his efforts, which came to nothing, to pin a charge of conspiracy in the assassination of President Kennedy on a number of his constituents.

The Voices, by Joseph Wechsberg (*Doubleday, $3.95*).

The voices, firm and courageous, are those that Mr. Wechsberg, at home in Vienna, heard over the Czechoslovakian underground radio during the Russian invasion of 1968. The voices finally faded out; the spirit behind them has not.

With Bold Knife and Fork, by M. F. K. Fisher (*Putnam, $7.95*).

Mrs. Fisher continues to set down her recollections of the food she has cooked or sampled, and of the company she has kept, at home in California and all over the map. Her memoirs are liberally dotted with recipes—over a hundred and forty of them.

The Big Little Man from Brooklyn, by St. Clair McKelway (*Houghton Mifflin, $4.95*).

A record of the many artful and dedicated impostures, under many aliases, of the late Stanley Clifford Weyman, a chipper fellow whose spirit was broken only when he was occasionally unmasked. Along with the biography of his protean hero, Mr. McKelway has included a selection of shorter reports on a selection of somewhat less flamboyant eccentrics.

Twenty-eight Stories, by Frances Gray Patton (*Dodd, Mead, $7.50*).

Mrs. Patton's collected tales of domestic affection and tranquillity in the South are now back in print.

As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning, by Laurie Lee (*Atheneum, $5.95*).

A year in the life of a poet. When Mr. Lee was nineteen, back in the late thirties, he left England for Spain. In this memoir he recalls how he wandered on foot from the slums of one city to the next, subsisting on what he could pick up as a street musician, and taking part in the Goyaesque activities—feverish, beautiful, and awful—of a country on the brink of civil war. Drawings by Leonard Rosoman.

The New Yorker Book of Poems (*Viking, $10*).

Nine hundred poems selected by the editors from all the poetry that has appeared in these pages since 1925.

from Scotland-
antartex
SHEEPSKIN

No. 23: $205.oo
in white curly

All sizes (S.R.T.) men and women—23 styles, 14 colours—from $90.00. Can be ordered made to measure. Also available in Antartex sheepskin—slippers, boots, hats, rugs, etc. Handmade knitwear. By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond, Scotland, suppliers to the Trans-Antarctic Expeditions.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS
New York City: 139 E. 76th St. (at Lex) LE 5-9079
14 W. 55th St. (at 5th) 765-1455
Greenwich, Conn: 120 Greenwich, 661-5788
Cambridge, Mass: 50 Boylston, Harvard Sq., 868-6083
Chicago: Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St., (E. W. Tollway to 31) 232-4434
Lake Forest, Ill., Robertson's, 240 E. Deerpath
Minneapolis, Minn: 920 Nicollet Mall, 339-1276

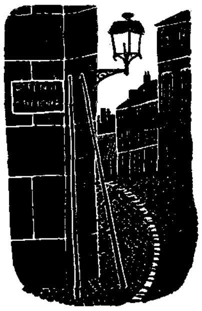
● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

For your FREE catalogue and real sheepskin samples send this with your name and address to:—
ANTARTEX SHOP AND WAREHOUSE, 120 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Conn. 06830. Tel: 203-661-5788

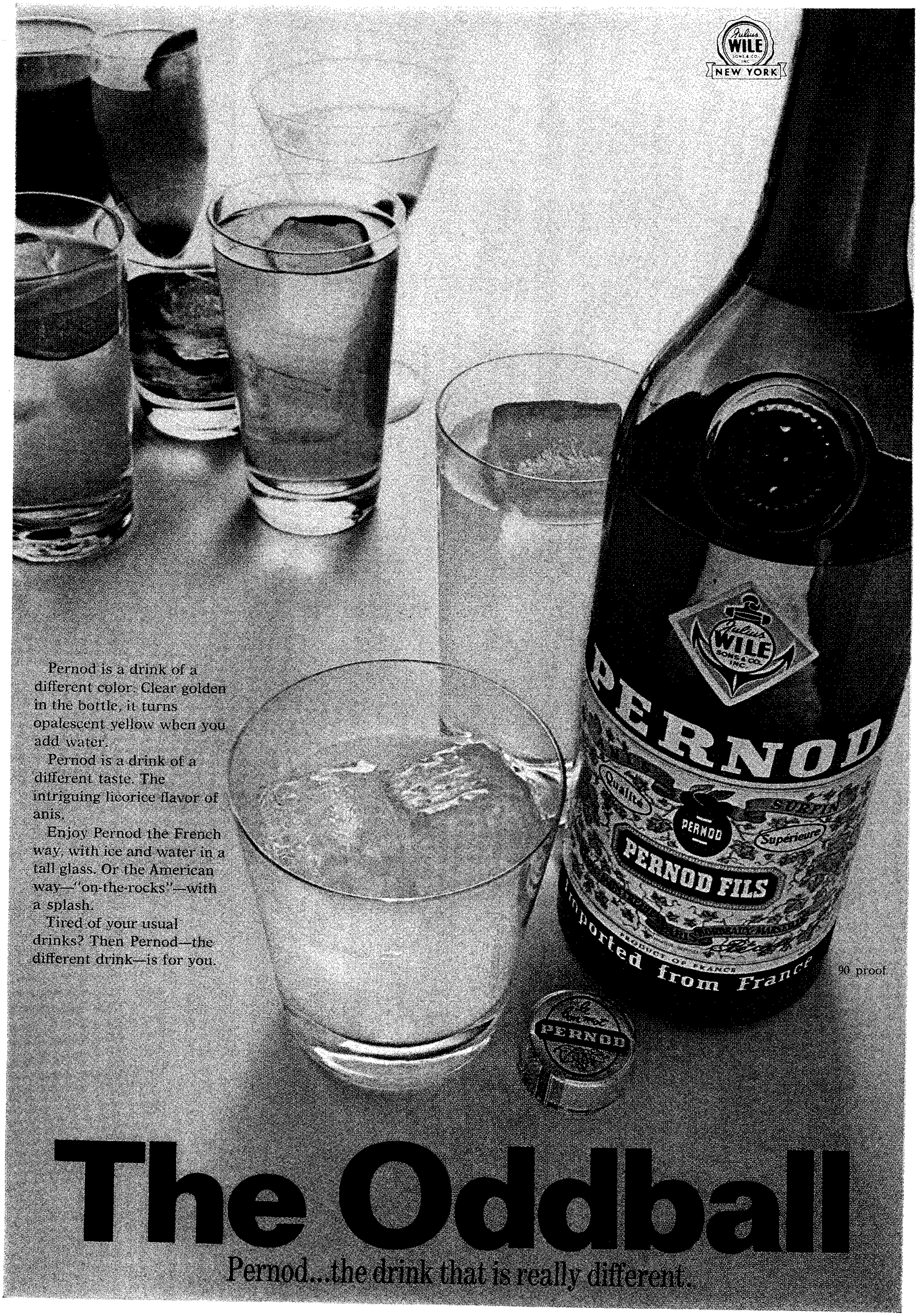
LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 18

THOSE Americans here who last Friday wished to observe in advance the recent second moratorium against the Vietnam war—the regular moratorium day had long been scheduled for Saturday, with a march from the Halles to the Bastille by thousands of French leftists drawn from among the Communists, the General Labor Confederation, the National French Students' Union, and the United Socialists—were a lonely lot as they gathered matinally in the pleasant, leaf-strewn garden of the American Embassy before going in to sign their peace petitions. On the garden path, an Embassy official informed them that they could neither enter nor remain in the garden in groups of more than ten citizens. Asked why, he said that because Paris was still host to the weekly peace conferences at the Hotel Majestic, any sizable peace-minded group on Embassy property was considered "not appropriate." Certainly the Embassy garden had been overrun during President Nixon's visit here last March, when the center of Paris was turned into a regular Franco-American anti-Nixon peace rally. On Friday, about thirty American men, mostly young, standing on the sidewalk outside the Embassy were suddenly hustled into police vans and taken to the station house for identification, some of them not being liberated until dawn the next day. Such raids on sedentary human beings or passersby have become so multiple in Paris that *Le Monde* on Tuesday printed a sharp reprimand titled, in irony, "*Grandes Manœuvres*," saying, in part, "The government had the right to forbid demonstrations for peace in Vietnam"—and a lot of good it did, since the leftist parades were held anyway—"just as the government has the right to keep order in the streets of Paris. But even a legitimate end does not justify all the means." It went on, "Is so-called 'preventive questioning,' such as demanding identification without cause, even legal? The questioning of women for the simple reason that they are wives (though themselves not engaged politically) of militants, even of leftists, is, in any case, unworthy of a democratic regime. It brings back many unpleasant memories"—meaning of the German Occupation here. The article continued, "The police pickups of young, perfectly peaceful passersby of both sexes, which happened in certain Paris districts even though the parades were long since finished, are no less inadmissible. Even more scandalous were the police insults, the conditions of incarceration, and the liberation of detained persons in the middle of the night and in the middle of the forest of Vincennes. One or two more operations of this sort and the police will forfeit any understanding they may have regained among the Paris population since last year"—meaning since police brutalities in the student riots had begun to fade from people's memories. In New York, the citizens on the streets are in danger from the criminals. Here, of late, the citizens on the streets are in a kind of possible danger from the French police.



IT is the beautiful long, clinging, voluptuous 1913 Paris gowns worn in the first act of Jean Anouilh's "Cher Antoine," at the Comédie des Champs-Élysées, that furnish the play's dramatic *frisson*—such as the black satin costume whose floor-length skirt traces, en route, the sculptural line of the grieving widow's thighs, to fall in devotion and perfect dressmaking at her feet, shod in delicate patent-leather high shoes, while atop her blond head she wears a large, emotional black picture hat. Surrounded by her almost equally chic Paris friends, all of them in the past, if only from time to time, as intimate with her late husband as she herself was, she is oddly gathered together with them in a small Bavarian castle where Antoine, a supposed former prince of Paris dramatists, had several years previously hidden himself, without excuse, in retirement, and where he has just died while mishandling his favorite hunting gun—a writer, as one Paris critic succinctly stated, who had been "adulated like Rostand, now dead in a dubious accident like Hemingway." They are all there in answer to a posthumous invitation sent by Antoine himself to attend the reading of his will, which is spoken aloud, in his own voice, on an old-fashioned wax roll issuing from a démodé gramophone horn (a dramatic device borrowed from Sartre's play "Les Séquestrés d'Altona"). Nor do they learn anything from his testament except what they already knew and are already busy discussing: how much


Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.
NEW YORK
PERNOD
Qualité
Superieure
PERNOD FILS
Product of France
Imported from France
PERNOD

Pernod is a drink of a different color. Clear golden in the bottle, it turns opalescent yellow when you add water.

Pernod is a drink of a different taste. The intriguing licorice flavor of anis.

Enjoy Pernod the French way, with ice and water in a tall glass. Or the American way—"on-the-rocks"—with a splash.

Tired of your usual drinks? Then Pernod—the different drink—is for you.

90 proof

The Oddball

Pernod...the drink that is really different.

How to be a feudal king (without losing your humility)

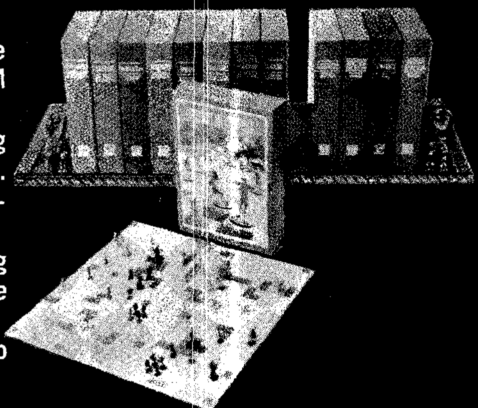
Sound the trumpets to arms! That's the battle cry of Feudal—an exciting new 3M Bookshelf Game of legendary kingdoms.

Suddenly you become a feudal King waging a medieval war with your friends. With military tactics and chess-like maneuvers you battle to the death.

Each army is secretly deployed, making every battle a new challenge to outwit the enemy and lay seige to the castle.

Feudal is but one of the many ways to enjoy a "play-in" with 3M® Brand Bookshelf Games. Designed for thinking adults *and alert youngsters, each game is a test* of skill and strategy. And each comes in a compact leather-like case. Together they make a handsome set of volumes for your bookshelf. Look for the complete library at gift and department stores.

P.S. Play like a pro without losing your amateur standing. Choose from the full line-up of 3M® Brand Sports Games.



If you've got a bookshelf . . . you've got a game room. **3M COMPANY**

© 1969, 3M Co., St. Paul, Minn. 55101

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they will miss him, his charm, his infidelities, his various conceits and egotisms—all the persistent verdancies of his person and life on which they have vicariously fed over the years, like locusts. Actually, the whole import of the play is contained in this first act, though it is repeated twice in the second act's two scenes, and is also contained in the play's subtitle, "L'Amour Raté" ("The Failure of Love"). From the chorused conversation of his posthumous guests, it becomes clear that they realize they have been summoned to concentrate on him for one last, dramatic time, as a way of extending by a few hours the essences of his life, and as an oblation to his monumental ego—all of them who had once loved him. But, as they remark, whom did he ever truly love? Present in this château résumé are the youngish second wife, now the official widow, who scrupulously adored him and bored him; his divorced first wife, an actress coeval with Bernhardt (of whom Françoise Rosay does a ripe, wonderful takeoff, played with rich spite and simulated rheumatic pains); a shadowy love from his Latin Quarter days (played by Madeleine Ozeray), accompanied by a glum youth who is certainly his son; and a young Bavarian girl whom age had prevented him from adding to his list. As for the men, there is mainly a Sorbonne professor who perhaps acted as a mentor—so scantly plumbed a part that it is thrown away in chatter by the great Pierre Bertin, finest character actor in France. This scene is very interesting, representing that first human reaction of candor and truth, like a funeral wreath of words, about the departed.

In Act II's two scenes, Antoine has come back to life disguised as himself (Anouilh is known for his fascination with disguises), but in a Pirandellian state that confuses many of the Comédie des Champs-Élysées listeners until they realize that everything sounds, if it does not look, fairly familiar. In a magnificent full-skirted plaid silk dressing gown, and as a former expert dramatist, dear Antoine is now listening to his assembled friends awkwardly ad-libbing (at his request) what they have to say about him, for truth is what he thinks he wants. Discouraged, in the second scene he feeds them, often in a whisper, his rewritten lines, including his cynical asides on playwrights generally (among them Shakespeare and Molière) after the dangerous age of fifty (Anouilh himself is fifty-nine) and his unprofound comments on man's

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

Special Christmas Rates

$10.00 for the first one year subscription (your own or gift)

$7.00 for each additional one year subscription

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $1.00;
Other Foreign $3.00 per year

Your Name ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Gift card to read: "From ______"

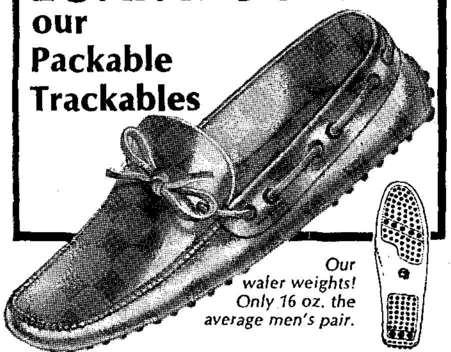
To ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Gift card to read: "From ______"

To ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Gift card to read: "From ______"

I enclose $______ to cover ______ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

LOAFAROUNDS™
our
Packable
Trackables


Our
wafer weights!
Only 16 oz. the
average men's pair.

From the sportscar circuits of Europe, we bring you the driving shoe of champions!

They've become our everyday shoes for relaxing, beachcombing, country club-ing and just plain loafing around, indoors or out.

Yesterday's craftsmanship today in supple copper colored calf. Genuine moccasin construction with handsewn vamp seams. Patented "Carro" soles provide positive non-slip grip.

Travel favorites, they stowaway in their colorful drawstring bag on those rare occasions when you're not wearing them! When ordering by mail state men's or women's and size for perfect fit. $25 add $1 post on mail orders.

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6, Mon. & Thurs. Till 9.

Satisfaction Guaranteed • N.Y. Residents Add Tax
Visit Our SAFARILAND™ Shop
or Write For Free 76-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St., New York 10022

Florida's conversation piece

Sarasota IS Florida's conversation piece. It has something for everyone and, once they've been here, they talk about it for years. Year around, they enjoy the beaches, the golf, the museums, the famous restaurants, the theater, the unusual shops, not to mention the climate. Sarasota, it's a great place to visit and you would like to live here.

SARASOTA

For a free, full color brochure, write: Sarasota County Chamber of Commerce, P. O. Box 308NY, Sarasota, Florida 33578

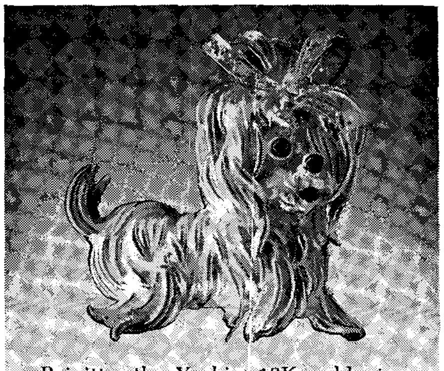
ignorance of himself and on man's embittering final loneliness. It is a summing-up of professional bitterness, and probably of envy, from the dead playwright, who feels himself ignorant of the important emotionalism of life, which he has been able to skimp by condensing it into three successful acts of upper-class Paris plays. This seems to be Anouilh's major, melancholy thesis in this play-within-a-play-within-a-play—suavely written, excellently acted, peculiar, on the whole psychologically interesting, and, because of his professional importance here, considered the play not to be missed in the Paris season.

A far stranger entertainment is the Spaniard Fernando Arrabal's production called "Le Jardin des Délices," the title of the carnal, elaborate painting by Hieronymus Bosch in Madrid's Prado. Without scholarship but with his Iberian flair for exploiting the present taste in sin, eroticism, and masochism, he has created a very strange spectacle, which supposedly springs from the unconscious of a worldly-wise actress who, as if interviewing her past to create the present, evokes what she chooses of what she has known—early childhood, phantasmagorias of friendship and anguish, later monsters of imagination, the delights and terrors of passion—which, as she thinks of them, economically appear in real form or as actions on the stage. There, in a Surrealistic set of refreshing plastic airiness, Delphine Seyrig, in pallid striped fleshings and with that elegant detachment of manner that is her characteristic, deals with the implausibility that is the focus of events. From her childhood memories emerges the figure of a rival she may have tortured or loved (played with animal grace by Marpessa Dawn). In a mixed love-hate relationship, the two women embrace in an erotic lesbic revelation while overhead in a cage swings the watchful figure of a great furrily dressed man-monkey, whom the actress has already hailed, in a confused form of Darwinism, as her father and mother, making her obvious tenderness for him doubly incestuous. And, finally, there is the conquering human male, the civilized brute, who by Act II, in punishment, perhaps, for his cruelties, has been reduced to a one-legged cripple, cracking a whip like imitation gunfire. In the interstices of these Christian and pagan elements, with bits of black magic, Arrabal has added his own particular taste for minor blasphemies. As an audible background, pleasant gongs and faint cymbals give the sense of a

$1,500 to $6,000
Personal
Loans to
Executives
*
Strictly Confidential
*
A nation-wide Executive Loan Service designed for responsible executives as a convenient supplementary source of personal credit. No collateral, no endorsement, no embarrassing investigation. All details handled by mail from the privacy of your office. If you pre-pay we refund all unearned interest.

References:
First National Bank of St. Paul
Northwestern National Bank of St. Paul
First National Bank of Minneapolis
Northwestern National Bank of Minneapolis

For full particulars write
Mr. A. J. Bruder, Vice President
Industrial Credit
Plan, Inc.
653 Hamm Building
St. Paul, Minnesota 55102



Brigitte, the Yorkie, 18K gold pin with small diamonds and assorted precious stones. 1-3/8" x 1-3/8" From France $225. Postage prepaid.

Duty, if any, payable on receipt.
Also perfume, watches, gloves.

"A distinguished store of impeccable reputation"

C.&M. CARON
P.O. BOX 1735
ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS
Write for our illustrated Price List

BLAZER BUTTONS-"Wild Animals"
Imported carved and painted rock crystal
Tiger, Black Panther, Lion, Hippo, Rhino,
Giraffe, Elephant, Zebra and Water Buffalo.
14k gold mounted, small size $45 each
5/8"; Large size $75 each 13/16"
OLD BUTTONS, Inc.
510 Madison Ave. Bet. 52 & 53 Sts., N.Y.C.

Mary Carnwath isn't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

The Hopi Indians' village of Ship-ulovi in Arizona sits on land so poor, nfertile and inhospitable that so far no-ody has tried to take it away from hem.

Electricity has not yet reached the lopis. Water must be hauled from hree miles away. Jobs are few and far way. Only poverty and despair are lose-by and in abundance.

Yet for the first time in generations, lary Carnwath and people like her are tirring hope among the Hopis.

Mary Carnwath works and lives wo thousand miles away, in Manhat-an. Her own daughter is now grown-p, and through Save the Children Fed-ration she is sponsoring one of the illage girls, 8-year-old Grace Mahtewa.

The Mahtewas (two parents, three hildren, one grandmother and a sister-1-law) live tightly packed in a tiny ock and mud house. The father, who nows ranch work but can't find any nost of the year, isn't able to provide he family with even the bare necessities.

Grace, bright, ambitious and industrious, would possibly have had to quit school as soon as she was old enough to do a day's work. But, because of Mary Carnwath, that won't be necessary.

The $15.00 a onth contributed by Mary Carnwath providing a remarkable number of ings for Grace and her family.

Grace will have a chance to con-nue schooling. The family has been ble to make its home a little more liv-ble. A small portion of Mary Carn-ath's contribution, together with oney from other sponsors, was bor-wed by the village to renovate a dilap-ated building for use as a village cen-r. The center now has two manual wing machines that are the begin-ngs of a small income-producing busi-ss. It's only a small beginning. More oney and more people like Mary rnwath are needed. With your help, rhaps this village program will pro-ce enough money to end the Hopis' ed for help. That is what Save the ildren is all about.

Although contributions are deductible, it's not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals, a warm coat and a new pair of shoes. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for other American Indian children—who suffer the highest disease rate and who look forward to the shortest life span of any American group.

Sponsors are also needed for children in Appalachia, Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa, Greece and the Middle East.

As a sponsor you will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond with him and his family.

Mary Carnwath knows that she can't save the world for $15.00 a month. Only a small corner of it.

But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough Mary Carnwaths. How about you?

National Sponsors (partial list):
Faith Baldwin, Hon. James A. Farley, Gene Kelly, Mrs. Eli Lilly, Paul Newman, Mrs. J. C. Penney, Frank Sinatra.
Save The Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid.

Save The Children Federation

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852

I WISH TO CONTRIBUTE $180 ANNUALLY TO HELP A CHILD
☐ WHERE THE NEED IS GREATEST ☐ LATIN AMERICA
☐ AMERICAN INDIAN ☐ APPALACHIA ☐ KOREA ☐ GREECE
☐ VIETNAM ☐ AFRICA ☐ MIDDLE EAST

ENCLOSED IS MY FIRST PAYMENT
☐ $15.00 MONTHLY ☐ $90.00 SEMI-ANNUALLY
☐ $45.00 QUARTERLY ☐ $180.00 ANNUALLY

I CAN'T SPONSOR A CHILD. ENCLOSED IS A CONTRIBUTION OF $________

☐ PLEASE SEND ME MORE INFORMATION

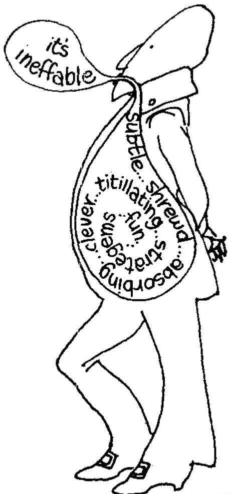
NAME____________________

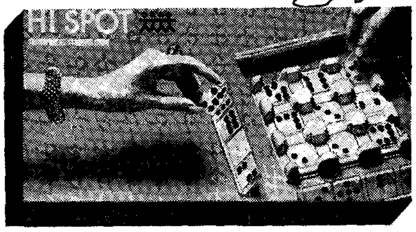
ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________STATE__________ZIP__________

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE NY-11/29/9

what's in a game?





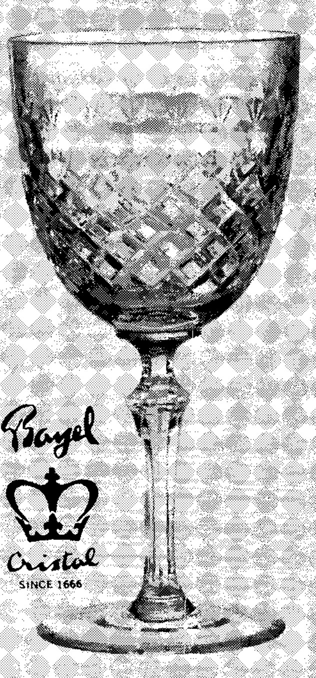
Stack your see-through tiles strategically on your opponents' for the highest score. Intriguing for everyone in the family.

Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N.Y. • Bambergers, New Jersey • Bloomingdale's, N.Y. • Brentano, N.Y. • Gertz, N.Y. • Gimbels, N.Y. • H & S Pogue, Cincinnati • Jordan Marsh, Boston • Macy's, N.Y. & San Francisco • Marshall Field, Chicago • May Company, L.A. • Shillito's, Cincinnati • F. A. O. Schwarz, N.Y.

PRESSMAN TOY CORPORATION
200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010

"First in French Crystal ...since 1666"

Bordeaux by BAYEL ...$7.00 per goblet



Bayel
Cristal
SINCE 1666

Send for FREE illustrated Bayel brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. B2, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

world in mechanical suspension, soon to come to its end. At the finale, the man-monkey and the actress-enchantress, curled together inside a plastic globe, start their unholy ascension together to some sort of eccentric paradise. The Arrabal fantasy, playing at the Antoine Theatre, has attracted a certain type of prurient boulevard audience that has certainly never before heard of Hieronymus Bosch.

FIFTY years ago, in 1919, Marcel Proust won the Goncourt Prize with elements of his great lifework. Nobody of such stature has won it since. Goncourt Prize readers are not regarded as mentally distinguished, being largely provincial ladies and their husbands who read to fill their evening hours and to have a topic of discussion with their friends at occasional dinners. It is not a prize that is often won by genius. This past week, it was won by a French novelist who, as a playwright, has displayed an extraordinary sense of humor—Félicien Marceau, born a Belgian under the name of Louis Carette. His present prize-winning novel is entitled "Creezy" and is ultra-modern—another departure for the Goncourt jury. "Creezy" is a love story of the happiness that fails between a French mannequin and a married French deputy and ends in murder. Unable to support the chasm in his life between his family and his passion for this flashing modern female, on her apparent infidelity he pushes her out a window. It is a novel that is unusual in France for its atmosphere, and would seem more at home in New York. The mannequin is independent, ultra-modern, and, by her profession, "the incarnation of publicity," Marceau says. The book is skillfully written, and should be popular with the young French generation that ordinarily never reads Goncourt Prize books at all.

Marceau is already well known to the public for his two plays "L'Œuf" and "La Bonne Soupe." He has been a prodigious producer in his literary life, with ten plays and nine novels. But a novelist wins the Goncourt only once.

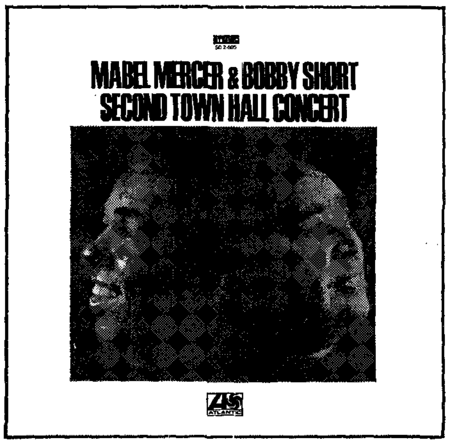
—GENÊT

•

A day before the Town schools opened for the 83rd year, Superintendent Charles Richter attempted with a lengthy speech to eliminate the next decade of education for principals and teachers at the convocation, held Tuesday at Conard High School.—*West Hartford (Conn.) News.*

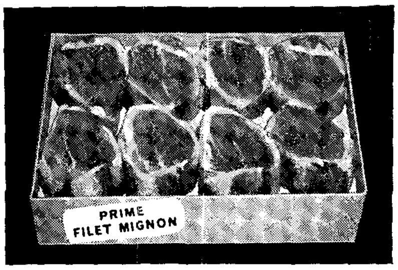
No more algebra, no more occupied buildings . . .

Mabel Mercer & Bobby Short
"SECOND TOWN HALL CONCERT"



Deluxe 2 LP Set
On Atlantic Records
& 8 Track Cartridges

Atlantic Records 1841 Broadway, N.Y. 23



not for sale
(in any market, that is)

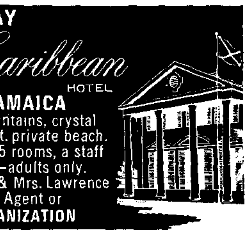
These primest of filet mignon are not sold in any market. Yet, you've probably enjoyed them in luxury restaurants. They're Prime Pfaelzer steaks—tender, flavorful, aged. Enjoy them at home, or have them sent as gifts with personalized card. Quick-frozen, packed in dry ice for guaranteed perfect arrival.

Box of 16—
6 oz. each, 1¼" thick. #30405 $37
Now Available in Canada
Shipped Prepaid

Write for free catalog listing more than 200 gift items

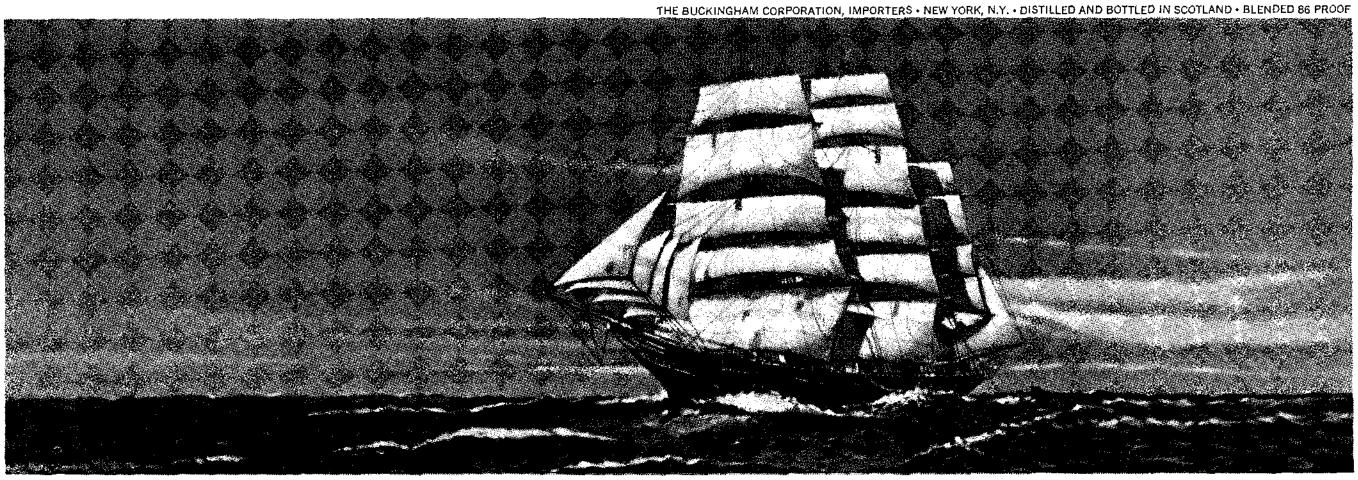
pfaelzer BROTHERS
(pronounced FELZER)
Dept. YN04 • Chicago, Ill. 60632 • YARDS 7-7100
© P.B. 1968

MONTEGO BAY
at the *Royal Caribbean* HOTEL



A sophisticated bit of **JAMAICA** that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF



ILLUSTRATIONS AND TEXT FROM "THE LOG OF THE CUTTY SARK" REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION OF BROWN, SON & FERGUSON, LTD., PUBLISHERS, GLASGOW. OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PITKIN PICTORIALS LTD., LONDON.

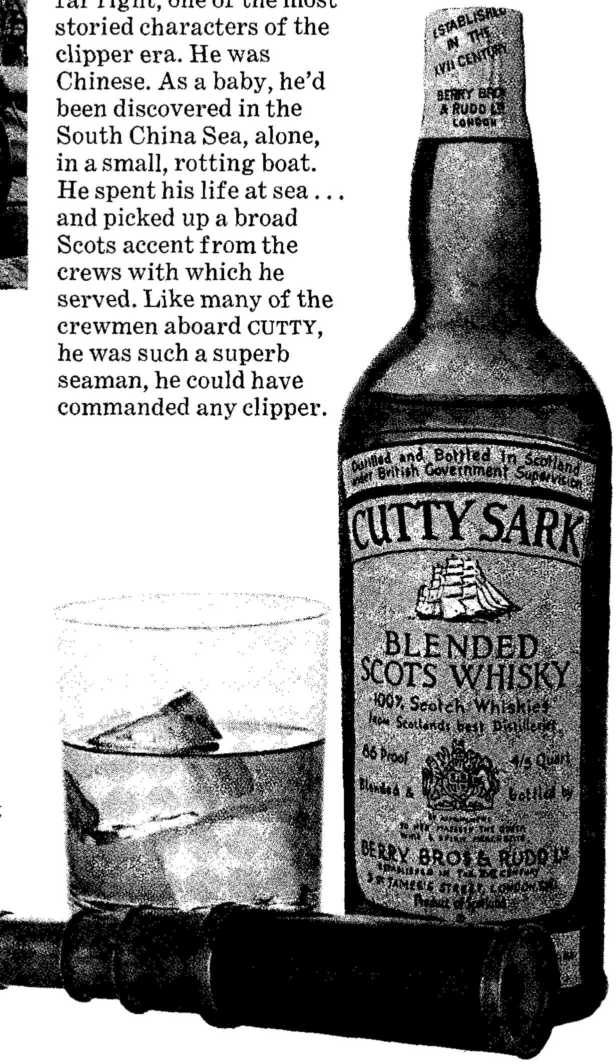
"Cutty Sark first... the rest nowhere"

By 1886, the newspaper headline, "CUTTY SARK First..." was an old story. Year after year, CUTTY beat the fleet home in the annual clipper races from the Far East. But few...except blue water seamen...knew about the extraordinary men who had made CUTTY a legend. For example:

Tony Robson, far right, one of the most storied characters of the clipper era. He was Chinese. As a baby, he'd been discovered in the South China Sea, alone, in a small, rotting boat. He spent his life at sea... and picked up a broad Scots accent from the crews with which he served. Like many of the crewmen aboard CUTTY, he was such a superb seaman, he could have commanded any clipper.

Hercules Linton, brilliant young designer, conceived CUTTY as a 921-ton yacht, and gave her lines that produced speeds up to 17.5 knots. He contracted to build her for £16,150... and went bankrupt trying to meet her owners' almost outrageously strict standards.

Richard Woodget, perhaps the most honored master ever to tread a clipper's quarterdeck. He drove CUTTY SARK to yet-to-be-equaled records. He forged CUTTY into such a legend, that apprentices and officers frequently paid her owners a cash premium to serve aboard her. More than any other man, he made CUTTY SARK No. 1.


ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD LONDON
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland under British Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON
Product of Scotland

Only the best can be No. 1. And today, Cutty Sark is America's best-selling Scotch. Cutty is Number One. The reason is Cutty's consistently distinguished taste. Generation after generation, Cutty has blended only the finest of Scotland's best whiskies to create the uniquely rewarding Cutty taste: The taste to be savored; the taste of exceptional Scotch.

Sooner or later, most people arrive at Cutty. So come to Cutty tonight. You'll be in the best of company.

This is our answer to the scratchy phonograph record.

We always figured there was a way to improve the phonograph record.

And when somebody invented the 8-track stereo tape cartridge, we jumped on it and built the Panasonic Symphony 8.

On the Symphony 8, to listen to recorded music all you do is slide in a stereo cartridge. It's the same kind of stereo cartridge that many people listen to in their automobiles.

Granted, when they're brand new, records probably sound as good as stereo tape recordings. But, unfortunately, phonograph records warp, get scratched and eventually wear out.

Of course, we don't expect you to rush out and buy a dozen stereo cartridges right away. So we've built an FM/AM and FM stereo tuner into the Symphony 8.

We've built a couple of other things into it, too. The Solid-State Symphony 8 has separate bass and treble controls, a special selector that lets you blank out everything but FM stereo, and a push-button channel selector and lighted-channel indicator.

Each of the twin speakers has a 7″ woofer and a 2½″ tweeter. So they'll sound good anywhere. And they'll look good anywhere, too. Because they, like the rest of the Symphony 8, come in matched walnut cabinets. The kind you usually have to pay extra to get.

Right now the Symphony 8 (RE-7070) probably sounds pretty good to you. Once you listen to it, we have a funny feeling that you'll never buy another phonograph record… another phonograph record… another phonograph record…

Solid State
PANASONIC

For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call 800 243-0355. In Conn., 853-3600.
We pay for the call. Ask about Model RE-7070.

PANASONIC®
200 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK 10017

BOOKS

In Defense of the Tall Story

TO my pleasant surprise, "The Artist as Critic," a collection of Wilde's critical writings selected and introduced by Richard Ellmann (Random House), is very much better reading than I had expected. I had never read any of them before, and preconceptions and hearsay can be most misleading. (Two trivial queries: Why include three articles about America which have nothing to do with the arts? And, for Wilde's sake, why open with "The Tomb of Keats," a piece which says nothing new and ends with a poem, an art form for which Wilde, poor man, had no talent whatever?)

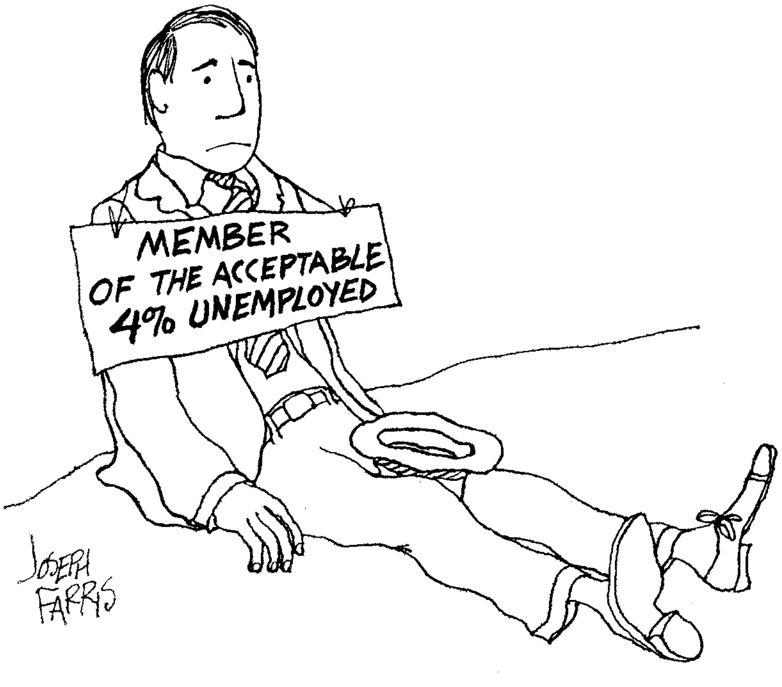
"The Portrait of Mr. W. H.," for example, turns out to be a very different piece from what I had imagined. No reader of Shakespeare's sonnets can help wondering as to the identity of the young man and the dark lady, but every sane reader realizes that the few certain facts we know provide no answer. Those, some of them great scholars, who claim to have solved the mystery have only exposed their own biases, social and sexual. "The Portrait of Mr. W. H.," which is fictional in form, does, to be sure, record a theory—namely, that the young man was a boy actor in Shakespeare's troupe named Willie Hughes—but this theory is put forward not by the narrator (Wilde?) but by a young queen, Cyril Graham. The narrator would like to believe it, but he sees at once that if the theory is true, then the opening series of sonnets, in which Shakespeare apparently urges his friend to marry, cannot mean what they seem to mean. He examines them in minute detail, and argues with great ingenuity that "marriage" means marriage to Shakespeare's Muse. Needless to say, the argument is unconvincing, and is, I am sure, intended to be so. What Wilde has done is to give us an amusing parody of the way in which such theorists think, and of the extremes to which they are prepared to go to prove their point. Cyril Graham forges a portrait; another character, Erskine, writes the narrator a letter in which he says that for the sake of the theory he is going to commit suicide when, in fact, he is dying of consumption. The narrator himself concludes:

> I have been dreaming, and all my life for these two months has been unreal. There was no such person as Willie Hughes.

The longest essay in this collection, "Intentions," is not, strictly speaking, literary criticism but a highly polemical theory of aesthetics. Every polemical writer has an audience problem. Those whose position he is attacking and wishes to correct seldom read him; those who do are apt to misunderstand him because they take his arguments, his terminology, too literally and fail to realize that the former are deliberately exaggerated and the latter given a special, provocative meaning. The first dialogue in "Intentions," for instance, is entitled "The Decay of Lying," but this is really a polemical way of saying "The Decay of the Tall Story." A lie can be told only in the primary world, where we all live. It is told deliberately, with the intention of deceiving, because the liar hopes to gain some personal advantage by deceiving his listeners. He, on the other hand, who tells a Tall Story has no intention of deceiving—he assumes that his audience will recognize it as a story about an imaginary world—and his motive in telling it is to give pleasure to others. No reader of a folk tale in which animals speak has ever believed that this was a naturalist's description of actual animal behavior, and the whole fun would be lost if he did. What Wilde is attacking is the "naturalistic" theory of art—novelists like Zola and Royal Academy painters who identify "truth" in art with a photographic record of the primary world. The error of naturalism lies in thinking that there is such a creature as a "natural" man. What it calls "human nature" is our "second nature," a highly artificial product of education and environment. Necessity is interesting, so the behavior of animals and plants is interesting as a manifestation of biological laws. Freedom is interesting, so the chosen deeds of human beings when they act as unique persons are interesting. But men's habits, their conditioned social behavior, are the least interesting things about them because they are accidental, and the accidental is never interesting. Only bores study sociology.

I am sure that Wilde would agree with me that there are occasions on which one can say that a work of art is "false." A writer may, out of ignorance, make a statement about the primary world which is false, as when Tennyson, in "Locksley Hall," seems to assert that railroad trains run in grooves. In another way, Yeats' line "I have been changed to a hound with one red ear" seems to me artistically false, not because I know he never dreamed such a thing but because as a Tall Story it is pointless.

Then, when Wilde says that all art is immoral he certainly does not mean that no moral judgments can or should be passed on the characters in a play or a novel. He is asserting, firstly, that the aesthetic interest of a character and his morals are not the same thing. Iago is aesthetically interesting, but no playgoer will think that in consequence he is a good man. In "King Lear," Edmund is a much more interesting character than Cor-



The Billionaire's Brandy
ROTHSCHILD
Extra Fine Brandy
NAPOLÉON
V.S.O.P.
ROTHSCHILD NAPOLEON V.S.O.P.
Maison Fondée en 1875
Sole Agents.U.S.A.,Les Caves, M.A.R.& Co.,Cleveland, O. 80 Proof.

From the Breviary of Marguerite de Bar, Verdun, about 1300 A.D.

ILLUMINATE

A COLORING BOOK
OF THE MIDDLE AGES

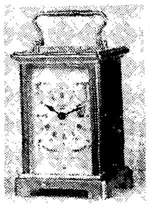
50 pages – $1.25 at your museum or bookstore or write: Bellerophon Books, 153 Steuart Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94105.

TIME OF ELEGANCE

Charming French Carriage Clock—Fine brass case, polished and lacquered, 8 day movement. From France. Guaranteed. Height 5½". Width 3⅛". 2½" deep. Please add $1.50 for shipping. **$48.**

Antique Clocks/Watches Repaired.

Rogers Time Co.
954 Third Ave. N.Y.22
(*Near 57th St.*) MU 8-5282



delia, but everyone knows it is better to be good like her than evil like him. Secondly, Wilde is attacking the kind of reader who thinks a work is immoral if it allows a bad character any success in this world: in order to be moral, it must show that goodness pays and badness does not pay. The good must be rewarded for their efforts by riches and a happy marriage, the bad by prison, infamy, penury, death. Literary works do exist—those of de Sade and Genet and several of D. H. Lawrence's novels, for instance—which I would call immoral. Such works are always perverse sermons: they try to persuade the reader that certain characters and modes of conduct are moral and to be imitated when common sense knows that they are neither. Preaching, however, is a tricky business, and the "heroes" of such authors are always aesthetically boring.

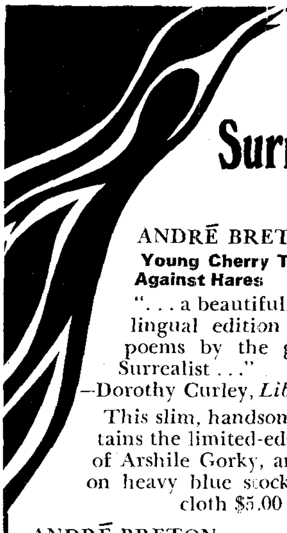
Again, when Wilde urges the importance of doing nothing, this, if taken literally, could only mean that it is better to be dead than alive, for living is action. A man contemplating is doing something, a man talking at considerable length about the importance of doing nothing is doing something. Wilde's opponent is, of course, the Philistine to whom only necessary or useful actions have any value and who dismisses all gratuitous actions, like working at pure mathematics or making works of art, as a waste of time.

Lastly, when Wilde distinguishes between the critic and the creator and stresses the importance of the former, he does not foresee the day when criticism will become a heavy industry, or the appearance of the kind of critic who imagines that works of literature are full of cryptic symbols and meanings which the ordinary reader will never "get" unless he, the critic, deciphers them for him. From his own critical practice, it is clear that Wilde would have disapproved. He is, however, perfectly right when he says that without the critical spirit there can be no art:

> Every century that produces poetry is, so far, an artificial century, and the work that seems to us to be the most natural and simple product of its time is always the result of the most self-conscious effort.

When he says

> So far from its being true that the artist is the best judge of art, a really great artist can never judge of other people's work at all, and can hardly, in fact, judge of his own. That very concentration of vision that makes a man an artist, limits by its sheer intensity his



On Surrealism

ANDRÉ BRETON
Young Cherry Trees Secured Against Hares
". . . a beautifully printed bilingual edition of ten long poems by the great French Surrealist . . ."
—Dorothy Curley, *Library Journal*
This slim, handsome volume retains the limited-edition artwork of Arshile Gorky, and is printed on heavy blue stock.
cloth $5.00 paper $1.95

ANDRÉ BRETON
Manifestoes of Surrealism
"A magnificent translation of Breton's collected pronunciamentos, 1924-53."
—*The New Yorker* $8.50

HERBERT S. GERSHMAN
The Surrealist Revolution in France
". . . a comprehensive account of the politics of surrealism, its esthetics, its philosophical ambition . . . Gratifying throughout." —Henri Peyre $8.50
A companion BIBLIOGRAPHY is also available ($4.50).

Wherever books are sold

The UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN PRESS
ANN ARBOR

Country Inn COOKBOOK
Treasured recipes from 55 country inns. $1.25

Country Inns & Back Roads
Where to find traditional American hospitality today. $1.00

Both now $1.75 ppd.
THE BERKSHIRE TRAVELLER
Box M Stockbridge, Mass 01262

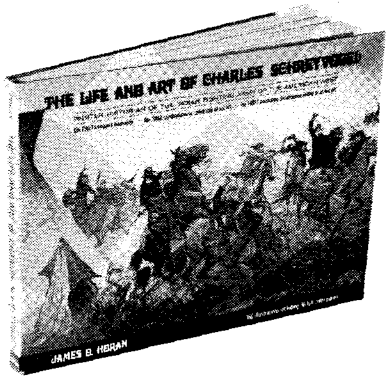
More than Thirteen Years
Serving America and the World
Glamour * Kitsch * Idiocy

The Old Spaghetti Factory Café
and Excelsior Coffee House

Around the corner from
THE SAVOY-TIVOLI
in San Francisco

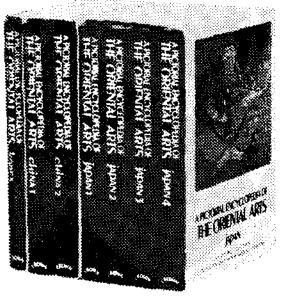
IN FORT LAUDERDALE
So easy to sea...
So great to stay!
See your Travel Agent or phone
(305) 525-4221

Bahia Mar
MOTOR INN & Yachting Center


THE LIFE AND ART OF CHARLES SCHREYVOGEL
JAMES D. HORAN

The Life and Art of Charles Schreyvogel

Painter-Historian of the Indian-Fighting Army of the American West
By James D. Horan. Introduction by Ruth Schreyvogel Carothers. 36 full color plates on 16" x 12" pages, and 64 monochromes. $22.50 until Christmas; 25 thereafter.


A PICTORIAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE ORIENTAL ARTS

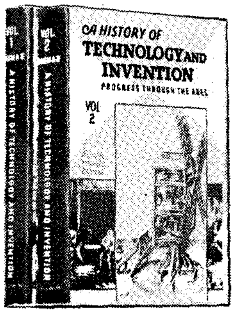
A Pictorial Encyclopedia of the Oriental Arts

Japan: 4 vols. boxed, $29.95 until Xmas, then $35. **China:** 2 vols. boxed, $14.95 until Xmas, then $17.50. **Korea:** 1 vol. boxed, $7.95 until Xmas, then $8.95. Seven volumes at a special pre-Xmas price of $49.50; $55 thereafter.

UKIYO-E
SADAO KIKUCHI
A TREASURY OF JAPANESE WOOD BLOCK PRINTS

A Treasury of Japanese Wood Block Prints —Ukiyo-e

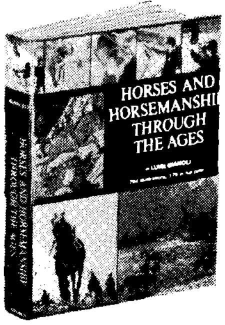
By Sadao Kikuchi. A 250-year retrospective view. 96 framable pages in full color, 1500 black-and-white illustrations. 10¼" x 13". $14.95 until Christmas; $17.50 thereafter.


A HISTORY OF TECHNOLOGY AND INVENTION
PROGRESS THROUGH THE AGES
VOL 2

A History of Technology and Invention

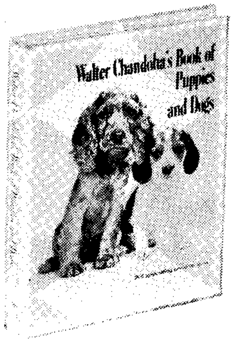
Progress Through the Ages. Edited with an Introduction by Maurice Daumas. With many photographs, drawings and diagrams. 7" x 10"
Two-volume set $20

The right gifts for one and all Crown


HORSES AND HORSEMANSHIP THROUGH THE AGES

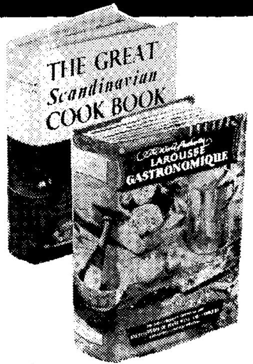
Horses and Horsemanship through the Ages

By Luigi Gianoli. The most authoritative, comprehensive work on the horse and man's relationship to the horse ever published — a volume for scholar and sportsman alike. 800 illustrations, 200 in full color. $22.50


Walter Chandoha's Book of Puppies and Dogs

Walter Chandoha's Book of Puppies and Dogs

A dog's world captured in 227 photographs by master photographer Walter Chandoha. All ages, sizes, varieties and breeds. $6.95

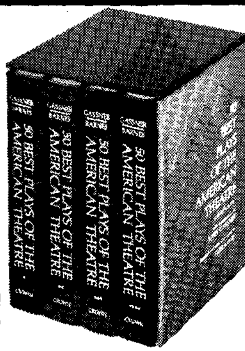

THE GREAT Scandinavian COOK BOOK
LAROUSSE GASTRONOMIQUE

Larousse Gastronomique

By Prosper Montagne $20.00

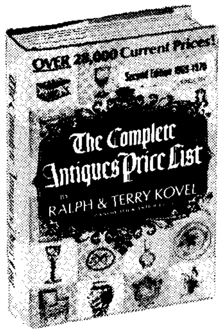
The Great Scandinavian Cook Book

By Karin Fredrikson $15.00
Two classics for the gourmet kitchen.


50 BEST PLAYS OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE

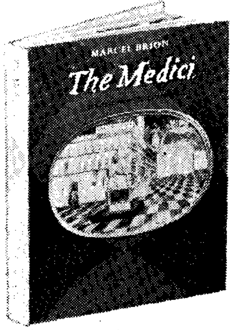
50 Best Plays of the American Theatre

From 1787 to the Present. Introduction to each play by John Gassner. Selected, with a foreword by Clive Barnes. All 50 plays complete. Four volumes slipcased. $40 until Christmas; $45 thereafter.


OVER 28,000 Current Prices
The Complete Antiques Price List
RALPH & TERRY KOVEL

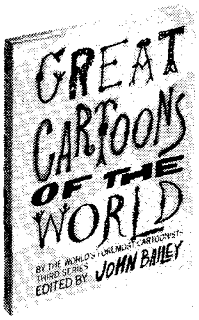
The Complete Antiques Price List

Second Edition. By Ralph & Terry Kovel. Alphabetically organized with 29,000 prices from auctions, dealers and antique shows. Ideal for collectors, dealers, and professionals. 300 illustrations. $5.95


MARCEL BRION
The Medici

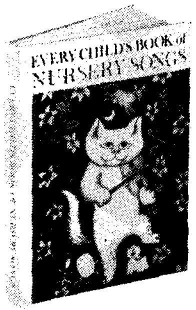
The Medici

A Great Florentine Family. By Marcel Brion. A spectacularly beautiful, illustrated study of Florence's ruling family. 98 superlative pictures, 34 in full color, photographed for this book. 9" x 12". $13.50 until Christmas; $15 thereafter.


GREAT CARTOONS OF THE WORLD
EDITED BY JOHN BAILEY

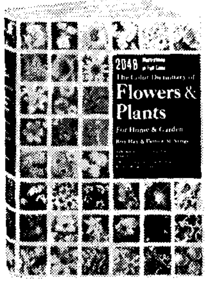
Great Cartoons of the World

Third Series. Edited by John Bailey. Richer and funnier than ever. Over 300 inimitable cartoons from the macabre Charles Addams to the incomparable Steig, and many others. 9" x 12". $4.95


EVERY CHILD'S BOOK of NURSERY SONGS

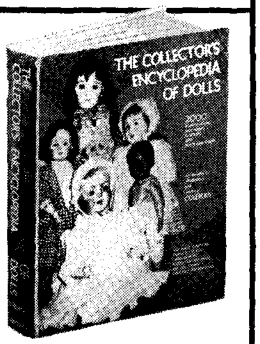
Every Child's Book of Nursery Songs

Selected by Donald Mitchell. A rich and imaginative collection of ninety rhymes and songs with simple piano accompaniments. Vibrant illustrations in color and black and white by Alan Howard. 8" x 11". Ages 4-9. $3.95


2048 Flowers & Plants

The Color Dictionary of Flowers and Plants

For Home and Garden. By Roy M. Hay and Patrick Synge. Over 2,048 flowers and plants of every variety in full color. Complete information, planting seasons and color arrangements to enrich your garden. 9" x 12". $15.


THE COLLECTOR'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DOLLS

The Collector's Encyclopedia of Dolls

By Dorothy S., Elizabeth A., and Evelyn J. Coleman. Alphabetically arranged and fully cross-referenced. Includes original prices, trade names, and every available mark for all kinds of dolls. 2,000 illustrations, color and black-and-white. $25.

Now at your bookstore • CROWN PUBLISHERS • 419 Park Avenue South, N. Y. 10016

Join the Sun-Runners at devilishly different diamond roc

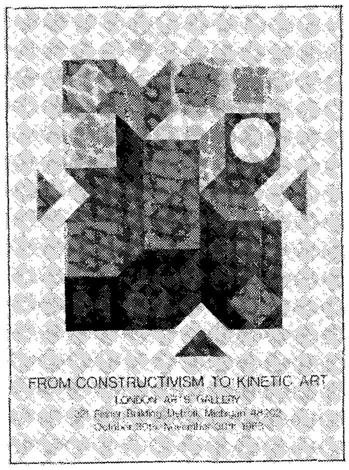
Escape to a new whirl! Discover a new you at Martinique's devilishly different Diamond Roc. Join the sun-runners on our private peninsula. Bronze and play on dreamy beaches beside gigantic Diamond Roc. Captain our boats, ski and snorkel. Throb to the beat of our dawn-patrol disco. Play our 9-hole course down fairways surrounded by tropical blooms. Tennis, too. Drink in the colorful sights and sounds of your Island Eden where the Beguine began.

Direct flights via Pan Am, Air France, BWIA. See your travel agent or call Leonard Hicks Organization. Offices in New York, Atlanta, Chicago, Detroit, Miami, Toronto, Washington, D.C., London, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

THE NEW HOTEL
diamond roc
Martinique
French Antilles

The Unique Gift...an original art poster from The Poster Center

The first gallery devoted exclusively to fine American and European art posters.


FROM CONSTRUCTIVISM TO KINETIC ART

Add 65¢ for shipping, 25¢ for each addit'l poster. N.Y. residents add applicable sales tax.

Color Catalog $1.

VASARELY 30 x 40″ $25.
14 colors, silk screened. Printed in London.

POSTER ORIGINALS, LTD.
16 E. 78th St., New York, N.Y. 10021
Open Mon. thru Sat., 10-6 • 861-0422

FRENCH STUDIES IN SOUTHERN FRANCE

6-week Summer course, *June 22-August 1.* Intensive language training in Avignon, medieval city of the Popes. 6 credit hours. Grammar, *conversation and composition. French literature and civilization.* Drama Festival, Modern Cinema, Art exhibitions and political cafés. Field Trips to Aix, Marseille, Arles and Nimes. $525 includes tuition, room, demi-pension, field trips. Charter flight extra.

Write:
N. Bayley-Benney,
Director Summer Program
Institute for American Universities
27 place de l'Universite 13-Aix-en-Provence, France

> faculty of fine appreciation.... A truly great artist cannot conceive of life being shown, or beauty fashioned, under any conditions other than those that he has selected. Creation employs all its critical faculty within its own sphere. It may not use it in the sphere that belongs to others. It is exactly because a man cannot do a thing that he is the proper judge of it

he is exaggerating, probably consciously, but there is a truth in what he says. Many poets and painters have said important and interesting things about their predecessors; very few are to be trusted in their judgments about their contemporaries, and if they are wise they will keep their mouths shut.

I am surprised that our radical student left has not discovered "The Soul of Man Under Socialism." Why wrestle with Marcuse's impenetrable prose when they could find much the same thing said lucidly and elegantly by Wilde?

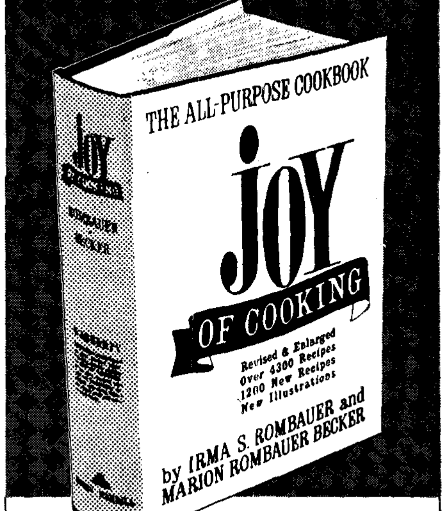
> If the Socialism is Authoritarian; if there are Governments armed with economic power as they are now with political power; if, in a word, we are to have Industrial Tyrannies, then the last state of man will be worse than the first.

> Disobedience, in the eyes of anyone who has read history, is man's original virtue. It is through disobedience that progress has been made, through disobedience and through rebellion.

> It is only in voluntary associations that man is fine.

Wilde's own literary criticism was limited to short reviews, many of them unsigned. Like anyone else who has had a classical education (one should never forget that Wilde got a First in Mods and a First in Greats), as a critic he is primarily concerned with artistic form and mastery of language. His prose may sometimes be too lush—"Let me play you some mad scarlet thing by Dvořák"—and he sometimes makes statements which are meant to be provocative epigrams but, in fact, are sheer nonsense—"Nothing that actually occurs is of the smallest importance"—but his language is never ungrammatical nor his use of words sloppy. He knew Latin and Greek and French very well. When, as a reviewer, he is savage, which is not often, it is always over some misuse of words or some mistranslation. Though he never claimed to be a scholar, he was remarkably well-read. It is obvious from his review of two books on Sir Philip Sidney—one by J. A. Symonds, the other by Edmund Gosse—that he knew more about the literature of the period than either of them. To come to his reviews after reading "Intentions" is to be in

"easily no.1..."
—The New York Times

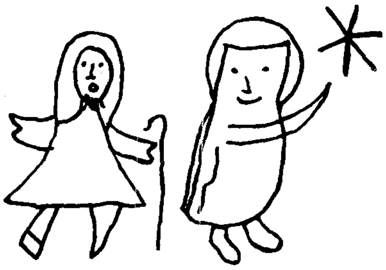


America's Favorite All-Purpose Cookbook

at all bookstores
REGULAR EDITION $6.95
deluxe Gift Edition $10

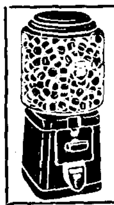
very special—Little Acorn: the remarkable history of the Joy of Cooking, by Marion Rombauer Becker. Limited Edition. $2.50

Bobbs-Merrill



BOONOONOOS
In Jamaican talk, it means "wonderful." Like "have a boonoonoos day." Help make more "boonoonoos" days for Jamaica's children by buying their Christmas cards, $2.40 a dozen. Write for a dozen.

Operation Friendship
c/o Jamaica Tourist
200 Park Ave., NY 10017



PENNY VENDORS
A Christmas gift that makes it. The real thing; vends ballgum & novelties. Fun for kids, but more fun for adults: home bar, den, office, anywhere. Reconditioned, $23. New, $33. Plus $1 pp. A. Hayne, Apple Tree Hill, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 10549

for a surprise. Thus the defender of lying and artificiality writes:

> The arts are made for life, and not life for the arts.

Of Balzac, whom he admires enormously, he says:

> Observation gave him the facts of life, but his genius converted facts into truths, and truths into truth.

And of Morris's translation of "The Odyssey":

> One merit at any rate Mr. Morris's version entirely and absolutely possesses. It is, in no sense of the word, literary; it seems to deal immediately with life itself, and to take from the reality of things its own form and colour.

Then there is an amazing review of Browning, which, with a few alterations in vocabulary, might come out of *Pravda*. Who would ever guess that the following passage was written by the author of "The Importance of Being Earnest"?

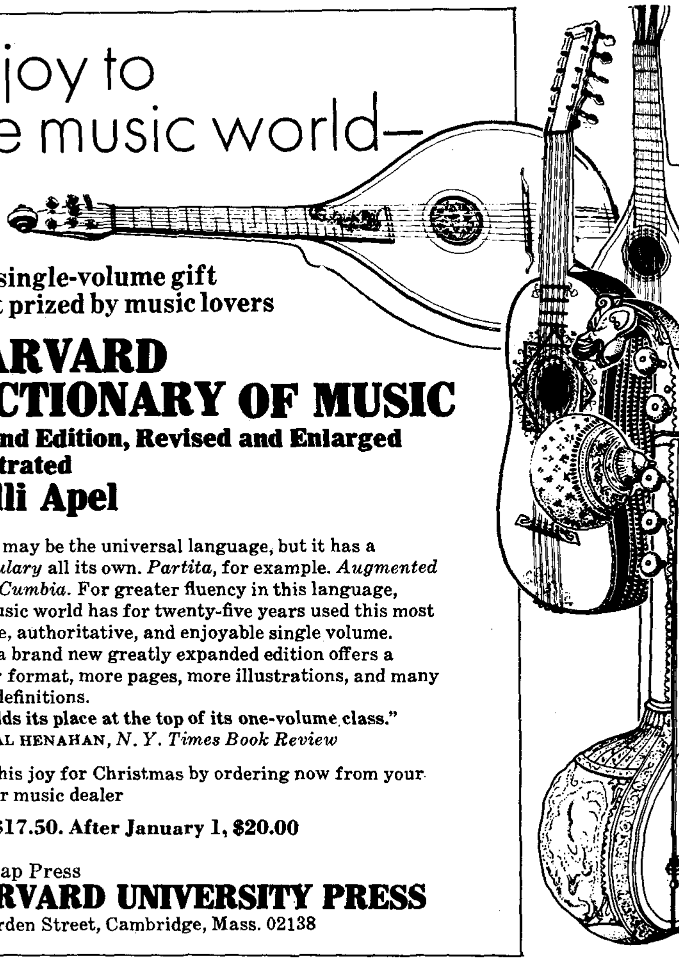
> Let any sensible man outside the Browning Society dip into the mysterious volume of literary hocus-pocus that has recently been so solemnly reviewed, and see whether he can find a single passage likely to stir the pulses of any man or woman, create a desire to lead a higher, a holier, and a more useful life in the breast of the indifferent average citizen. . . . Is it possible that Mr. Browning can see nothing in the world around him to induce him to make an earnest endeavour to help the people out of their difficulties and to make their duty plain? . . . The people are suffering, and are likely to suffer more; where is the poet who is the one man needful to rouse the nation to a sense of duty and inspire the people with hope?

Poets like Henley and Whitman, who wrote free verse, are obviously not his cup of tea, but he always looks for and acknowledges their virtues. One would have expected him to overvalue small, intricate verse forms; in fact, he is extremely sensible about them:

> I cannot imagine any one with the smallest pretensions to culture preferring a dextrously turned triolet to a fine imaginative ballad. . . . The triolets, and the rondels, and the careful study of metrical subtleties, these things are merely the signs of a desire for perfection in small things, and the recognition of poetry as an art. They have had certainly one good result—they have made our minor poets readable, and have not left us entirely at the mercy of geniuses.

In short book reviews, probably written in a hurry, one does not look for great depth of critical insight, but Wilde's verdict on Ben Jonson seems to me penetrating:

> Pelion more than Parnassus was Jonson's home. His art has too much effort



A joy to the music world—

The single-volume gift most prized by music lovers

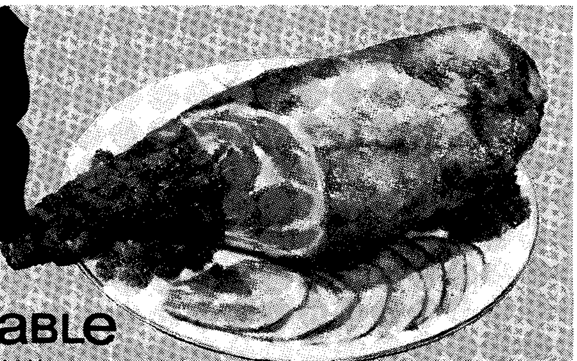
HARVARD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC
Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged
Illustrated
Willi Apel

Music may be the universal language, but it has a *vocabulary* all its own. *Partita*, for example. *Augmented triad. Cumbia.* For greater fluency in this language, the music world has for twenty-five years used this most concise, authoritative, and enjoyable single volume. Now, a brand new greatly expanded edition offers a bigger format, more pages, more illustrations, and many more definitions.
"It holds its place at the top of its one-volume class."
—DONAL HENAHAN, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

Give this joy for Christmas by ordering now from your book or music dealer

Now $17.50. After January 1, $20.00

Belknap Press
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
79 Garden Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138



JOYNER'S
Genuine Aged
Smithfield HAM

incomparable

Genuine Joyner's Smithfield Ham has no peer — cured and aged exactly as in colonial days, exclusively in Smithfield, Virginia. Enjoy the unique flavor alone or to enhance other foods.

Joyner's Smithfield Ham, 3153 Main Street, Smithfield, Virginia 23430
I am enclosing $________ Please ship to arrive about________
☐ JOYNER'S Baked, Glazed Ham(s) (8 to 12 lbs.) . . . . $2.10 lb.
☐ JOYNER'S Slab Bacon (9 to 11 lbs.) . . . . $1.05 lb.
Name________
Address________
City________ State________ Zip________
VIRGINIA RESIDENTS ADD 4% SALES TAX. Prices quoted parcel post prepaid within the U.S.

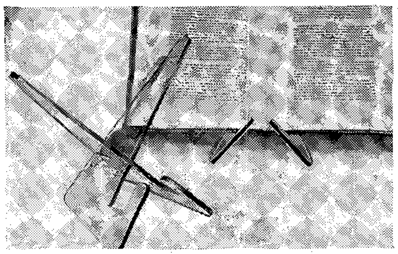
THREE LIONS
English Pub & Restaurant
Open 7 days from 8 A.M. to 3 A.M.
FREE DINNER PARKING (after 6 P.M.)
305 E. 41st St., N.Y.C. • Phone 867-3220

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
• Vitello al Saltimbocco
• Shrimp a la Livornese
BEN MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street . KANSAS CITY

Free illustrated guide for lovers

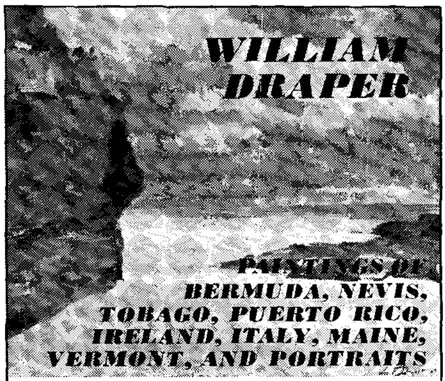
Virginia is for lovers.
History lovers,
sports lovers,
antique lovers,
garden lovers,
wonder lovers,
mountain lovers,
beach lovers.
And our free 100-page booklet on Virginia is yours for the asking. Visit, write or call:

Virginia State Travel Service
Richmond 23219, 911 E. Broad St., (703) 770-4484. New York, 10020, 11 Rockefeller Plaza, (212) 245-3080. Washington 20006, 906 17th St., N.W., (202) 293-5350.



FOLD-A-WAY BOOK RACK
Beautifully designed, sturdy book rack in clear or 'tortoise' lucite. For cook books, magazines, newspapers or as an easel for pictures—and many other uses.
$5.75 prepaid. Gift wrapped if you wish.

20th Century Shop
1612 St. Charles Ave. New Orleans, La. 70130


WILLIAM DRAPER
PAINTINGS OF BERMUDA, NEVIS, TOBAGO, PUERTO RICO, IRELAND, ITALY, MAINE, VERMONT, AND PORTRAITS

GRAHAM
1014 MADISON · NEW YORK

> about it, too much *definite intention.* His style lacks the charm of chance.... Literature was as living a thing to him as life itself. He used his classical lore not merely to give form to his verse but to *give flesh and blood to the persons of his* plays. He could build up a breathing creature out of quotations.

Then, in his review of Swinburne's latest volume, especially when one remembers that at the time Swinburne was the God of the young, it is impressive to find that what Eliot was to say years later in "The Sacred Wood" had already been anticipated by Wilde:

> His song is nearly always too loud for his subject.... It has been said of him, *and with truth,* that he is a master of language, but with still greater truth it may be said that Language is his master. Words seem to dominate him. Alliteration tyrannizes over him. Mere sound becomes his lord. He is so eloquent that whatever he touches becomes unreal.

It is also delightful though—given Wilde's talents—not surprising to come across passages which make one roar with laughter:

> The last President [of the Royal Society of British Artists] never said much that was true, but the present President never says anything that is new, and if art be a fairy-haunted wood or an enchanted island, we must say that we prefer the old Puck to the fresh Prospero. Water is an admirable thing—at least, the Greeks said it was—and Mr. Ruskin is an admirable writer; but a combination of both is a little depressing.
>
> Still, it is only right to add that Mr. Wyke Bayliss, at his best, writes very good English. Mr. Whistler, for some reason or other, always adopted the phraseology of the minor prophets. Possibly it was in order to emphasize his well-known claims to verbal inspiration, or perhaps he thought with Voltaire that "*Habakkuk est capable de tout,*" and wished to shelter himself under the shield of a definitely irresponsible writer none of whose prophecies, according to the French philosopher, have ever been fulfilled.

"The Artist as Critic" is a volume it is very nice to possess. —W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WHEN THE WAR IS OVER, by Stephen Becker (Random House). In May, 1865, a month after Lee's surrender and eighteen days before the declaration of an amnesty for rebel soldiers, a young boy accused of being a Confederate guerrilla was executed by a Union firing squad. To these facts of history the author adds his own crisp prose and the restless, energetic figure of Lieutenant (later Captain) Marius Catto, who captures the boy, befriends him,

You can have a room to match your eyes, your pajamas, or your mood, and we can give you 41 other reasons why a stay at Hotel Roanoke will color you **happy.**

LET'S TRADE our color brochure for your name and address. In the meantime, here are a few Hotel Roanoke vital statistics:

Located just minutes from scenic Blue Ridge Parkway and historic Shenandoah Valley.

425 luxurious rooms and suites; 16 conference, meeting, banquet and ballrooms.

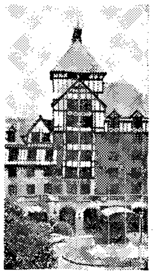
15,000 square feet of exhibit space; complete audio-visual equipment.

Memorable foods; licensed for mixed beverages.

Year-'round Olympic-size swimming pool.

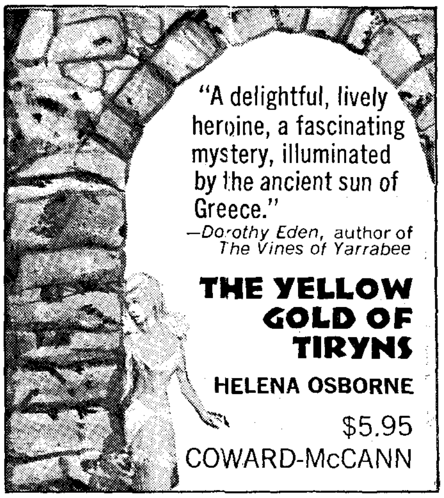
10 acres of lawn, almost that many acres of thick carpet, walnut panels, snowy linens, crystal chandeliers, gurgling fountain, nearby golf, and Many Other Nice Things.

The Hotel Roanoke
Roanoke, Virginia 24006
Phone (703) 343-6992
A Norfolk & Western Railway Property Since 1882
Fred W. Walker
General Manager
Mrs. Janet Jenkins
Director of Sales



GRAHAM GREENE says:
"A story of the psychological struggle between two secret police agents and their suspects told with wit, imagination and quite outstanding technical skill."
"A very fine piece of writing."
--AGATHA CHRISTIE

A novel by ANTONIS SAMARAKIS
All bookstores, $5.95
Weybright and Talley
W-T



"A delightful, lively heroine, a fascinating mystery, illuminated by the ancient sun of Greece."
—*Dorothy Eden, author of The Vines of Yarrabee*

THE YELLOW GOLD OF TIRYNS
HELENA OSBORNE
$5.95
COWARD-McCANN

and tries valiantly to save his life. Catto also loves his men, who are dazed by the fact of their survival and, in the safety of barracks at Cincinnati, grow daily less like soldiers. He sees his fellow-officers change from fighting men to bureaucrats and politicians, and he now finds time for women and the company of an endearing and garrulous Army doctor to whom life means more than obedience and killing.

GENERAL

THE COLLAPSE OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC: AN INQUIRY INTO THE FALL OF FRANCE IN 1940, by William L. Shirer (Simon & Schuster). This fat book recapitulates a good deal of familiar material, because Mr. Shirer goes all the way back to the creation of the Third Republic, in the eighteen-seventies, to account for its disappearance in 1940. He suggests that the glamour of French achievements in modern painting, writing, science, philosophy, and the crafts blinded many of France's foreign admirers (apparently including himself) to French boredom with modern politics and French incompetence at modern economics. That the French began the Second World War with probably the worst commanders of any army was, as Mr. Shirer makes plain, not happenstance but the predictable effect of a lot of causes. Unhappily, Mr. Shirer explains too thoroughly. His encyclopedia of the reasons for France's defeat ranges from the abstruse (monetary policy) to the farcical (politicians' mistresses) to the self-evident (France was on the wrong side of the English Channel), and the well-stuffed reader is bewildered. Twelve dollars and fifty cents. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

SOME LATE VICTORIAN ATTITUDES, by David Daiches (Norton). Professor Daiches devoted these three Ewing Lectures, delivered at the University of California at Los Angeles, to Victorian writers' responses to the then new idea that there is no God. Few of Mr. Daiches' Victorians agreed with Dostoevski's Ivan Karamazov that, in the absence of a Divine Being concerned with each individual's behavior, every kind of act was permitted, and writers as disparate as George Eliot and Rudyard Kipling found that Duty retained a compulsory power greater than God's had ever been. Mr. Daiches is generous, accurate,

Is there no room left in the world for the adult?

Photo by IRA MAZER

To Aurelio Morelli, watching the beautiful young people on the Via Veneto, that's how it seemed.

There was no room left in the world for the civilized, the sensitive, the middle aged.

Hans Habe tells the drastic steps Morelli took to stop the terrorism of the young in an audacious novel which has electrified Europe, scalding the conscience of all who read it.

"I hardly remember a modern novel which has so much to say, and which says it with so much conviction."
OTTO PREMINGER

"A salute to Hans Habe for this brilliantly written, fascinating book by a born story-teller."
ERIC MARIA REMARQUE

THE POISONED STREAM
Hans Habe

$6.95 bestsellers come from McGRAW-HILL
Ada/Norma Jean

Give a Christie for Christmas!

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S
brand new mystery
HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Featuring the inimitable Hercule Poirot in one of his most baffling cases.

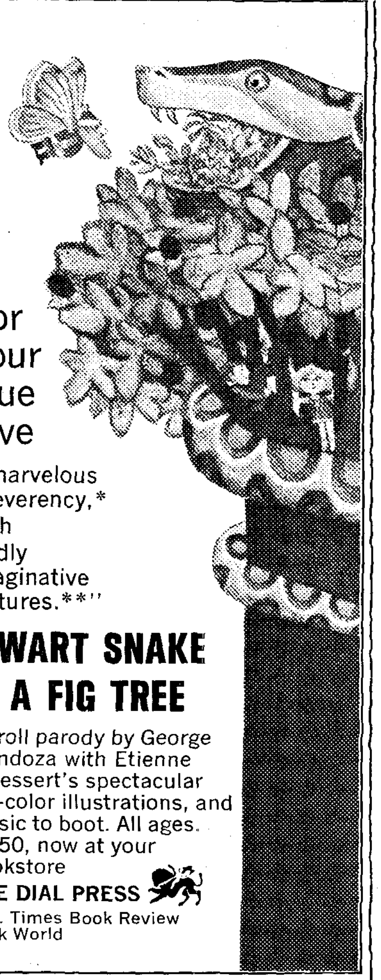
$5.95 at bookstores DODD, MEAD

"Wise, humorous and elegant"

"When a queen has breath-taking beauty and comes from the land of Hans Andersen, the fairy-tale element seems bound to predominate. Yet strangely enough this wise, humorous and elegant biography is also a moral tale . . . a human and truly appealing story." — *The Times* (London). Illustrated with photographs. $7.50

Queen Alexandra
by Georgina Battiscombe

HMCo



For your true love

"a marvelous irreverency,* with wildly imaginative pictures.**"

A WART SNAKE IN A FIG TREE

a droll parody by George Mendoza with Etienne Delessert's spectacular full-color illustrations, and music to boot. All ages. $4.50, now at your bookstore

THE DIAL PRESS

*N. Y. Times Book Review
**Book World

LUXURIOUS *Red Suede Slippers*

Appearance . . . bright, comfort . . . right! You'll be delighted with these wonderful red lounging slippers. Uppers are of soft suede lined with imported natural lamb's wool while the soles are of durable cowhide. You've never seen anything so beautiful; you've never owned anything so comfortable. And for a real Christmas flavor, the red is a real red—just as cheerful as holly berries.

Women's whole sizes 5 to 10 . . . $11.75 ppd.
Men's whole sizes 7 to 13 . . . . . . $11.95 ppd.

Free Catalog on Request

Johnny Appleseed's

52 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass. 01915

Zip Code Required!

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: Dept. NY-69.

BOOKS-ON-FILE
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087

and concise. As for his Victorians, they sometimes appear quaint; none, not even Hardy at his most pessimistic, seems to have suspected that Ivan may have been at least partly right—that civilized men without God were, in the twentieth century, about to commit one enormity after another. At other times—especially in their awareness of the loneliness of men in a godless universe—the Victorians are very up-to-date.

BERNARD SHAW: A REASSESSMENT, by Colin Wilson (Atheneum). An intellectual biography and a critical appraisal of Shaw's lifework. Mr. Wilson has said elsewhere that he considers Shaw to be the greatest European writer since Dante, and he goes thoroughly into his reasons in this book. After surveying the formative years before Shaw was forty and successful—the long period of what he calls Shaw's immaturity—he settles down to a consideration of the plays (or the most important of them), from "Arms and the Man" and "Major Barbara" to "Back to Methuselah," and even so late a one (1939) as "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." These critical essays, which are brilliantly perceptive, are the nub of the book. Mr. Wilson, of course, has gone out on a limb in his unqualified estimate of Shaw as a "supreme genius," but he is fully aware of that, and he is armed with some powerful arguments.

WORLD TAPESTRY, by Madeleine Jarry (Putnam). The author, an administrative officer of both the Gobelin and the Beauvais textile factories, is one of the top experts on the subject of tapestries, and her book carries a genuine aura of authority. The range itself is wide. Starting from the earliest known patterned woven materials, found along the Nile some thousands of years before the Christian era (and also, curiously, in the Andes in about the same epoch), she takes us, in leisurely but always entirely competent fashion, through the slow growth and gradual enhancement of the art to what was probably its peak during the Renaissance, and then to its rather anomalous situation today. The book is lavishly illustrated both in color and in black-and-white. Twenty-five dollars.

•

"The troops should be pulled out," Bline said, echoing what hundreds would say later along this same street.—*Concord (N.H.) Daily Monitor.*

Speedy Sir Echo, hello, hello!

◆

CHANDLER'S
240W52NDST
CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

Now there are two prime steak houses. Choose between Chandler's East and the exciting, new Chandler's West in the heart of the theatre district . . . both serve the same superlative steaks, chops, roast beef, luscious live trout and lobsters . . . seven days a week at the conventional hours and after-theatre, too. Reservations:

CHANDLER'S WEST 240 W 52nd St 581-4772
CHANDLER'S EAST 49 E 49th St 751-1960

◆

THE 50th-ANNIVERSARY VOLUME
IS THE GIFT FOR THEATERGOERS

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1968-1969

The Yearbook of the American Theater
Edited by OTIS L. GUERNSEY Jr.

The 50th-anniversary volume of this famous annual includes a special section covering the past 50 years of American theater with articles by Walter Kerr and others, along with Hirschfeld drawings from earlier volumes and 48 pages of photos. There is full treatment of the 1968-69 season, covering even *Off Off* Broadway productions. *Illustrated, indexed.* $10.00

DODD, MEAD

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

NOILLY PRAT
FRENCH EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH
VERMOUTH
NOILLY PRAT & Cie
ANCIENNE MAISON Ls NOILLY FILS & Cie
MARSEILLE
R. Paradis
PRODUCT OF FRANCE
Sole Agents in the United States of America
BROWNE-VINTNERS Co NEW-YORK
GRAN TORINO
TORINO, ITALY
SWEET
ITALIAN
VERMOUTH
NOILLY PRAT
BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY
IMPORTERS FOR U.S.A.
ITALY

Imported by General Wine & Spirits Co., Browne-Vintners Div., NYC.

In 1813, Noilly Prat created the world's first dry vermouth, and everyone began to copy us.
This year, we created Gran Torino sweet vermouth.
Now they've got double trouble.

When the champagne is chilled and the friendship is warm, the shoe that fits the occasion is the new squared-off dress slip-on by **Johnston & Murphy**

When the look is double-breasted with the proper shaping in the waist, the shoe needs the clean lines and broad strap of the *Le Baron* in supple black calf. $47.50 at America's finest stores.
Johnston & Murphy "The Shoe With a Memory" Genesco Park, Nashville, Tenn. · Genesco ⊕ Everything to wear